THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁿ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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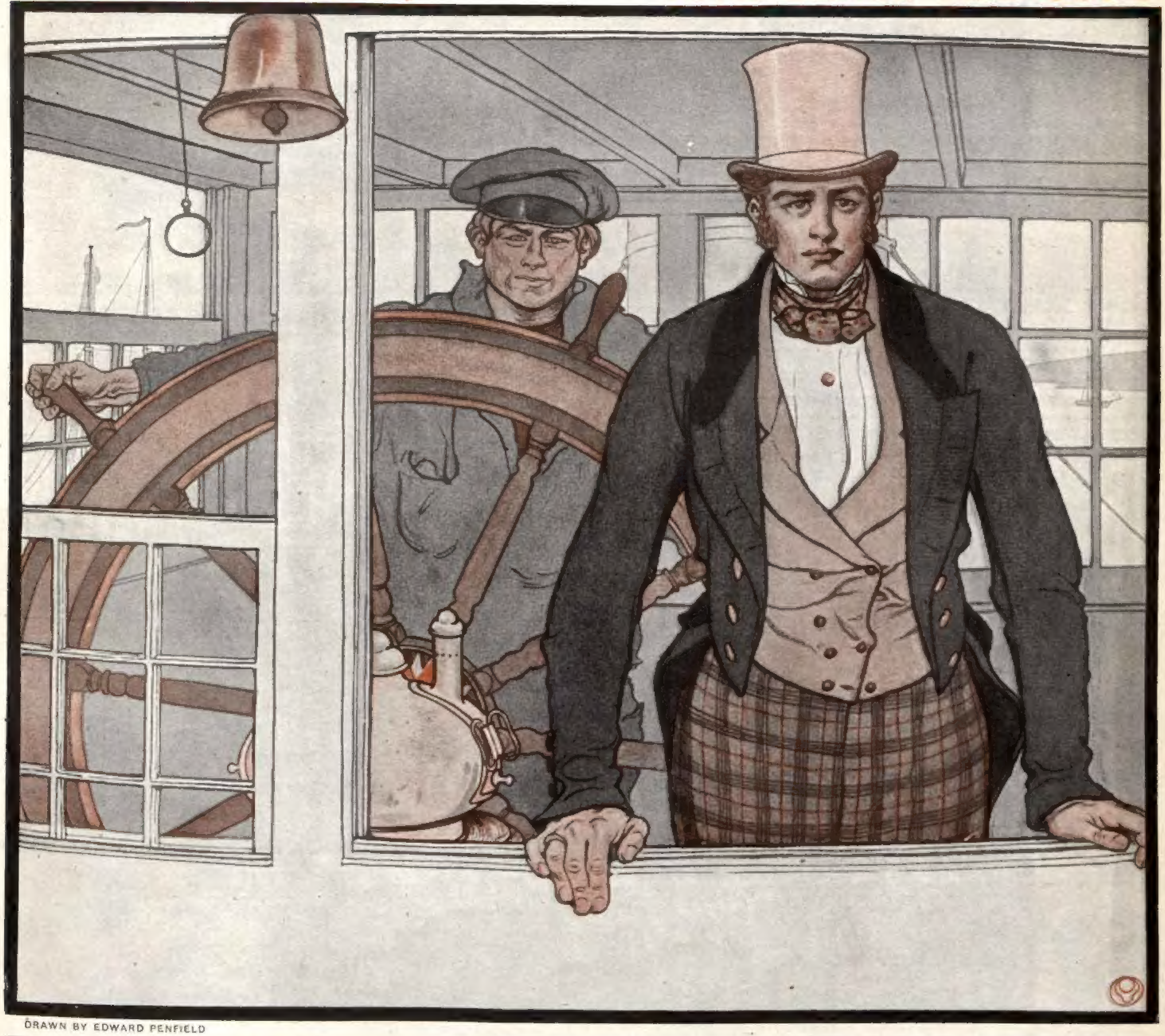


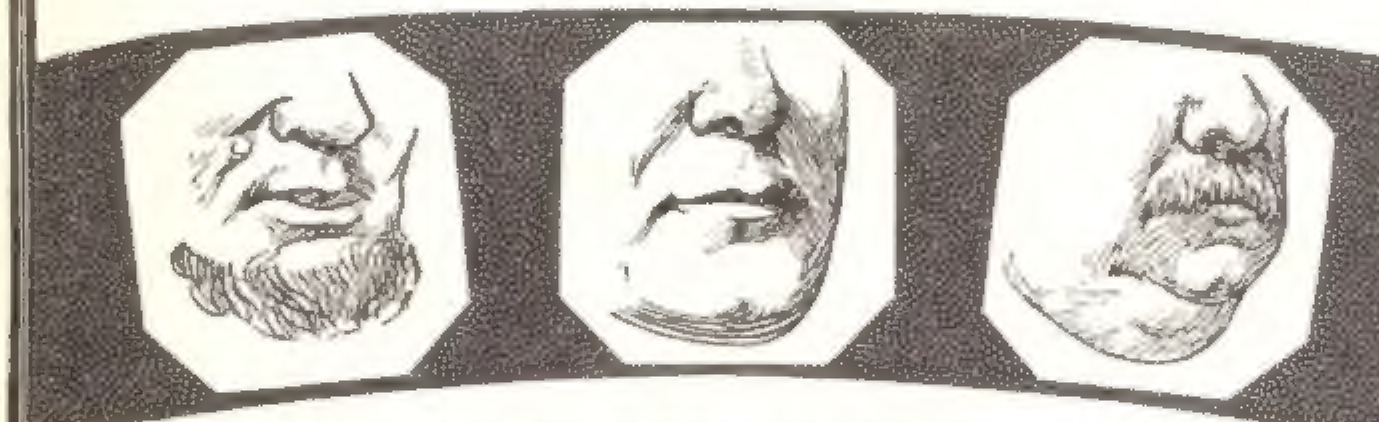
DRAWN BY EDWARD PENFIELD

Beginning Where the Money Came From

BY ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

The PRESIDENT PUZZLE



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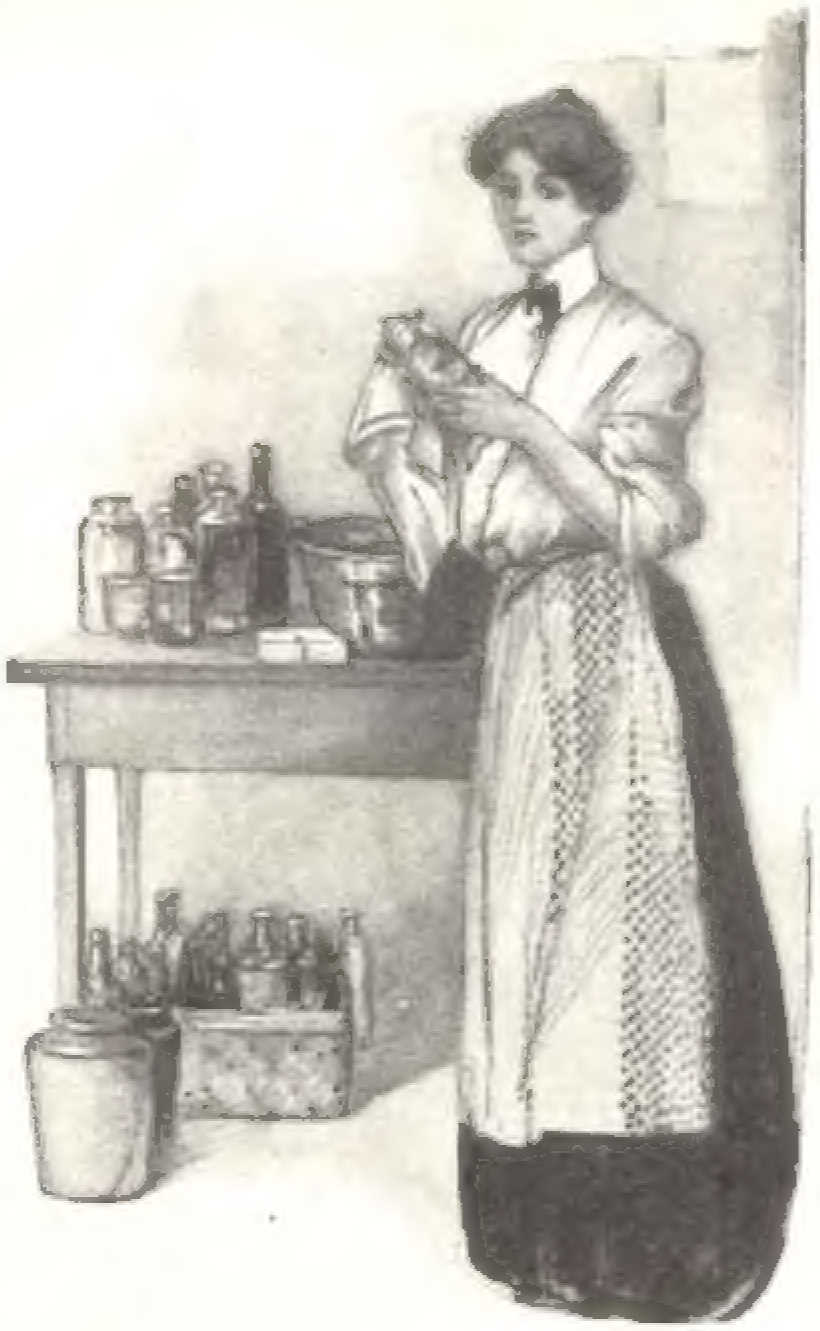

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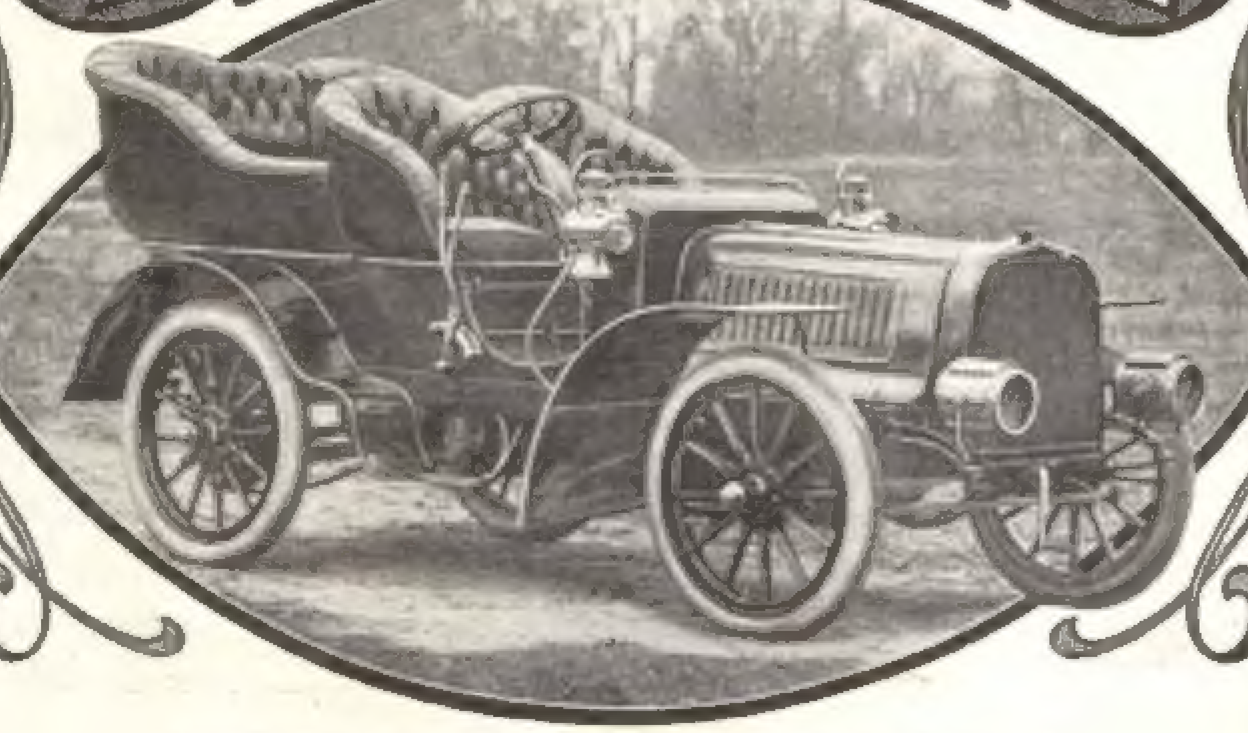

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WHERE THE MONEY CAME FROM

By Arthur E. McFarlane

"THE COMMODORE"

WHATEVER we would willingly persuade ourselves, America has as yet made itself powerfully felt upon the world only through its money. To Europe the United States is a vulture—or, if you would prefer the word, an eagle-nest of the outrageously wealthy; it is a vast eyrie that glitters with a brazen yellowness. Within the last fifty years this central belt of North America has given being to more millionaires than all the other countries of the enviously scornful planet put together. There are family trees in New York where every living shoot and branch, where every spriglet almost, carries this seven-ciphered label of plutocracy. And though there may not be a hundred rings upon the parent trunk, it supports a weight of wealth sufficient to ballast the affairs of any nation of the second class.

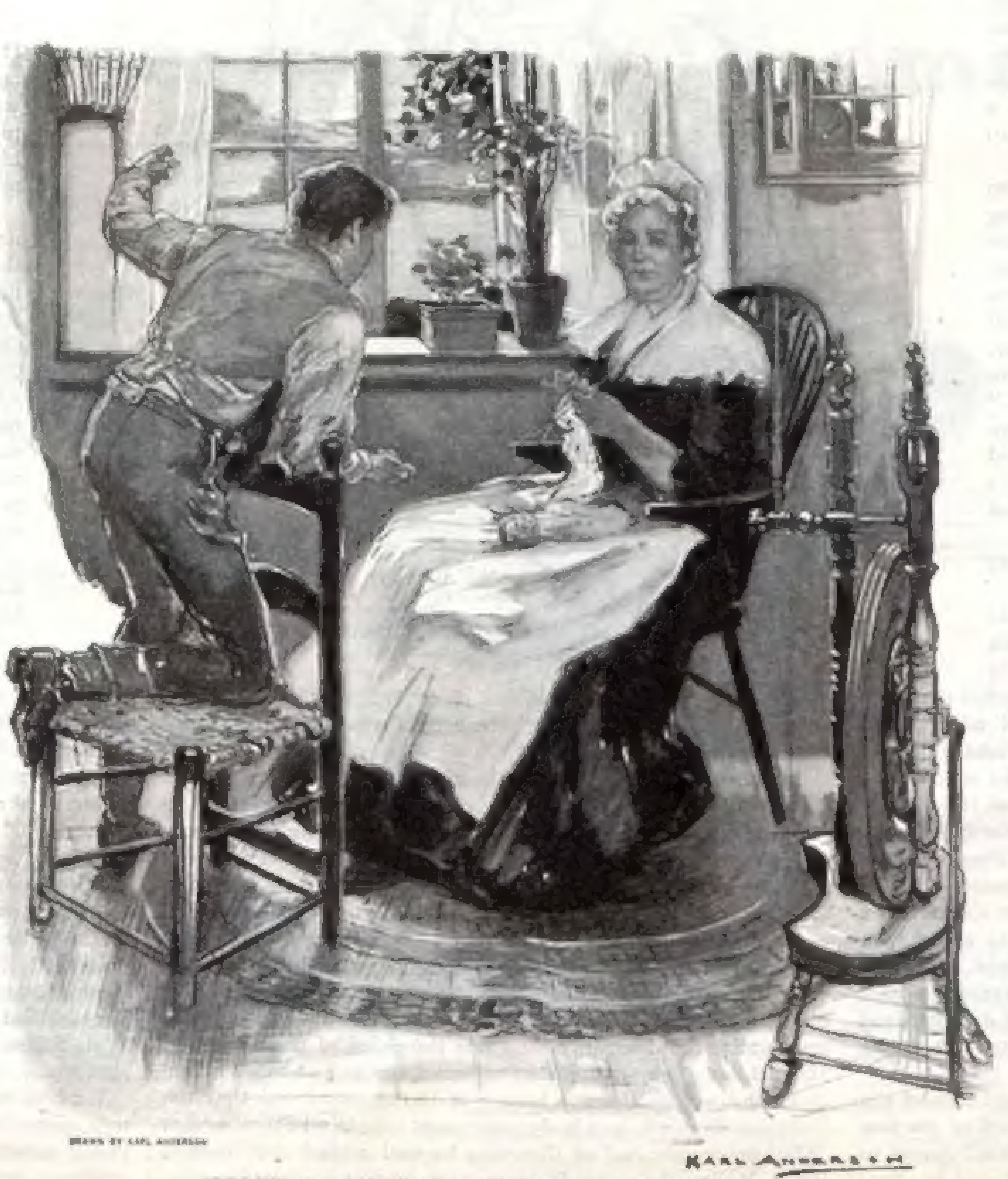
It is worth taking the time to look backward and see where all this money came from. What odor breathes from it? Is it lucre to be proud or ashamed of? Were the founders of these families at the best usurers, sordid human toads lying lethargic and abominable while the precious jewel formed within their heads? Were they of the "born lucky," their outstretched hands seeming to be very magnet-poles for gold? Were they "captors of wealth," to use the phrase of a modern philosopher—raptorial butcher-birds, their takings really being represented by a hundred feebler fowl caught and impaled on every near-by thorn tree? Or, again, was it the money itself they sought for? May they not have been in reality most potent fighting men, conquerors of the only thing permitted them in America to conquer? If they had grown up in France a hundred years ago, would there not have been in their nostrils the powder-smoke, the smell of "the battle afar off"—would they not have cried "ha, ha! among the trumpets," their hands certain to attain to the marshal's baton, if indeed they did not defy the very Emperor himself?

There have been American millionaires of all these classes. And one of them, a Saul in Israel, too, was of the fighting breed. "I never cared for the money," again and again protested the first of the Vanderbilts, the fierce-lipped old Commodore; "it was always to gain my point." It was to gain his point, to be the victor, to see his opponents flying from the field, out-manœuvred and sore-smitten; to take the city, or its Wall Street citadel, and with exulting eyes to watch the marching out of the defeated: nor did he allow them to salve their pride with flags and side-arms; they paid as Bellona cast the dice, and to the last denarius. And from his conquests he founded a house which comes as near being a private dynasty as is at all possible here in America.

Cornelius Vanderbilt the First was born on Staten Island in 1794. His parents, Dutch farmer stock of the seceding Moravian church, were prudent, hard-headed people, but they do not seem to have been remarkable in any way. The lad was strong and husky; he could jump farther and run faster than any other boy on the island. And it was not many years until he was showing the kind of will he had by refusing absolutely to go any longer to school; thus early did he evince a contempt for letters, which he valued as one of his dearest acquirements till his death. And by sixteen he was strong for running away to sea.

But he was willing to compromise on a newly-built and gorgeously-painted "*perryauger*," which would make him the most sought-for boatman on upper New York Bay. The price set upon that boat, however, was $100. Cornelius took the matter to his mother, who held the household purse. She considered it with all shrewdness, probably biting on one of those big Dutch knitting-needles, and at last made decision. Within view of the window was a certain eight-acre field. It was then the first of May, and twenty-six days before the boy's birthday. If in that time he could plough, harrow and plant that field with corn he could have his $100. Cornelius saw that the thing merely called for a little intellect. He got his fellows together, set before them a vision of unending *perryauger* trips between Arthur Kill and Hurl Gate—and next morning the whole Tom-Sawyered gang of them were hard at work. The $100 was earned in a fortnight. Cornelius got his boat and—let us be optimists and trust—his helpers got their pleasure cruises.

Yet from the amount of work that lad began to do, once he had found the sort of work he really *wanted* to do, we may very logically doubt it. He seems then and there to have said good-by to rest and leisure for all time to come. By the end of the first summer "young Cornele the boatman" was feared and famous all round the Bay, and he had made a thousand dollars!



CORNELIUS TOOK THE MATTER TO HIS MOTHER

He had learned how to build boats, too, and was already building them. When the War of 1812 broke out he had three, and he secured the contract of handling the supplies for all the forts down at the Narrows and up both rivers. And he personally accepted the night work as well as the day! Nobody ever knew how he fed or slept. Often he remained at the tiller for forty hours at a time. In short, he displayed a physical capacity for labor and a mental capacity for keeping himself at it, which, if there is anything in Carlyle's definition, is the beginning of genius. He was willing to accept responsibility, too, and the man who is willing to accept responsibility can have pretty nearly anything else he wants. In the worst of weather he would guarantee safe transport to a group of officers—"but they would have to travel part of the way under water!" Already, too, he would brook no opposition. One day a pompous lieutenant came aboard his little two-master and ordered out her passengers. They were soldiers, but young Vanderbilt regarded that as a mere side issue. In three jumps he had grasped that lieutenant, crop and pantaloons and waving sword, and quoited him back whither he belonged. And the incident closed there, too.

In 1813 he married. He mated well, and preserved a lifelong pride in his wife. But domestic happiness could no more hold him than it could hold the young artillerist of Toulon. Nor could the management of two-masters any longer satisfy him, even though he had made $9000 in three years at it. The average man, once he has learned a trade or profession, is willing to lie down and rest comfortably on it, as a dog lies down within the circle he has trodden smooth. But when your genius of action has trodden out *his* circle he awakens to the fact that he does not want to lie down. Almost within a month Vanderbilt sloughed himself out of sailing, and took the captaincy of The Mouse of the Mountain, that tiniest of early steamboats. And we have every reason for believing that at one spring of his leaping mind he had grasped the possibilities of this new force in navigation.

It was a short time enough, too, until steamboating gave him all the fighting his mental stomach seemed eternally to crave for. In those good old days the monopoly of steam navigation within the waters of the State of New Jersey had been sold to Thomas Gibbons, the owner of Vanderbilt's craft; and Livingston, his rival, held a similar monopoly within the State of New York. Therefore, Gibbons' cargoes could be landed on Manhattan only under grievous peril; and to land his cargoes on Manhattan was the service young Vanderbilt

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Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of papers by Mr. McFarlane describing the sources of the great fortunes of the country.

found above all most congenial to him. For sixty days he barely escaped arrest. Often he turned over the steering of the boat to a young lady, who, from her sex, was proof against all writs, and he took refuge himself under the machinery, any approach to him being guarded by the dragon of steam. Cudgel frays were more regular than meal hours. And for seven years—in fact until Chief Justice Marshall quashed the whole theory of State monopoly—he remained at war with all New York. He throve upon it, too.

As soon as serving Gibbons became an ordinary and peaceable business he dropped out of it. Gibbons tried in every way to keep him—seemed aghast at the thought of such an abandonment—and finally offered to hand him over his entire business to be paid for as he made the money!

But, no; the struggle the young fellow was now looking forward to was one in which—Gibbons being a timid man—he could best go it alone. He had a little capital of his own—although *he* was his capital, in the truest sense of the word. There were steam lines on both the Hudson and the Sound that were paying heavy dividends; and he went ahead to break in on them. He had now learned to build steamboats as before he had learned to build sailing-ships. His idea was to get a start by cutting rates—at one time he was carrying passengers one hundred and fifty miles for a shilling—and then to thrust forward with craft swifter and of finer accommodations than anything ever known before. And he did this with such a serenity of boldness that his opponents were convinced that there must be behind him not only Gibbons but men with resources practically unlimited. His biggest rivals, the Stevens, surrendered when the young man's last mortgaged dollar was on the table. He used their surrender against the others as a final proof of the folly of further resistance, and the rest was a matter of syndicating—Vanderbilt being supreme chief syndicator. He ended the struggle worth half a million. The whole story is as close a parallel to that of the first campaign in Italy as it is within the limits of the business world to show.

He had hardly gained full control of the inland and coastwise New York fleets and turned every steamboat between Boston and Albany into the individual shuttle of one huge weaving machine of domestic commerce before he had his eyes on the ocean trade. In 1844 he organized the Nicaragua Transit Company. For whatever reason, it was a failure, a leaky sieve through which a great deal of good money dropped. But in 1850 he tried it again. The discovery of gold in California, and the profits the Pacific Mail Line was making in transporting the clamorous thousands of argonauts by way of the Panama route, sent Vanderbilt, already named the "Commodore," to the isthmus on a voyage for personal inspection. The shortest overland carry was already under monopoly, but the intuition of the man at once hit upon the Nicaragua alternative. Not only did he hit upon it, but he realized its possibilities as a canal route, and obtained a charter empowering him to build the canal into the bargain!

He established his route, cut rates down from $600 to $300, and was soon in his glory fighting the Pacific Mail Line on two oceans and the narrow land between; and when the filibuster, Walker, tried to get up a war within his territory he straightway fought and downed him. Incidentally, he was making more money than ever. About this time one of his sons-in-law paid him a business visit. He wanted to "go into leather," and he thought $50,000 from the Commodore would set him up very competently. The old gentleman listened attentively, and asked him what he thought the profits on that fifty thousand would be per annum.

The young man held himself down to a prudent conservatism, and replied five thousand.

"James," said the Commodore, "I can do better than that myself with it!" He was then making a million a year from his California trade alone. "And I have eleven million better invested than any other eleven million in America," he could add. "It's worth twenty-five per cent. a year without any risks!"

But once the gold rush began to slacken he sold out—though certainly at no loss—to his old rivals of the Pacific Mail, and again gave his chief attention to the North Atlantic. And in the decade that followed—especially during the years when England and France were diverting so many of their bottoms into the Crimea transport service—the Commodore did as much as all other forces united to lift the mercantile marine of America into a position it has never begun to attain in the whole half-century since. To borrow an idea from a recent cartoon, the kind of ship trust that *he* organized was one that made use of the water outside, not the water within.

Yet within five years after he had made his fleet almost the strongest upon the merchant seas he had disposed of his last vessel. With all his wealth he had gone into Wall Street to buy railroads. "I'm a steamboat man," he had said in 1833, "a competitor of these steam contrivances that you tell us will run on dry land. Go ahead, I wish you well, but I never shall have anything to do with 'em." At that time steamboating had had twenty years of trial, whereas railroading was still an experiment; and Vanderbilt always let the other fellows try the experiments. Now, in the sixties, railroading was the field where the possibilities of business strife and conquest were infinitely the greatest. In '63 he presented his finest ship, the last of her line, to the North, turned his face inland and bought the Harlem.

The Harlem railway was practically bankrupt, and much of it he got at eight and nine. By improvements he ran it up to thirty. Then it began to go higher still, to forty, then to fifty, and that without apparent reason. But the explanation was soon manifest. It became known that the New York Common Council had resolved to pass an ordinance authorizing the Commodore to build a street railway down Broadway to the Battery.

But those councilmen were exceedingly smart financiers. As Harlem climbed on up to seventy-five they put their tongues into their cheeks, sent the wink round the circle with most rapturous knowingness, and proceeded to sell it short—that is, they got others to agree to take it from them some weeks hence at seventy-five. As yet, they themselves had nothing to sell.

Now, one of the Commodore's maxims was, "Never buy what you do not want or sell what you have not got." But he had no first objection to buying what others had not got to sell. And as for those aldermen, they were much too busy preparing to bleed the old man of fifty years of increment to do any penny arithmetic and find out just how much Harlem there was to buy. And, having "sold short" to the last possible moment, they killed that ordinance. It was a move of such astounding cleverness that no one could possibly have anticipated it!

IN THREE JUMPS HE HAD GRASPED THAT LIEUTENANT

At once, according to all market logic, Harlem should have dropped straight down, and thousands of shares of it should be a-begging for any one who would pick them up. They went into the market to get it—and Harlem went straight *up!* And the reason for *that* was because it was in the hands of the Commodore! In secret he had ambushed every cent of those money forces of his in a thicket of friendly brokerages. Now his batteries, suddenly unmasked, waited only the word from him. The shambling mob of attackers brought up gasping against their very muzzles. Harlem at one hundred and seventy-nine was the price of their ransom. He did not get his Broadway railroad, but he got those aldermen, and six millions to boot. It is not on record that the Common Council, as a body, ever went into Wall Street again.

But before the end of that year he had added the Hudson River Railroad to the Harlem, and he was attacked again, now by an alliance of the big bear houses. This time, by a most bewildering series of operations, he actually got the hallucination into the heads of some of those bears that they could make more by turning Hudson stock—that is, by practically becoming bulls for the occasion! To look at it figuratively, the market was a boat in which they were all fighting together. By alternately buying and selling he had got it rocking, and a lot of his assailants jumped out to escape drowning! Then they did not know where they were; they only knew that they needed the life-preservers of ready funds. For two weeks many of them paid five per cent. a day for relief; and then they wretchedly decided that that was over dear to pay for wind. . . . Hudson had started upward from one hundred and twelve. The old man finally let his assailants settle at one hundred and eighty. They had been in a maelstrom, spun about, choked and breathless, bereft of all sense of place and direction by tactics astoundingly and unnervingly new! And where the Commodore, coming in at sixty-nine, had learned them, Wall Street still wonders. "He was never the attacker, but when he gained the mastery he became *severely aggressive*," is the wincingly dignified expression of a worthy financier who had once had his hand in the Commodore's mouth. Yet in all his battles the old man had the sympathy of the Street. At least, he had it if he felt he needed it, which, it appears, he never did.

And it was the general knowledge that he would take no others into his confidence that, inside another year, brought down upon him perhaps the greatest struggle of his life. This time he had been active in the lobby of the New York State Legislature, hankering to have an act passed consolidating the Harlem and the Hudson. The rumor got out that the measure was ahead, and it was not long till Harlem went up from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty. Then word came to the Commodore's ear of more treachery: the supporting members intended to sell him out; for weeks had even had a broker on the Street finding buyers for them. And this time it was palpably too late for the old man to cover. Harlem plunged down to ninety. The speculating legislators had only to close out then to cut millions from the Commodore's fortune. But now that they had him crippled they resolved to break him altogether. They resolved that that stock should go down to fifty, twenty-five, below two figures! They got all their friends into it, they mortgaged their homes, even their personal property, to get money with which to sell short.

It was simply like renting shovels with which to scoop up gold in the street! That was in April, and, with the advice of "the cleverest assortment of crooked lawyers in the State," they made their bargains for delivery during the summer. Week after week passed, and every day they expected to see the old man come to Albany to implore their mercy. But he had passed into the helpless silence of the despairing. He hardly showed his face outside the offices of his brokers. Some days it was known that he had done some rambling and picayune buying. Obviously his losses had affected his wits. Did he suppose that he had the money now to do what he had done with the aldermen?

So those legislators continued to sell Harlem, until, one fell day in early summer, they, too, found they had reckoned on more of it—27,000 shares more of it—than had ever been put on the market! And they then found out another thing, that the Commodore had *not* been acting alone! Old John Tobin, the gatekeeper at the Staten Island ferry, whom he had helped into a million only a few months previous, had turned everything he had over to him. Leonard Jerome put up more. Other millions that had never before come into Wall Street entered it then. There was not a dollar too much, but there was enough, and again the old man had that Harlem stock shut and padlocked in his strong-box! One of his maxims was: "Don't tell what you're going to do until you've done it."

When the legislators got over their first sickness of paralysis they asked for a compromise.

His only reply was: "Put it up to 1000. This panel game has been tried too often!" "Let us teach 'em never to go back on their word again as long as they draw breath," he said to the old gatekeeper. Bowels of compassion he had none.

But in the end the intercessions of Tobin and Leonard drew him off. "It will break every house in the Street," the latter told him; so he softened his heart, this time at 285! He had another seven or eight millions to his credit. Yet here, more than ever, he did not care for the money. It was an affair "which he ever afterward gloated over with ineffable delight." "We busted the whole d—— legislature," he said; "and some of 'em had to go home without paying their board-bills!" Within two years he had mastered the art of Wall Street war as only two or three have mastered it in a lifetime.

He had other campaigns, too. With the New York Central, now synonymous with the name of Vanderbilt, he waged a five-years' struggle. But always he was the fighter and the conqueror. In the early seventies he found himself in the great

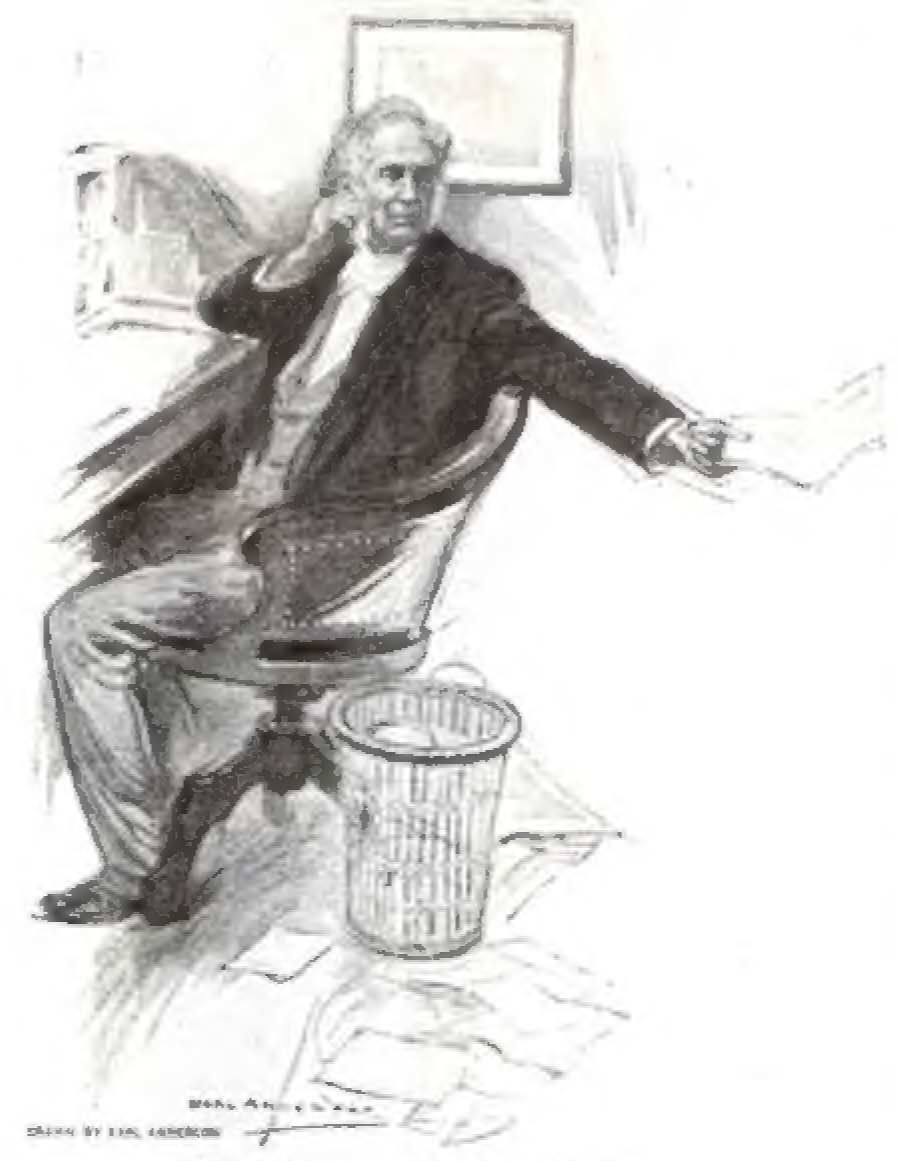
Erie corner: single-handed and at the age of eighty he met and vanquished old "Uncle Dan'l" Drew, "Jim" Fiske and Jay Gould.

Yet all too much space has been given to his fighting. Doubtless he delighted in it. But he was a greater military engineer than he was a general. And he built not only camps but cities. He never destroyed but he replaced with something vastly better and stronger. When he absorbed the New York Central he "burned up its old cars and built new; he sold its old locomotives and put in new; he threw out its old ties and rails; he gave it new depots and a new roadbed!" And he went to work to make each of his lines as inevitable and as adequate an outlet for the traffic of the countryside it covered as its natural river system was for its waters.

His endowment of Vanderbilt University to the contrary, he is the last man one could call a philanthropist. The Sage of Chelsea himself did not more despise the great majority of his fellowmen. "He never minded one's feelings," says a life-long acquaintance. "He very rarely visited the sanctuary on the Sabbath," observes a desponding clergyman. And, indeed, if the Commodore had ever heard of certain of the Christian virtues he had at once put them contemptuously behind him as unbusinesslike. All his working rules were brutally cynical: "First get the controlling interest in your railroad. Stop the stealings that went on under the other man. Take hold and clean things out in the office and management. Consolidate it with rival lines. Increase its stock and make it pay a large dividend." "Yet," says a dispassionate student of industrial progress, "in the additions he made to circulating capital, in the number of men he put to work, and in his reorganization of the railroad system of the North, he conferred untold benefits upon the community; he probably did more for his kind than if he had been a professional philanthropist."

Yet he had none of the guiding philosophy of books. He was all but illiterate. His success owed nothing whatever to the education of the schools. He could not spell, and he read only the newspapers. Hating the perusal of letters, "when he got one of more than fifteen lines he would toss it over to his single confidential clerk and say: 'Here, see what this d——d fool is driving at and tell me the gist of it!'"

There is a great deal of significance, however, in those last six words. And although he loathed letter writing, when he did write one—by dictation—it was as beautifully, forcefully and comprehensively concise as one of Cæsar's Commentaries.



"TELL ME THE GIST OF IT"

He kept no books, yet his knowledge of his business extended to the last infinitesimals. He was a Titanic worker, yet he never became the machine of routine. When he had an unusually big deal on, he rarely drove his two-horse light wagon down Broadway from Washington Place before eleven in the morning, and he left his office two hours later—he wanted to "keep his head cool." But when he needed blood in his brain, he had the kind of physique which could send and keep it there. His bodily fitness amounted, indeed, to a sort of physical genius. There have been few old New Yorkers handsomer than he. To the last his face kept its apple-like ruddiness and his tall, straight figure its strength and grace. He could no more lose this quality of perennial vigor than an old rapier could revert to pot metal.

We have no evidence that the Commodore ever derived any essential pleasure from his money. He needed it in his work, he could not have had any fitting scope without it; but if you had asked him if it made him happy he would have thought you a fool. In all his life he had no more stopped to think about such things than had one of his locomotives come to a halt to philosophize upon the scenery. As for subjectivity and introspection, his power to divine the capacity of others seemed alone capable of giving him pride. The game of whist he played was almost clairvoyant; and in the world of business it was as if he could gauge the exact potentiality of every man at the table after the first trick had been made. He went unerringly, too, to where the trumps were strongest. In all his years of shipowning he never insured a vessel; to pick the right men for masters and captains was, he boasted, his kind of insurance. And he never lost a bottom.

If there is such a thing as intuitive knowledge he had it. He had a will power that frightened others before they had to face it, an audacity quite without fear, and an energy as unflagging as the pulsations of his heart. He made himself the absolute master of the sailing-ship, its building and navigation; of the steamboat, its construction and its capacity for inter-State commerce; of the sea-going steamship and its adaptability to all the world-wide ramifications of ocean trade; of the building of railroads and the infinitude of things that they inherit; of Wall Street and all that in it is. Masses of facts so bewilderingly vast that few acquire them in a lifetime of study he took up in rapid succession, as a blotting paper might absorb a series of written pages. He realized the possibilities of steam upon two elements not less completely than all but the greatest writers have realized the value of language. He did not invent, but in untold ways he applied invention. And he organized as only a few supremely military minds have organized. Says a famous banker: "He was the ablest financier of whom there is any record either in ancient or modern history." And an English economist—and for the most part an adverse and contemptuous critic—"His will and boldness would have made him great anywhere. In pure genius he was probably unsurpassed by Bismarck or Napoleon."

Mrs. Loveredge Receives

By Jerome K. Jerome

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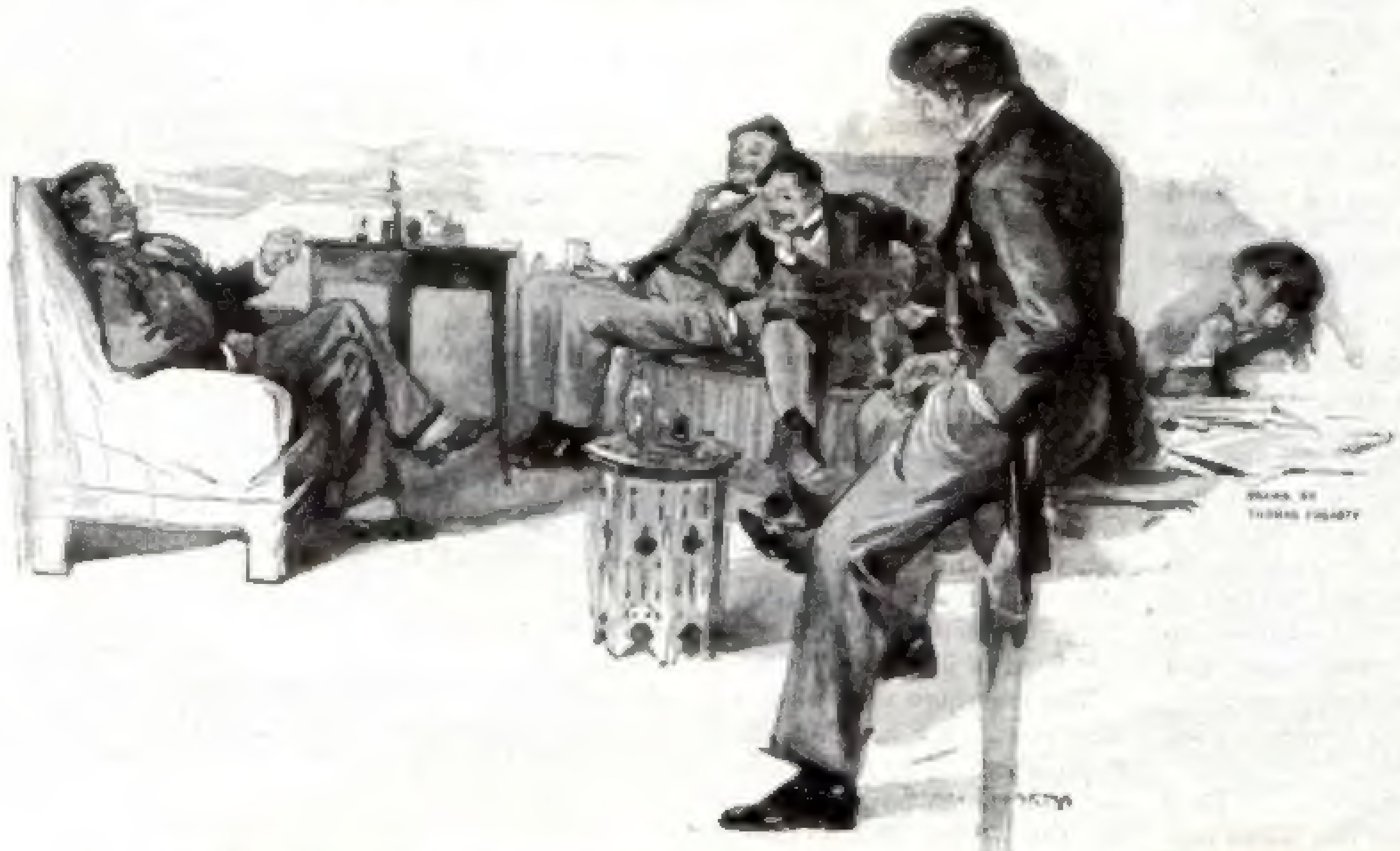


PERHAPS, ON THE WHOLE, HE PREFERRED THE SOCIETY OF HIS OWN SEX

THE most popular member of the Autolycus Club was undoubtedly Joseph Loveredge. Small, chubby, clean-shaven, his somewhat longish soft brown hair parted in the middle, strangers fell into the error of assuming him to be younger than he really was. It is on record that a leading lady novelist—accepting her at her own estimate—irritated by his polite but firm refusal to allow her entrance into his own editorial office without appointment, had once boxed his ears, under the impression that he was his own office boy. Guests to the Autolycus Club on being introduced to him would give him kind messages to take home to his father, with whom they remembered having been at school together. This sort of thing might have annoyed any one with less sense of humor. Joseph Loveredge would tell such stories himself, keenly enjoying the jest—was even suspected of inventing some of the more improbable.

Another fact tending to the popularity of Joseph Loveredge among all classes, over and above his amiability, his wit, his genuine kindliness and never-failing fund of good stories, was that by care and inclination he had succeeded in remaining a bachelor. Many had been the attempts to capture him; nor with the passage of the years had interest in the sport shown any sign of diminution. Well over the frailties and distempers so dangerous to youth, of staid and sober habits, with an ever-increasing capital invested in sound securities, together with an ever-increasing income from his pen, with a tastefully furnished house overlooking Regent's Park, an excellent and devoted cook and housekeeper, and relatives mostly settled in the colonies, Joseph Loveredge, though inexperienced girls might pass him by with a contemptuous sniff, was recognized by ladies of maturer judgment as a prize not too often dangled before the eyes of spinsterhood. Old foxes, so we are assured by kind-hearted country gentlemen, rather enjoy than otherwise a day with the hounds. However that may be, certain it is that Joseph Loveredge, confident of himself, one presumes, showed no particular disinclination to the chase. Perhaps, on the whole, he preferred the society of his own sex, with whom he could laugh and jest with more freedom, to whom he could tell his stories as they came to him without the trouble of having to turn them over first in his own mind; but on the other hand, Joey made no attempt to avoid female company whenever it came his way; and then no cavalier could render himself more agreeable, more unobtrusively attentive. Younger men stood by in envious admiration of the ease with which in five minutes he would establish himself on terms of cozy friendship with the brilliant beauty before whose gracious coldness they had stood shivering for months; the daring with which he would tuck under his arm, so to speak, the prettiest girl in the room, smooth down as if by magic her hundred prickles, and tease her out of her overwhelming sense of self-importance. The secret of his success was, one supposes, that he was not afraid of them. Desiring nothing from them beyond companionableness, a reasonable amount of appreciation for his jokes—which without being exceptionally stupid they would have found it difficult to withhold—with just sufficient information and intelligence to make conversation interesting, there was nothing about him by which they could lay hold of him. Of course, that rendered them particularly anxious to lay hold of him. Joseph's lady friends might, roughly speaking, be divided into two groups: the unmarried, who wanted to marry him to themselves; the married, who wanted to marry him to somebody else. It would be a social disaster, the latter had agreed among themselves, that Joseph Loveredge should never wed.

"He would make such an excellent husband for poor Gladys—I wonder how old Gladys really is?"

"Such a nice, kind little man."

"And when one thinks of the sort of men that are married. It does seem such a pity."

"I wonder why he never has married, because he's just the sort of man you'd think would have married."

"I wonder if he ever was in love."

"Oh, my dear, you don't mean to tell me that a man has reached the age of forty without ever having been in love!"

The ladies would sigh.

"I do hope, if ever he does marry, it will be somebody nice. Men are so easily deceived."

"I shouldn't be surprised myself a bit if something came of it with Bridget. She's a dear girl, Bridget—so genuine."

"Well, I think myself, dear, if it's any one, it's Gladys. I should be so glad to see poor dear Gladys settled."

The unmarried kept their thoughts more to themselves. Each one, upon reflection, saw ground for thinking that Joseph Loveredge had given proof of feeling preference for herself. The irritating thing was that on further reflection it was equally clear that Joseph Loveredge had shown signs of preferring most of the others also.

Meanwhile Joseph Loveredge went undisturbed upon his way. At eight o'clock in the morning Joseph's housekeeper entered the room with a cup of tea and a dry biscuit. At eight fifteen Joseph Loveredge arose and performed complicated exercises on an india-rubber pulley, warranted, if persevered in, to bestow grace upon the figure and elasticity upon the limbs. Joseph Loveredge persevered steadily and had done so for years, and was himself contented with the result, which, seeing it concerned nobody else, was all that could be desired. At half-past eight on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, Joseph Loveredge breakfasted on one cup of tea, brewed by himself; one egg, boiled by himself, and two pieces of toast, the first one spread with marmalade, the second with butter. On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays Joseph Loveredge discarded eggs and ate a rasher of bacon. On Sundays Joseph Loveredge had both eggs and bacon, but then allowed himself half an hour longer for reading the paper. At nine-thirty Joseph Loveredge left the house for the office of the old-established evening paper that he edited. At one-forty-five, having left his office at one-thirty, Joseph Loveredge entered the Autolycus Club and sat down to luncheon. Everything else in Joseph's life was arranged with similar preciseness, so far as was possible with the duties of an editor: his daily rubber of whist—the result, carefully recorded, showed that during the ten years he had taken to the game he had lost precisely four and sixpence; his one evening at the theatre; his one evening with musical friends at Brixton. On Tuesdays and Thursdays he was open to receive invitations out to dinner; on Wednesdays and Saturdays he invited four friends to dine with him at Regent's Park. On Sundays, whatever the season, Joseph Loveredge took an excursion into the country. He had his regular hours for reading, his regular hours for thinking. Whether in Fleet Street, or the Tyrol, on the Thames, or in the Vatican, you might recognize him from afar by his gray frock coat, his patent leather boots, his brown felt hat, his lavender tie. The man was a born bachelor. When the news of his engagement crept through the smoky portals of the Autolycus Club nobody believed it.

"Impossible!" asserted Jack Herring. "I've known Joey's life for fifteen years. Every five minutes is arranged for. He could never have found the time to do it."

"He doesn't like women—not in that way; I've heard him say so," exclaimed Alexander, the poet. "His opinion is that women are the artists of society—delightful as entertainers, but troublesome to live with."

"I call to mind," said the Wee Laddie, "a story he told me in this verra room, barely three months agone: some half a dozen of them were going home together from the Devonshire. They had had a joyous evening and one of them, Joey did not notice which, suggested their dropping in at his place. They were laughing and talking in the dining-room when their hostess suddenly appeared upon the scene in a costume, so Joey described it, the charm of which was its variety. She was a nice-looking woman, Joey said, but talked too much; and when the first lull occurred, Joey turned to the man sitting nighest to him, and who looked bored, and suggested in a whisper that it was about time they went.

"'Perhaps you had better go,' assented the bored-looking man. 'I wish I could; but you see, I live here.'"

"I don't believe it," said Somerville the Briefless. "He's been cracking his jokes and some silly woman has taken him seriously."

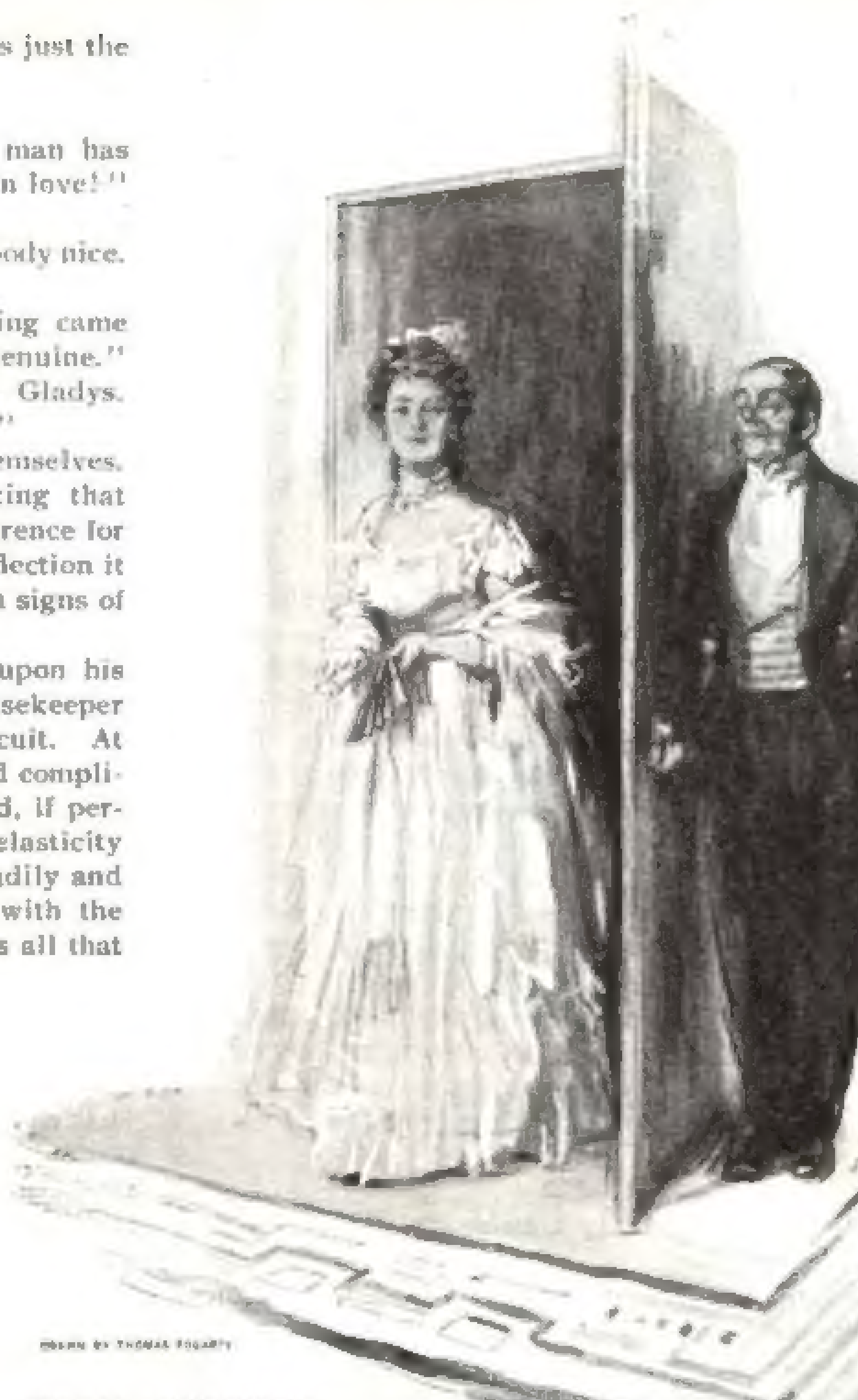
But the rumor grew into report, developed detail, lost all charm, expanded into plain recital of fact. Joey had not been seen within the club for more than a week, in itself a deadly confirmation. The question became: who was she—what was she like?

"It's none of our set, or we should have heard something from her side before now," argued Somerville the Briefless.

"Some beastly kid who will invite us to dances and forget the supper," feared Johnny Bulstrode, commonly called the Babe. "Old men always fall in love with young girls."

"Forty," explained severely Peter Hope, editor and part proprietor of Good Humor, "is not old."

"Well, it isn't young," persisted Johnny.



WILLIS ANNOUNCED
THE LADY MARY SUTTON

"Good thing for you, Johnny, if it is a girl," said Jack Herring. "Somebody for you to play with. I often feel sorry for you, having nobody but grown-up people to talk to."

"They do get a bit stodgy after a certain age," agreed the Babe.

"I am hoping," said Peter, "it will be some sensible, pleasant woman, a little over thirty. He is a dear fellow, Loveredge; and forty is a very sensible age for a man to marry."

"Well, if I'm not married before I'm forty——" said the Babe.

"Oh, don't you fret," Jack Herring interrupted him; "a pretty boy like you! We will give a ball next season and bring you out, if you're good—get you off our hands in no time."

It was August. Joey went away for his holiday without again entering the club. The lady's name was Henrietta Elizabeth Doone. It was said by the Morning Post that she was connected with the Doones of Gloucestershire.

"Doones of Gloucestershire—Doones of Gloucestershire," mused Miss Bagshot, society journalist, discussing the matter with Peter Hope in the editorial office of Good Humor. "Knew a Doon who kept a big second-hand store in Euston Road, and called himself an auctioneer. He bought a small place in Gloucestershire and added an 'e' to his name. Wonder if it's the same?"

"I had a cat called Elizabeth once," said Peter Hope.

"I don't see what that's got to do with it."

"No, of course not," agreed Peter. "But I was rather fond of it. It was a quaint sort of animal, considered as a cat, would never speak to another cat, and hated being out after ten o'clock at night."

"What happened to it?" demanded Miss Bagshot.

"Died of jaundice," sighed Peter Hope.

The marriage took place abroad, at the English Church at Montreux. Mr. and Mrs. Loveredge returned at the end of September. The Autolycus Club subscribed to send a present of a punch bowl, left cards, and waited with curiosity to see the bride. But no invitation arrived. Nor for a month was Joey himself seen within the club. Then one foggy afternoon, waking after a doze, with a cold cigar in his mouth, Jack Herring noticed he was not the only occupant of the smoking-room. In a far corner near a window sat Joseph Loveredge reading a magazine. Jack Herring rubbed his eyes, then rose and crossed the room.

"I thought at first," explained Jack Herring, recounting the incident later in the evening, "that I must be dreaming. There he sat, drinking his five o'clock whisky and soda, the same Joey Loveredge I had known for fifteen years: yet not the same. Not a feature altered, not a hair on his head changed, yet the whole face was different; the same body, the same clothes, but another man. We talked for half an hour; he remembered everything that Joey Loveredge had known. I couldn't understand it. Then as the clock struck, and he rose saying he must be home at half-past five, the explanation suddenly occurred to me: *Joey Loveredge was dead; this was a married man.*"

"We don't want your feeble efforts at psychological romance," told him Somerville the Briefless. "We want to know what you talked about. Dead or married, the man who can drink whisky and soda must be held responsible for his actions. What's the little beggar mean by cutting us all in this way? Did he ask after any of us? Did he leave any message for any of us? Did he invite any of us to come and see him?"

"Yes, he did ask after nearly everybody; I was coming to that. But he didn't leave any message. I didn't gather that he was pining for old relationships with any of us."

"Well, I shall go round to the office to-morrow morning," said Somerville the Briefless, "and force my way in if necessary. This is getting mysterious."

But Somerville returned only to puzzle the Autolycus Club still further. Joey had talked about the weather, the state of political parties, had received with unfeigned interest all gossip concerning his old friends; but about himself, his wife, nothing had been gleaned. Mrs. Loveredge was well; Mrs. Loveredge's relatives were also well. But at present, Mrs. Loveredge was not receiving.

Members of the Autolycus Club with time upon their hands took up the business of private detectives. Mrs. Loveredge turned out to be a handsome, well-dressed lady of about thirty, as Peter Hope had desired. At eleven in the morning Mrs. Loveredge shopped in the neighborhood of the Hampstead Road. In the afternoon Mrs. Loveredge, in a hired carriage, would slowly promenade the Park, looking, it was noticed, with intense interest at the occupants of other carriages as they passed, but evidently having no acquaintance among them. The carriage, as a general rule, would call at Joey's office at five, and Mr. and Mrs. Loveredge would drive home. Jack Herring, as the oldest friend, urged by the other members, took the bull by the horns, and called boldly. On neither occasion was Mrs. Loveredge at home.

"I'm dashed if I go again!" said Jack. "She was in the second time, I know. I watched her into the house. Confound the stuck-up pair of them!"

Bewilderment gave place to indignation. Now and again Joey would creep, a mental shadow of his former self, into the club where once every member would have risen with a smile to greet him. They gave him curt answers, and turned away from him. Peter Hope one afternoon found him there alone, standing with his hands in his pockets, looking out of a window. Peter was fifty, so he said, maybe a little older; men of forty were to him mere boys. So Peter, who hated mysteries, stepped forward with a determined air and clapped Joey on the shoulder.

"I want to know, Joey," said Peter, "I want to know whether I am to go on liking you, or whether I've got to think poorly of you. Out with it."

Joey turned to him a face so full of misery that Peter's heart was touched. "You can't tell how wretched it makes me," said Joey. "I didn't know it was possible to feel so uncomfortable as I have felt during these last three months."

"It's the wife, I suppose," suggested Peter.

"She's a dear girl. She has only one fault."

"It's a pretty big one!" returned Peter. "I should try to break her of it, if I were you."

"Break her of it!" cried the little man. "You might as well advise me to break a brick wall with my head! I had no idea what they were like. I never dreamt it."

"But what is her objection to us? We are clean, we are fairly intelligent——"

"My dear Peter, do you think I haven't said all that and a hundred things more. A woman! she gets an idea into her head, and every argument against it hammers it in farther. She has gained her notion of what she calls Bohemia from the comic journals. It's our own fault; we have done it ourselves. There's no persuading her that it's a libel."

"Won't she see a few of us—judge for herself? There's Porson: why, Porson might have been a bishop. Or Somerville: Somerville's Oxford accent is wasted here. It has no chance."

"It isn't only that," explained Joey; "she has ambitions, social ambitions. She thinks that if we begin with the wrong set we'll never get into the right. We have three friends at present, and so far as I can see are never likely to have any more. My dear boy, you'd never believe there could exist such bores. There's a man and his wife named Holyoake. They dine with us on Thursdays, and we dine with them on Tuesdays. Their only title to existence consists in their having a cousin in the House of Lords; they claim no other right themselves. He is a widower, getting on for eighty. Apparently he's the only relative they have, and when he dies they talk of retiring into the country. There's a fellow named Cutler, who visited once at Marlborough House, in connection with a charity. You'd think to listen to him that he had designs upon the throne. The most tiresome of them all is a noisy woman who, as far as I can make out, hasn't any name at all. 'Miss Montgomery' is on her cards, but that is only what she calls herself. Who she really is! It would shake the foundations of European Society if known. We sit and talk about the aristocracy: we don't seem to know anybody else. I tried on one occasion a little sarcasm as a corrective, recounted conversations between myself and the Prince of Wales, in which I invariably addressed him as 'Teddy.' It sounds tall, I know, but those people took it in. I was too astonished to undeceive them at the time: the consequence is, I am a sort of little god to them. They come round me and ask for more. What am I to do? I am helpless among them. I've never had anything to do before with the really first-prize idiot; the usual type, of course, one knows; but these, if you haven't met them, are inconceivable. I try insulting them: they don't even know I am insulting them. Short of dragging them out of their chairs and kicking them round the room, I don't see how to make them understand it."

"And Mrs. Loveredge?" asked the sympathetic Peter; "is she ——"

"Between ourselves," said Joey, sinking his voice to a needless whisper, seeing he and Peter were the sole occupants of the smoking-room, "I couldn't, of course, say it to a younger man — but between ourselves, my wife is a charming woman. You don't know her."

"Doesn't seem much chance of my ever doing so," laughed Peter.

"So graceful, so dignified, so — so queenly," continued the little man with rising enthusiasm. "She has only one fault: she has no sense of humor."

To Peter, as it has been said, men of forty were mere boys.

"My dear fellow, whatever could have induced you ——"

"I know — I know all that," interrupted the mere boy. "Nature arranges it on purpose. Tall and solemn prigs marry little women with turned-up noses. Cheerful little fellows like myself—we marry serious, stately women. If it were otherwise, the human race would be split up into species."

"Of course, if you were actuated by a sense of public duty ——"

"Don't be a fool, Peter Hope," returned the little man. "I'm in love with my wife just as she is, and always shall be. I know the woman with a sense of humor, and of the two I prefer the one without. The Juno type is my ideal. I must take the rough with the smooth. One can't have a jolly, chirpy Juno, and wouldn't care for her if one could."

"Then are you going to give up all your old friends?"

"Don't suggest it," pleaded the little man. "You don't know how miserable it makes me, the mere idea. Tell them to be patient. The secret of dealing with women, I have found, is to do nothing rashly." The clock struck five "I must go now," said Joey. "Don't misjudge her, Peter, and don't let the others. She's a dear girl. You'll like her, all of you, when you know her. A dear girl! She has only the one fault."

Joey went out.

Peter did his best that evening to explain the true position of affairs without imputing snobbery to Mrs. Loveredge. It was a difficult task, and Peter cannot be said to have accomplished it successfully. Anger at Joey gave place to pity. The members of the Autolycus Club also experienced a little irritation on their own account.

"What does the woman take us for?" demanded Somerville the Briefless. "Doesn't she know that we lunch with real actors and actresses, that once a year we are invited to dine at the Mansion House?"

"Has she never heard of the aristocracy of genius?" demanded Alexander the Poet.

"The explanation may be that possibly she has seen it," feared the Wee Laddie.

"One of us ought to waylay the woman," argued the Babe; "insist upon her talking to him for ten minutes. I've half a mind to do it myself."

Jack Herring said nothing — seemed thoughtful.

The next morning Jack Herring, still thoughtful, called at the editorial offices of Good Humor in Crane Court, and borrowed Miss Bagshot's "Debrett." Three days later Jack Herring informed the club, casually, that he had dined the night before with Mr. and Mrs. Loveredge. The club gave Jack Herring politely to understand that they regarded him as a liar, and proceeded to demand particulars.

"If I wasn't there," explained Jack Herring with unanswerable logic, "how can I tell you anything about it?"

This annoyed the club, whose curiosity had been whetted. Three members acting in the interests of the whole solemnly undertook to believe whatever he might tell them. But Jack Herring's feelings had been wounded.

"When gentlemen cast a doubt upon another gentleman's veracity ——"

"We didn't cast a doubt," explained Somerville the Briefless. "We merely said that we personally did not believe you. We didn't say we couldn't believe you; it is a case for individual effort. If you give us particulars bearing the impress of reality, supported by details that do not unduly contradict each other, we are prepared to put aside our natural suspicions and face the possibility of your statement being correct."

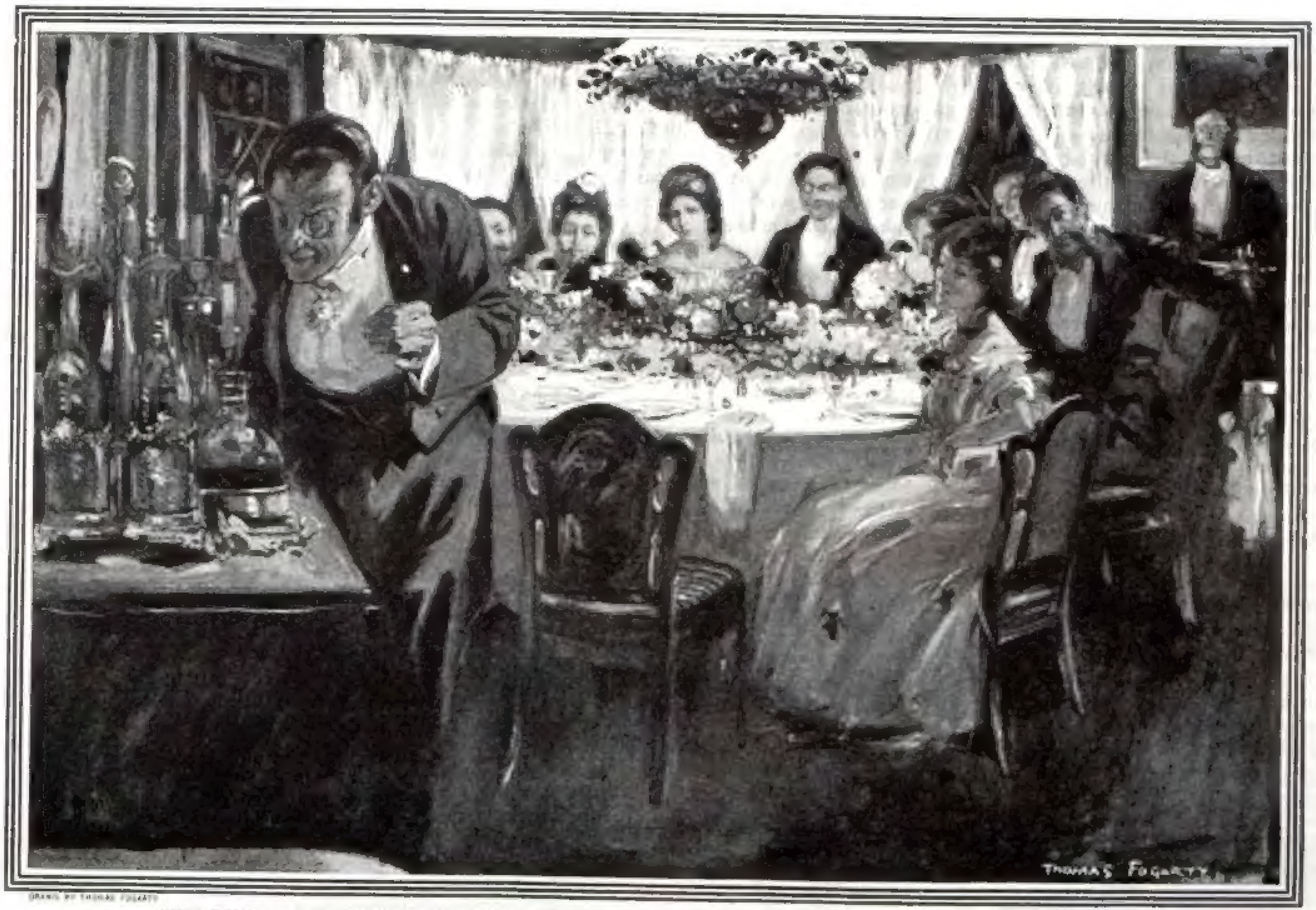
"It was foolish of me," said Jack Herring. "I thought, perhaps, it would amuse you to hear what sort of a woman Mrs. Loveredge was like — some description of Mrs. Loveredge's uncle. Miss Montgomery, friend of Mrs. Loveredge, is certainly one of the most remarkable women I have ever met. Of course, that isn't her real name. But, as I have said, it was foolish of me. These people — you will never meet them, you will never see them; of what interest can they be to you?"

"They had forgotten to draw down the blinds and he climbed up a lamp-post and looked through the window," was the solution of the problem put forward by the Wee Laddie.

"I'm dining there again on Saturday," volunteered Jack Herring. "If any of you will promise not to make a disturbance you can hang about on the Park side underneath the shadow of the fence and watch me go in. My hansom will draw up at the door within a few minutes of eight."

The Babe and the Poet agreed to undertake the test.

"You won't mind our hanging round a little while in case you're thrown out again?" asked the Babe.



DRAWN BY THOMAS FOGARTY

THE DUKE OF WARRINGTON ROSE FROM THE TABLE AND BEGAN WANDERING ROUND THE ROOM

"Not in the least," replied Jack Herring. "Don't leave it too late and make your mother anxious."

"It's true enough," the Babe recounted afterward. "The door was opened by a man servant and he went straight in. We walked up and down for half an hour, and unless they put him out the back way, he's telling the truth."

"Did you hear him give his name?" asked Somerville, who was stroking his moustache.

"No, he was too far off for that," explained the Babe. "But I'll swear it was Jack; there couldn't be any mistake."

"Perhaps not," agreed Somerville the Briefless.

Somerville the Briefless called at the offices of Good Humor in Crane Court the following morning, and he also borrowed Miss Bagshot's "Debrett."

"What's the meaning of it?" demanded the sub-editor.

"Meaning of what?"

"This sudden interest of all you fellows in the British peerage."

"All of us?"

"Well, Herring was here last week poring over that book for half an hour with the Morning Post spread out before him. Now you're doing the same thing."

"Ah, Jack Herring, was he? I thought as much. Don't talk about it, Tommy. I'll tell you later."

On the following Monday the Briefless one announced to the club that he had received an invitation to dine at the Loveredge's on the following Wednesday. On Tuesday the Briefless one entered the club with a slow and stately step. Halting opposite old Goslin, the porter, who had emerged from his box with the idea of discussing the Oxford and Cambridge boat race, Somerville removing his hat with a sweep of the arm, held it out in silence. Old Goslin, much astonished, took it mechanically; whereupon the Briefless one, shaking himself free from his Inverness cape, flung it lightly after the hat and strolled on, not noticing that old Goslin, unaccustomed to coats lightly and elegantly thrown at him, dropping the hat had caught it on his head and had been, in the language of the prompt-book, "left struggling." The Briefless one, entering the smoking-room, lifted a chair and let it fall again with a crash, and sitting down upon it, crossed his legs and rang the bell.

"Ye're doing it verra weel," remarked approvingly the Wee Laddie. "Ye're just fitted for it by nature."

"Fitted for what?" demanded the Briefless one, waking up apparently from a dream.

"For an Adelphi guest, at eighteenpence a night," assured him the Wee Laddie. "Ye're just splendid at it."

The Briefless one, muttering that the worst of mixing with journalists was that if you did not watch yourself you fell into their ways, drank his whisky in silence. Later, the Babe swore on a copy of Sell's Advertising Guide that crossing the Park he had seen the Briefless one leaning over the railings of Rotten Row, clad in a pair of new kid gloves, swinging a silver-headed cane.

One morning toward the end of the week, Joseph Loveredge, looking twenty years younger than when Peter had last seen him, dropped in at the editorial office of Good Humor, and demanded of Peter Hope how he felt and what he thought of the weather. Peter Hope expressed his determination not to be surprised should it even turn to rain.

"I want you to dine with us on Sunday," said Joseph Loveredge. "Jack Herring will be there. You might bring Tommy with you."

Peter Hope gulped down his astonishment, and said he should be delighted; he thought that Tommy also was disengaged. "Mrs. Loveredge out of town, I presume?" questioned Peter Hope.

"On the contrary," replied Joseph Loveredge, "I want you to meet her."

Joseph Loveredge removed a pile of books from one chair and placed them carefully upon another. After which he went and stood before the fire.

"Don't if you don't like," said Loveredge, "but if you don't mind, call yourself, say, the Duke of Warrington."

"Say the what?" demanded Peter Hope.

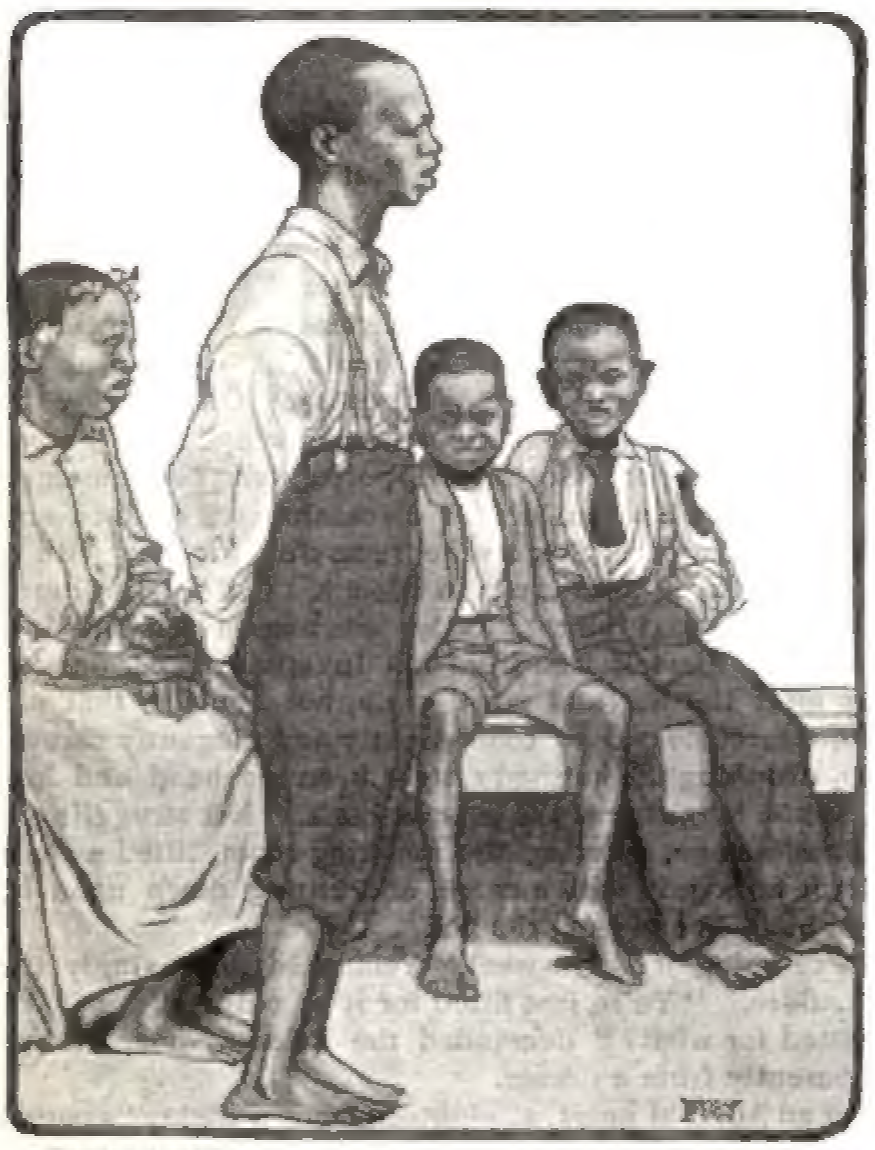
"The Duke of Warrington," repeated Joey. "We are rather short of Dukes. "Tommy can be the Lady Adelaide, your daughter."

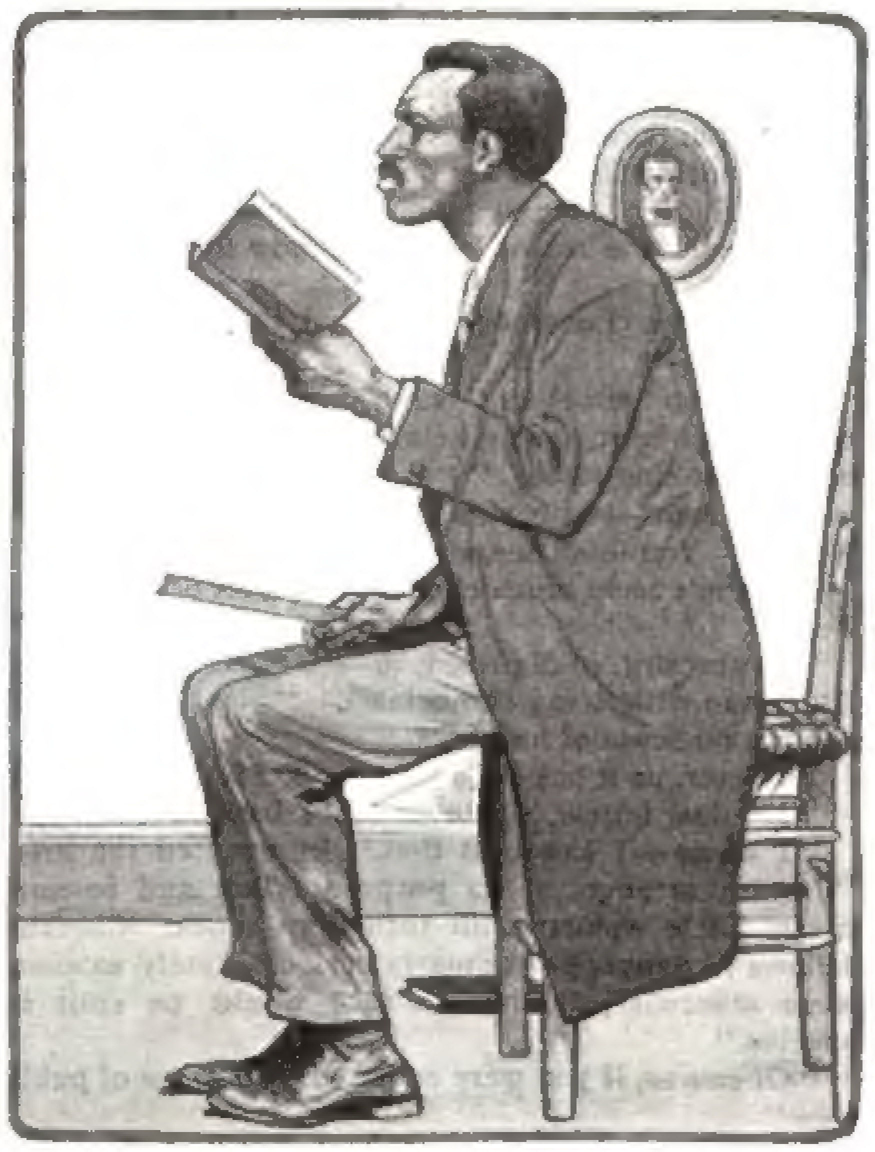
(Continued on Page 30)

THE NEGRO PROBLEM

Can the South Solve It—And How?

By Joel Chandler Harris





IN THIS, the third and last of the articles on the negro question, I had purposed to deal with the negro problem, or what is loosely called such, and at the outset I have to thank the eminent Republican publicist and politician, Mr. Carl Schurz, for furnishing me a text with which to illuminate my own observations and opinions. To a recent magazine Mr. Schurz contributes an article bearing the title, "Can the South Solve the Negro Problem?" and for his own text he takes a report made to President Johnson at a moment decidedly unfavorable to a fair and impartial judgment of the situation. This report was made after a visit to the Gulf States during the last half of 1865, a time when neither the whites nor the blacks knew what the outcome of emancipation would be, and when everything was in confusion.

The negroes had been given to understand that they had the Government to lean upon then and thereafter, while the whites were not only left without any property but without any hope for the future. Every sign and omen of the situation had a sinister aspect, so far as the whites were concerned. They had for their companions the twin demons of desperation and desolation. When Mr. Schurz says that he "found but few people who were willing to make due allowance for the adverse influence of exceptional circumstances," he is referring to the white Southerners with whom he came in contact during his visit; but what is to be thought of an eminent publicist, who has always been noted for a certain degree of conservatism and fairness, who down to this day refuses to make allowance for the adverse influence of exceptional circumstances that surrounded the whites?

Through a Glass Darkly

NOT only does Mr. Schurz refuse to make any allowance so far as the whites were concerned, but he exalts the conditions that met his eye in 1865 into a measure of the situation as it now exists. He darkens the mirror of hope with the vapor of his report to the President made in 1865, and, naturally, he can see but little in the future to stimulate his enthusiasm; he can see only the medley of confusion and distorted feeling that met his eye immediately after the war. He was shocked then, and he has never recovered from the shock.

What Mr. Schurz saw was, of course, alarming and depressing; the whole situation and course of events were alarming and depressing to the Southern whites. The conditions by which they were surrounded—the situation of which they were part and parcel—were all new to the experience of the world. They had no parallel nor precedent. There was nothing to fall back on, and every step taken was a step in the dark. At one fell stroke the Southern whites had been deprived of property that represented the earnings and accumulations of generations, and the labor system which they had organized, and on which they had depended, was blotted out in a night. In fine, all the conditions and every part of the situation were considerably more hopeless than Mr. Schurz's article, and I have no doubt whatever that they were even worse than the eminent Republican represented them to be in the report which he has raised from the forgotten records of the past. He tells of many unhappy and unfortunate things he saw during his visit to the South, and the sight thereof filled him with a wonder that has lasted down to the present day, and with a hopelessness that still clings to his old age. He is still amazed that the whites of the South should have betrayed any bitterness against the Government and the Republican party of that day, and he runs over with astonishment when he remembers that some part of this bitterness was directed against the negro as one of the contributing factors to misfortune.

The plain inference from his article is that neither at that desolate time nor since has he made any effort to put himself in the place of the Southern whites, who were passing through the trying ordeal of seeing their property confiscated and their labor system disorganized. To them it seemed that the end of all things was at hand; but, remarking on the situation, the most that Mr. Schurz can say is that "the troubles brought upon us by so sweeping a change as the sudden abolition of slavery were, after all, the common fate of humanity under like circumstances. It is only a question of more or less, and we have, perhaps, not more than our inevitable share." If to this he had added the fact that the conditions to which he was a witness—and a very casual one—had no precedent, and that the situation in which the whites found themselves could not easily have been made worse, we shall have something like a fair understanding of the troubles of that period, though such a statement will not enable us to understand them all.

What the Negro is Doing for Himself

THE great fact which Mr. Schurz has missed, though it stands out like a mountain on a plain, is that both the white and black races in the South deserved the hearty sympathy and commiseration of the whole civilized world. And even to this day, those who deal with the facts of a time that is past and gone will miss more than half of them, and draw unwise and unjust conclusions from all, if they fail to approach them in that spirit of sympathy and tolerance that a wise philosophy justifies.

If Mr. Schurz will permit me I shall take the title of his paper for my text: Can the South solve the negro problem? Before venturing on a direct answer to a question that is almost in the nature of a challenge, let us clear the ground a little; let us discover, if we can, what the negro problem is. What is certain is that everybody who has sought the ear of the public for the purpose of discussing the situation has believed that there is a negro problem. Another thing that is certain is that the problem, whatever its nature, is less pressing than formerly, when all the able editors—my brethren of old, whom I most humbly salute—were agreed that there was not only a problem, but that it must be settled at once, and without further delay.

But what is the negro problem which Mr. Schurz thinks the South cannot settle? Is it a lack of industry among the negroes? Is it concerned with negro labor? In some sections, of course, there is difficulty at critical times in securing a sufficiency of labor, but the labor question is far more unsettled and unsatisfactory elsewhere than it is in the South. The negro is still working on the farms, sometimes for himself, sometimes for others, and if in some regions he seems shiftless enough, nevertheless he is contented; he is not engaged in fomenting labor disturbances; and, take him all in all, he is doing far better than any one thought he would do. To this extent, then, let us give him credit.

I have said that in many individual instances the negroes are shiftless; but what is the negro doing who most nearly represents his race?

I have recently had a glance at figures authorized by the Comptroller-General of Georgia, and they show that during the year just closed the negro paid taxes on about seventeen million dollars in round numbers; and this, in view of the manifold difficulties under which he has labored—the chief difficulty being his ignorance—is something more than a good showing. The real value of the property assessed by the tax-collectors must be somewhere in the neighborhood of twenty-five million dollars.

Certainly, there is no problem in this; on the contrary, it disposes of the problem of idleness and unthrift, for idleness among the negroes has not yet reached the point where it can afford to pay taxes on property. Moreover, the possession of property, painfully earned, represents an interest in the government under which the taxpayer lives. But that is not all: the possession and ownership of property carries with it an influence and commands a certain amount of respect that is worth all the sentimental sympathy that has ever been or ever will be expended on the negro. In this republic property is the best protection a man can have, whether he be black or white, for it is a passport to the confidence of all who are engaged in the business of life.

We have seen that the problem that has been vexing everybody for so many years is not a lack of industry and thrift. Neither can it be education; for it is conceded on all sides that an enlightened negro is worth three or four ignorant ones in the community in which he lives, no matter what his trade or profession may be; and it is certain that if the white people of the South could perceive any dangerous problem in the education of the negro they would not be engaged in taxing themselves from one year to another in order that he may receive the benefits of education.

The Spelling-Book and the Field-Hand

OF COURSE, there are those who are opposed to the education of the negro from long habit—and habit is almost as vital a matter as principle, and, in fact, is often mistaken for principle. Hence the theory which I have discussed in a former article, namely, that one small spelling-book will destroy the usefulness of a dozen or more field-hands. This theory was not always confined to opposition to negro education. A man fifty years old will have no trouble whatever in remembering that at one time there were reasonably influential men in every community who made no concealment of their contempt for mere book-learning. They had a theory that the years given to schooling were years thrown away, and they were bitterly opposed to what they termed indiscriminate education. They were of the opinion that it was time as well as money thrown away to educate boys and girls above the stations that they would occupy in life, and thus unfit them for the real work they had to do. But, in spite of this element, when the war came along to put an end to progress for the time being the South was contributing more money for educational purposes than the North.

I repeat, then, that the negro problem, as it is called, cannot have anything to do with the matter of negro education, for every Southern State is appropriating money for that purpose, and there is not a Southern community that is not contributing its due share. It may be set down as certain that a State will not tax itself to furnish the politicians with a dangerous problem, and we may conclude, therefore, that the great body of public opinion in the South—the opinion that controls—is anxious for the enlightenment of the negro.

There are some who are in favor of separating the negroes and the whites geographically, and I presume that they consider the presence of the negro here as something of a problem. Well, it is an interesting matter to discuss, and it no doubt serves as something of a safety-valve to those who are going about with a full head of steam on, but I have never understood or felt that the presence of the negroes in the South constitutes a menace to the whites. There was, indeed, a time—especially during the period when Mr. Schurz made his report—when there were fears of excesses on the part of the newly-freed negroes, led by the unscrupulous persons who, first and last, have done them so much harm; but the fear, or the dread, passed away as a fog passes, and now there are very few who feel that the presence of the negro in the South is a menace to the whites.

Those who are hunting for a problem in the conditions that now prevail will have to formulate something more dangerous and awe-inspiring than the mere presence in the South of a body of blacks who were in no way responsible for the situation in which the war found them and who are far from being responsible for the condition in which they find themselves to-day. Moreover, the Southern whites have had ample time in which to grow used to their presence, for they and their forebears have been living side by side with them for three hundred years on terms more or less confidential. And they know all the characteristic peculiarities of the negro; they are appreciative of his good qualities and tolerant of his bad ones. In short, they know his best and his worst, and they are perfectly content to live side by side with him as they have been doing for generations. I conclude, then, that the problem which was so persistently discussed a few years ago, and which reappears intermittently, does not reside in the fact that the negro is an inhabitant of the South.

The Folly of Deportation

AND I am all the more convinced that the problem is not in this for the reason that if there were any movement on foot looking seriously to the deportation of the negro a furious protest would arise from all quarters of the South; and if such a movement turned out to be reasonably successful a blow would be struck at the material and industrial interests of the South from which we should not recover in a generation. We should have to reorganize our industrial system on a new and an untried basis, and we should be as badly hampered as we were immediately after the war.

We have seen that the problem cannot be a lack of thrift and industry on the part of the negro, for he is accumulating property almost as rapidly as any other part of our rural population. We have seen that it cannot be the matter of educating the blacks, and that it cannot be the presence of the race in the South, where they have lived for three hundred years. What, then, can the problem be? Judging from the protests that went up when the President dined Booker Washington, it might be supposed that the problem which has for so long disturbed the politicians and publicists is social equality; and yet a little reflection should show the most ignorant of those who shrink back affrighted at so impalpable a ghost that social equality cannot be made a problem. For where, on the face of the earth, will you find social equality? You will not find it among the whites, nor will you find it among the negroes. It is simply a bugaboo; for there is not now, and never has been, since the dawn of civilization, such a thing as social equality except as a matter of taste and preference.

The time was when, under the instructions of those who have all along made themselves responsible for the future of the race in this country, some of the negroes made melancholy exhibitions of their folly and ignorance by thrusting themselves into places where they were not wanted, or into gatherings where they were far from finding a congenial company; but in every instance the cause of their conduct could be traced to the teachings of their political instructors; and to make assurance doubly sure, whenever there was a protest on the part of those most nearly concerned an effort was made to make political capital out of it.

In short, the negroes have been wofully misled in this as in other matters, and, as usual, they have had to bear the brunt of the indignation that is always aroused by unseemly or offensive conduct. And it should be borne in mind that ignorant white men of various races have been as guilty in this respect as the worst offenders among the negroes, but they were tied to the tail of no political kite, and so their offensive ambition has been given no wide advertisement. There is but one remedy under the sun for offenders, and that is the enlightenment that teaches self-respect. No person, no matter what his color or condition, is likely to thrust himself where his presence will be resented, or where his company will give the slightest offense.

The Bugaboo of Social Equality

WE HAVE a way of boasting that there are no class distinctions in this republic, and that one man is as good as another. This view, which is occasionally put forth by the politicians, is based on a misinterpretation of a clause in the Declaration of Independence.

Jefferson declares in that document that all men are born free and equal, and in that statement he sets forth a very great truth; but a truth is never so great that it cannot be misinterpreted. The obvious meaning of the statement is that we are all born to an equality before the law—we are all free and equal so far as our political status is concerned. But the truth that Jefferson puts forth dies a sudden death when we attempt to widen and broaden its scope. There is no birthright that gives us mental and physical equality, and all our rights and privileges depend on contingencies so numerous that a record of them would make a list as long as a seed-dealer's catalogue. There is no escaping these contingencies; they are part of the machinery of this vale of tears.

We are born free and equal politically, but we may become the victims of tyranny and oppression; or we may grow up the creatures of prejudice, or become the slaves of our own passions, or of ignorance, or of party. Indeed, it might almost be said that one or the other of these extremes is the common fate of humanity. The rights and privileges to which a man is born are of the simplest, and they will not take him further than his own physical strength or mental gifts may go. Personal preference, taste, community of interests and desires, business relations, congeniality of temperament, and various other reasons, give one man one set of friends and associates, and another another; and to crown it all, there is no law or custom that compels a man to associate on terms of equality with those who, for one reason or another, are disagreeable to him.

It is as difficult to make a problem out of something that never had an existence—social equality, for example—as it is to find a spider's web big enough and strong enough to hold a mule. Nevertheless, there must be a problem somewhere in the wood-pile where the traditional nigger is hid, for Mr. Schurz says so, and he is of the firm opinion that the South cannot settle or solve it. Can the problem that he has in mind be negro suffrage? He declares that the voting power was not conferred on the blacks in a spirit of revenge, but as a means of protection; but he admits that it has not had that result. He admits that it has been a failure from the first in everything but the pure intentions of those who conferred it upon the negroes.

In the face of this, Mr. Schurz is aggrieved because in some States limitations have been placed on universal suffrage. The plain spirit and intent of the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution have been violated, he declares, and yet some of these violations have been passed upon by the Supreme Court, which has decided that the States from which the complaints came were well within their rights when they placed restrictions on the voting power of the masses so as to shut out the ignorant.

Now, there can be no real objections to such restrictions of the suffrage as those which apply impartially to both races. It is not only the right of the State, but its most obvious duty, to purge the ballot-box of ignorance; but some of the States—Georgia, for example—have steadily refused to restrict the privilege of suffrage, although a restriction imposed on ignorance is nothing less than an invitation to those who are ignorant to qualify themselves as speedily as possible for the exercise of the highest privilege of citizenship.

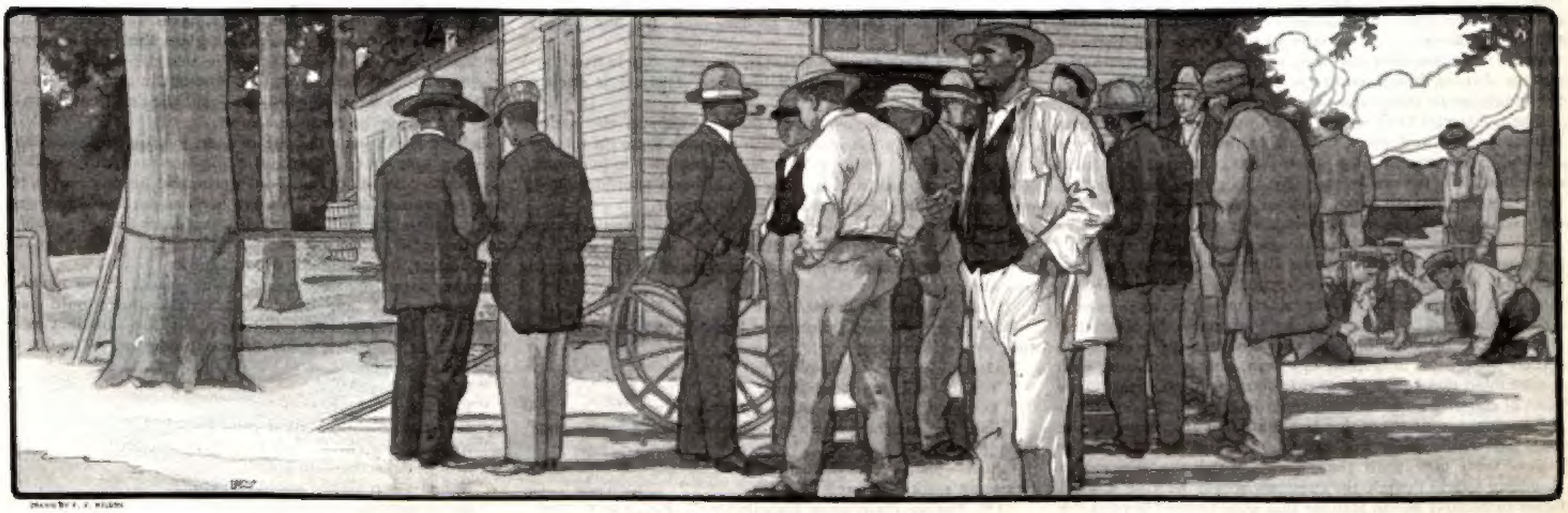
Although Mr. Schurz is a man of the highest intelligence, and should know better, he has an idea that the professions are closed to the negro in the South. The real situation is nothing like so bad as in the North, where the negroes are not allowed to compete with the whites in any but the most menial and unprofitable callings. All over the South there are negroes earning a living, and some of them a competency, by pursuing the various trades and callings in which the whites are also engaged. There are negro tradesmen of all kinds, negro contractors, master builders, bankers, merchants, lawyers, doctors and dentists. It is true that there are comparatively few of them in the professions, and it is also true of the whites, if we compare the number of doctors and lawyers with the whole number of those who are engaged in earning a living.

If there are few professional men among the negroes it is because there is no demand for their services, and not because the professions are closed to them. The trouble heretofore with educated negroes is that they have insisted on swarming into politics or into the pulpit. Up to date they have made the poorest kind of politicians, and, with a few notable exceptions, very inferior preachers. It is unfortunate that colored men of any real ability fall into the delusion that they were cut out for politicians. It is unfortunate because there are so many ways in which they could benefit their race, and there is so much work of that kind to be done that it is a pity for any to turn aside from it.

The pace and the example have been set by the president of Tuskegee Institute, and while all, or even very few, cannot expect to be Booker Washingtons, nevertheless the intelligent negro, no matter how humble and unknown he may be, can do something, if only a very little, toward the moulding and uplifting of the race. The outcome of the great work to which the best of the negroes have set their hands will not be witnessed in a day or in a generation, and it will only come to pass as the result of the combined efforts of all the friends of humanity that can be mustered into service. And the whites, equally with the blacks, will have to possess their souls in patience, for the evolution of a race requires time.

Perhaps this is the real problem that has attracted so much attention and discussion—the problem which Mr. Schurz refers to with such an air of hopelessness. It is to be hoped that his refusal to believe in the humanity of the Southern people, or in their ability or desire to do justice to the negro, is not confluent in its scope, for age can have no more pitiable outcome than to close its eyes to hope while the world all about it is still in its youth.

We have seen how elusive the negro problem is when subjected to a close view. It is somewhat similar to the vague sounds we hear in the vast solitudes of night. They seem to be sounds, but, on investigation, they turn out to be no sounds at all, but merely one of the various aspects of silence. There is certainly a problem for the negroes to solve—the problem of moral, social and industrial development; but this is a problem with which all individuals and all races have had to contend at one time or another, and there is no solution save hard work and right living.



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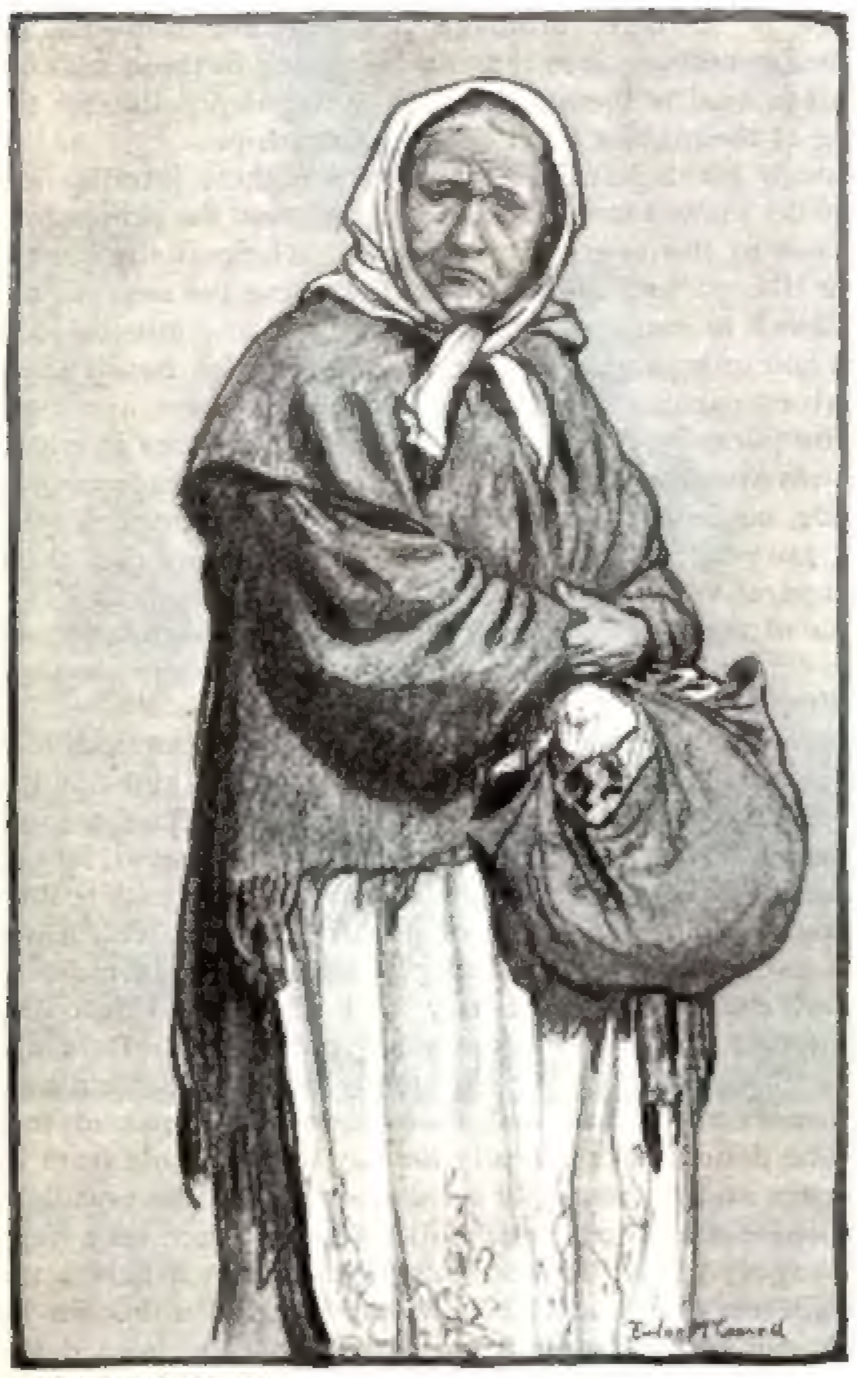
ELECTION DAY IN A SOUTHERN VILLAGE

DIE AUSWANDERER

A Story of Old Loves and New Fortunes

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY



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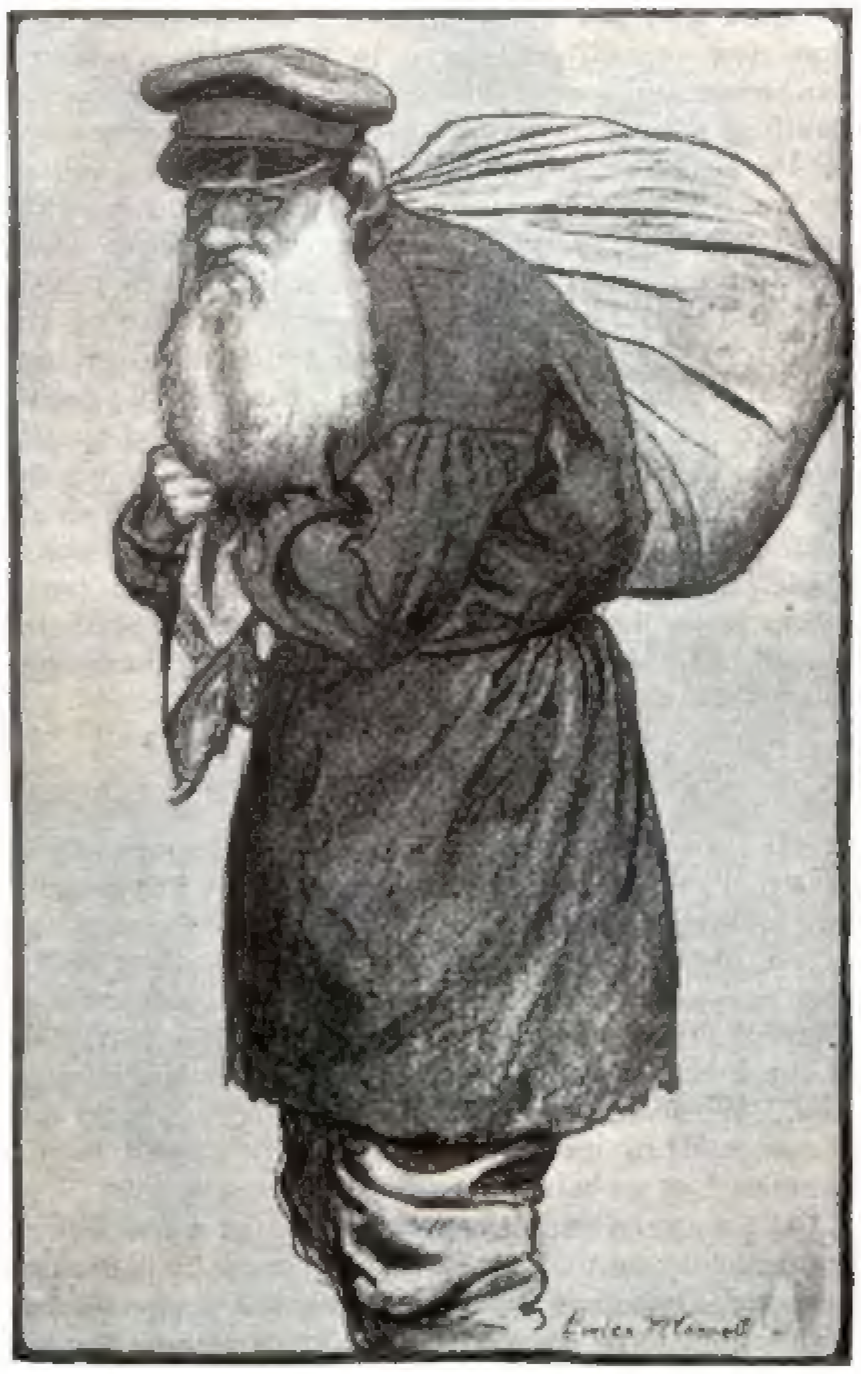


TO THE waiting people in Poland there came one day the most momentous package of all, that which contained the money for their tickets—this from far-away America, from Henry, good husband to Esther, and more than a son to Esther's mother, even from the day he had asked her for Esther in marriage.

Then were there the most formidable details to be attended to, for in the realm of the Czar the matter of emigrating is of moment to the government. There had to be faced the most terrifying officials, who asked the most searching questions and gave over the papers only after the most rigid formalities, and also only after payments had been made that seemed like mountains of expense to people who for so long had been dwelling in the valley of poverty.

And there was even more than that. When for so many hundreds of years one's ancestors have lived and died in a country—in so many cases for that country—one does not, generally, make ready to leave that country, forever most likely, and for a far-away and unknown land most surely, without making some little stir, without betraying to the neighbors something of the inward agitation; hardly even though that country be one long ruled by people of a later creation and cruder civilization, by aliens who for some centuries now had been denying all ancestral rights.

But the day of departure came at last, and with the unnecessary household effects disposed of, the little patch of land given over, the passports obtained—all that attended to—and the last-made grave visited once again, Esther and Esther's mother with the four children emerged from beneath the shower of tears, kisses, embraces and blessings, and boarded the rough car in which they were to be jolted to the frontier.

The frontier! They were near to it at length, and nearing it were met by uniformed officials of the country they were leaving, who peered into their faces, shouted at them, examined their papers, went away, came back, had another look, another examination, shouted once more, and finally allowed the train to pass beyond the line of pacing soldiers and thence to the servants of the great steamship company, more especially the one in green livery with red trimmings, who also shouted at them—everybody seemed to shout at them, but this one could be heard a league—"D'Auswanderer—Auswanderer!" And when he had made it clear that they were to rally to him, and they had humbly assembled, turned them over to a little old man, also in uniform, who reassembled them after his own fashion, and led them like a band of conscripts to the company's lodging-house and there assigned them quarters for the night. The company, the little man made them understand, was now responsible for them—from now until they were aboard the steamer in Hamburg—and though the company would be like a kind father to them, it would also see that none strayed beyond the confines of its premises.

They were happy then, and Esther's mother, who had not from the first moment of departure ceased to worry for the children, above all for little Michael, now in deep gratitude put them away for the night, the eldest two in one berth, the next with Esther. Michael, the youngest—the baby—she took to herself. Never would she part from little Michael—never—never—and told him so between the lines of the song with which she lulled him to sleep.

To the women, when the children were hushed, there came from the next apartment the sound of men's voices. One there was who seemed to have come back from America for a holiday—a young man, by the tone—recounting tales of the wonderful land to which all were bound. Not longer than two days was he in New York when some one said "Come," and set him to work at two dollars—two dollars—four rubles a day—yes.

In a berth opposite to Esther's mother a young woman breathed aloud at that. "You heard, old mother?—four rubles a day. You have no man, but it is fine to think of, is it not?"

"Truly," answered Esther's mother; "it will be fine for the young."

Esther's mother could then hear old Joseph asking questions. Poor old Joseph! For him there had been no need to come. He had indeed saved enough to keep him with prudence all his years at home. But he had come, and there was no gainsaying him. To the frontier only—to the control-station, no further—he had said to the neighbors and even themselves, before taking the train; but to America it was to be, in truth, as he had told them that afternoon in the cars, and told them also how he had sold his little possessions privately and drawn all his savings and changed all into large bills which, even at the moment, were in a pouch under his vest. He even showed them where, around his neck, under his long white beard, lay the string of the pouch.

They slept well that night. The cooing and gurgling of little Michael awoke Esther's mother, as it had awakened her for many mornings now. What a feeling that—the little fingers creeping up over the face and trying to open one's eyes in the morning! Oh, the little man—she cuddled him and kept him by her until long after Esther had the other children ready—until the company's man came to say that those who cared might cook breakfast in the kitchen below where were samovars and charcoal, and where cold water was to be had of the pump in the yard outside. After that they must be ready to go to the office, there to get tickets, for which one must have the money ready.

"Children under four years are free at the steamship from Hamburg to New York, but only those under ten months are free at the railway from here to Hamburg. Be prepared!"

"Oh, my little Michael. We shall have to pay for him on the railway, think you, Esther—and he but hardly weaned?"

"And for Henry on the steamer, mother. He is five."

"Five—yes—but small for his age. Michael is such a great fellow."

Just before Esther's mother in the line was the young woman who had slept in the berth opposite Esther's mother during the night. She held a lusty baby boy in her arms. The weight of him was sagging one hip and shoulder down and around, but she would not set him down.

To her came the superintendent: a portly, good-looking man in a thin silk coat, fine frilled linen, loose tie and the softest of tanned kid slippers, and a clerk at his elbow with pad and pen.

"And this one—how old is he?"

The young woman trembled. Esther's mother, next in line, also trembled.

"How old, I say—how old?"

"Ten months, your Excellence."

"Ten months? Ten months? Set him down."

"But he cannot walk yet—he is too young, your Excellence."

"Pish—pish—for a moment and let us see. There—and he cannot walk, you say?"

"Oh, but so little, your Excellence." Fat, curly, bow-legged and black-eyed, the child stumped about the room.

"But so little, you say, and only ten months? So. At ten years he will be a man already. Ten months!—and walks like a sailor. Ten months!"

"He was born so, your Excellence—large and strong for his age."

"So." The superintendent halted to wipe his perspiring cheeks. "Ah, but it is warm. And this other fat, curly one?"—he pinched little Michael's cheek—"what age? Ten months also, old mother?"

"Ten months, your Excellence."

"And born large and strong also? And his name—Samson? No? Michael, you say? Oh, Michael. Ach! let them pass. Let them all pass. What can one do with women—such lies. To the doctor now."

To the first room in the control-station went Esther's party, and these, with many others, patiently awaited examination.

Laws! There were laws, it seems. And had they not left all troublesome laws behind them? And here, regulations also—such queer things were in the world!—which said that they must be examined all, especially as to hair and eyes, before they would be allowed on the railway which was to take them, by and by, to the steamship and so on to that great country beyond the great sea.

It was terrifying, this waiting in line, and then, when the doctor said, "Now, you——" to have to march up the whole length of the long room and stand before him, with his eyes and mouth that did not smile, and have him look one over so—such a look! and the looking-glass that was strapped to his forehead! It could not be that he knew how he frightened one when he studied one out in that way—so—and shook his hand slowly—so—and then stiff and stern—so! No, surely he could not know.

Behind Esther was the old mother, holding little Michael, dancing him up and down, sticking her face into his face, saying Boo! and Boo! and Boo! again, and kissing him every time he crowed aloud. This was her own darling—youngest of all—little Michael. She held him high over her shoulder that he might stroke old Joseph's beard; and old Joseph, sad and patient, for a moment tried to smile.

Esther faced the doctor, and, being passed, came back to her place on the long bench. Esther's mother should have been next, but she turned to Joseph, and he, obedient as in the years of his youth, stood before the doctor. The doctor took up his papers.

"You are alone?"

"Yes, Herr Doctor."

"No wife, no child behind you?"

"No wife, nor child—nor kin, Herr Doctor."

"And in America—no kin?"

"Nobody—in all the world nobody."

"But at your age—why do you go? You like to travel?"

"I? Not I—old trees, fast roots."

"So? But tell me—it is not for myself, not the law, that I ask—why do you go?"

"I go because my friends go. Esther goes, and so the children. The children go and Sarah goes, and where Sarah goes I must go."

"So? And which is Sarah?"

"She who is next."

"With the child? H-m—she is old, too."

"She has been younger, Herr Doctor."

"I meant no harm, old man. That you may know her when she is yet older is my wish."

"May the Lord spare her, Herr Doctor. And if I may say it—you will see for yourself—the child is her life."

"'Tis not hard to see that. But if you will step down now and tell her to come."

Sarah approached hesitatingly. She still carried Michael.

"That child—is he not heavy, old mother?"

"Oh, no, Herr Doctor—not little Michael."

"But you must set him down now."

"And I must, Herr Doctor?"

"Only for a little while. That is it. And now the hair."

Down tumbled the hair. Old Joseph remembered what that hair was once—and, remembering, sighed.

"And now for the eyes—the head this way—so!"

The faded old eyes were turned toward the light. They looked like eyes that had wept so much they could weep no more.

"So—h-m-m—. And now this way. And this way once more. H-m-m. You have seen much trouble, old mother?"

"Trouble? Every one has trouble."

"It is true. And your daughter—she is the only child now?"

"The only child."

"And there were others?"

"Five are buried, Herr Doctor—five and their father."

"Ah! and your daughter's husband, is it not, who sends the money for your passage?"

"Henry it is—yes. A fine boy, and who has worked so hard that we might all come to him together."

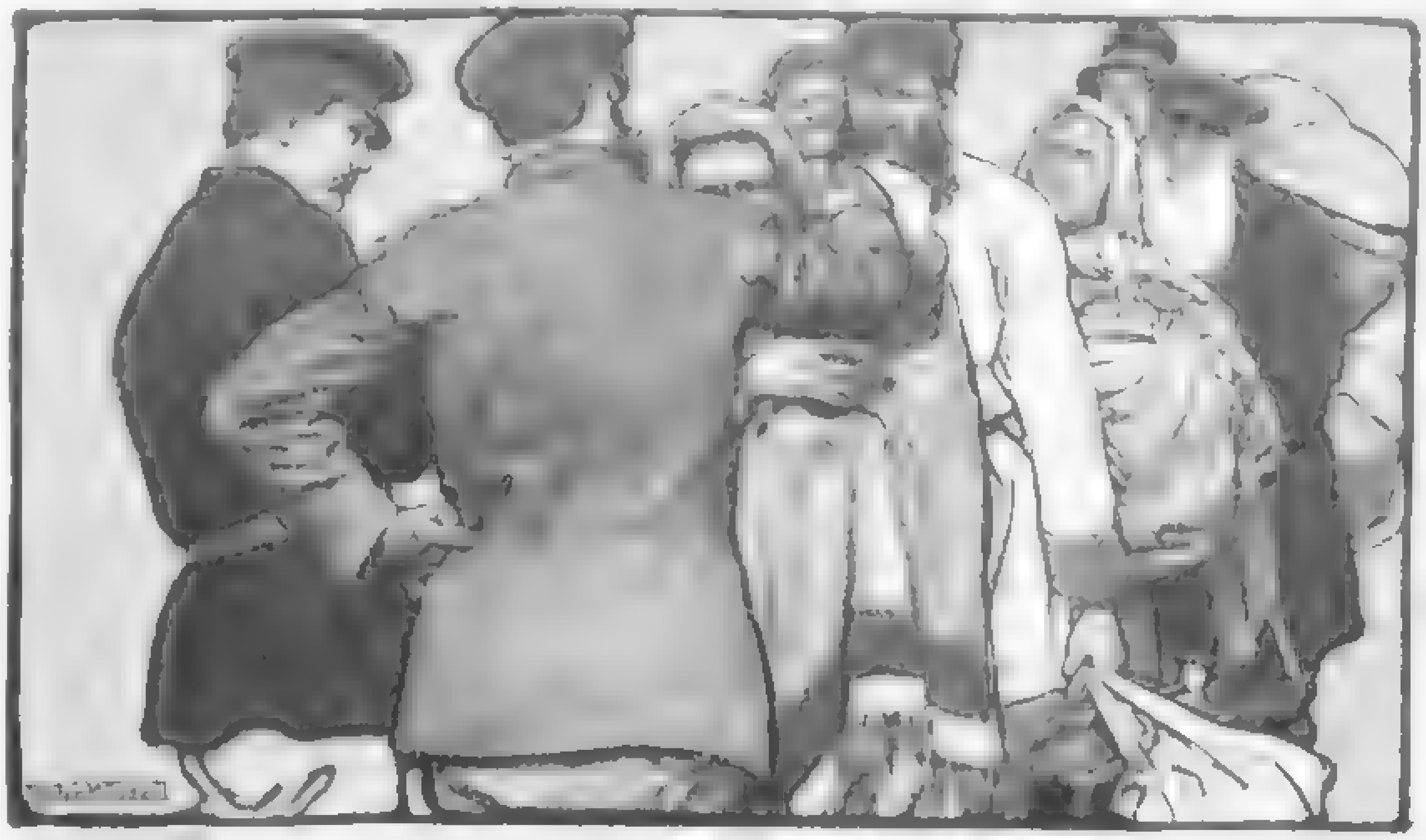
"So." Longer and yet longer the doctor looked into the old eyes. And then he asked her further questions. Afterward she could not remember what the questions were—he asked so many—and there was that fearful looking glass on his head—but she told him of the sickness with her eyes. She had had that sickness with her eyes for a long time now. But it mattered little. She could see to help the men in the field in the summer and see to sew in the long nights of winter. She made all the clothes for the babies. And no one had ever before said that her eyes were not good for that as any other eyes. The very clothes that little Michael then had on—where was he, the little imp? Oh—under the table—such a boy!—those clothes were the envy of every mother in the village. And her eyes had overlooked every stitch, every single stitch. Look, the Herr Doctor could see for himself that it was well done. Not another child in the village had such clothes. Children of the rich there were with clothes that would not show finer stitching.

The surgeon, shaking his head, turned to the superintendent. She could not understand what it was they said the one to the other—they talked in Polish no longer—but there was that in their faces which troubled her. She put her hand on the surgeon's arm even before he had done speaking to the superintendent, and all in that room trembled for her boldness. Her other hand clasped little Michael's fingers.

Then the superintendent—who seemed to talk all languages, and her own language as one born to it—called Esther over and whispered to her. And Esther mournfully told her mother that she would have to wait for a time.

"Wait? And why?" It was plain she did not understand.

"There is not money enough for all, his Excellence says. It is full fare for children over four years of age and half fare for children over ten months. And Henry is above four years and little Michael above ten months—they have decided. And if the children are to go some one must stay behind—is it not so, your Excellence?"


"THAT CHILD—IS HE NOT HEAVY, OLD MOTHER?"

"It is so, old mother," confirmed the superintendent.

Esther's mother looked to her little Michael, and from him around the room. Her eyes fastened on the slim young woman with the fat baby in arms—she who had been in the opposite berth the night before and just ahead of them in line at the office. All had remarked that since leaving the office that morning not once had she set that baby down. She feared to have to buy a ticket for him—'twas not hard to see that. To her Esther's mother rushed. "See, Herr Excellence, see you, which is the larger? Or the Herr Doctor, who understands such things better—see which is the older—this one or my little Michael? Set him down—will you not set him down? Ah! she will not. Look again, Herr Doctor. This one has been passed—has he not?"

"It is true," said the superintendent.

Then did Esther's mother force the young woman to set the fat baby on the floor. In an instant he was rolling toward the men.

"Ten months, and see him run! Ten months, and free! But not little Michael?" With her dry eyes she faced the superintendent. "But not little Michael, your Excellence?"

Then to Esther the surgeon whispered the truth. 'Twas not the ticket to be bought. It was the eyes. The old mother's eyes were diseased. She must stay behind.

Poor Esther! She looked at the surgeon, then back to her mother. Her eyes also rested on little Michael. "But what will she do without little Michael, Herr Doctor?"

The surgeon shook his head. The soul was not open to his knife. Then suddenly he wondered why he was spending so much time over this case. Again and again had such cases come before him—not exactly alike always, but much alike. How many he had passed by before. But here he was this morning! It could not be merely that it was a fair, warm, summer's morning—hardly that. In his memory were a thousand other fair, warm mornings with the trees nodding outside the door and blue sky beyond, and a voice as pleading and eyes as sad as these—almost. Whatever it was, this doctor, who examined a thousand immigrants a month, took a great deal of trouble to make it clear to Esther why it was that her mother could not go.

"How can I tell her?" said Esther. "She cannot come, and yet we must go to Henry, who is waiting for us."

It was on the superintendent's hint that she told her mother that, though there was not money enough for all at that moment, she need not despair, for when they reached America they would have Henry send her ticket-money back.

"Oh, my heart!" said Esther's mother, "and I must wait until the money comes again. You go now with the children—and not I. And yet it is right—it is right. Henry is impatient, and why not? The long time he has toiled for the tickets, and now he wishes to see his own. Esther, you are his own—and the children—little Michael and all. But not his wife's old mother? He will await every steamer now—go to the office and ask for Esther and the babies. Ah, ah—it is not right. No, I do not mean that. Esther, when you see him you will tell him, and surely he will manage to send the money soon. And yet it is so much to save—eighty rubles. One could live a long time at home on that—but he is good—Henry—he will not complain, and he shall see how I will make it up in care of the children. You and he, Esther, will need me. I shall be taking care of the little ones while you help him at his work. But little Michael——"

Here old Joseph stepped over. Timidly he plucked the superintendent by the arm. "I have enough—I will pay for Sarah's ticket." The pouch was in his hand, the string from about his neck.

"Sh-h——" said the superintendent, and told him how it was.

"Oh!" said old Joseph.

But Esther's mother had caught sight of Joseph and divined what he had said.

"Ah, Joseph, you will pay, and I shall not have to wait."

And then they had to tell her—or partly tell her—it was the sickness of the eyes.

"Even if we allowed you to leave here, old mother, they would send you back from New York—the American surgeons are very strict."

It took her some time to understand it. Her courage almost left her, and she had to sit down for a while, but, gaining a little strength, she inquired how long it would take the sickness to leave her. If she took good care, stayed in the dark room, say, by the time Esther and her children arrived in New York and could send a letter back—would she be well? Three weeks or more—four weeks it might be—five possibly. Well, in five weeks—what a long time—but in five weeks would the sickness be cured?

Then it was that they told Esther the whole truth. Her mother's eyes would never be better. And Esther told Joseph, and Joseph led her away, with her fingers still clinging to little Michael's hand, and she still of the opinion that in a few weeks her eyes might be well and she on her way to join the children.

After that it was time for the bathing. Every one must get under the stream of water and get such a wash as he never got before. They told Esther's mother that she could not go with the others, that she would have to give up little Michael because of the sickness of her eyes. In a little while after they had been through the bath, little Michael would be brought back.

She protested at that. "So soon to lose him for five weeks, and now not to see him while he is washed—so

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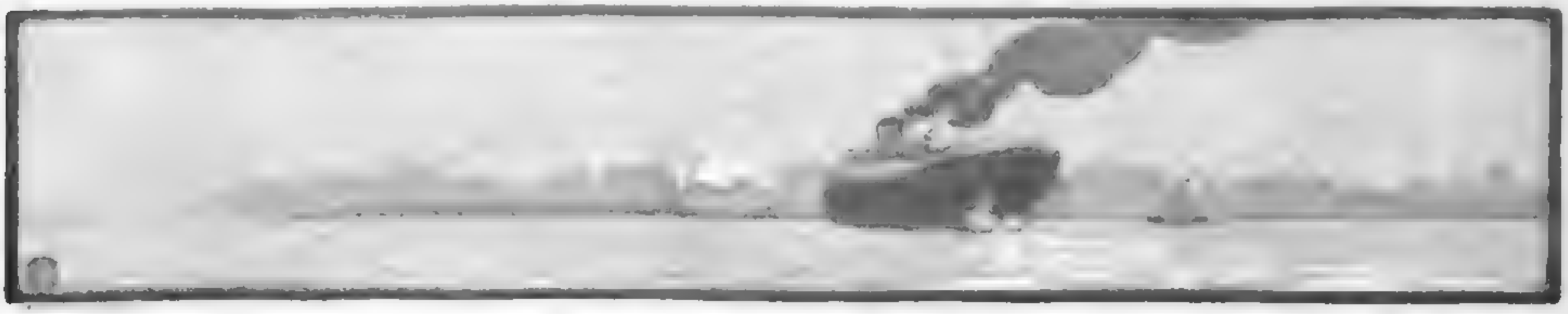


The Democracy and Its Iago

The Political Past and Future of William Jennings Bryan

BY ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

FOR myself, who am but a looker-on in Vienna, and a student of politics without being a politician, just as one might be a student of Greek without being a Greek, I sorrow while I tell the story. Personally I have, or at the worst I would have if I could, a warm regard for Mr Bryan He owns qualities that I admire, and is an old acquaintance, though I may not describe him as an old friend. It would please me to the point superlative if I might write my page and set down nothing to the gentleman's disfavor. His very length of party service appeals to me, even while I remember that while serving the party he never omitted a first service to himself. I like age; and things grow better in my eyes as time claps years to their existence. I am for what is old as much as any moss or any ivy. Like that king of Arragon, give me old wood to burn, old books to read, old wine to drink, old friends to trust

Such being my trend, one needs no bond from me. I shall speak of Mr. Bryan as leniently as I may, being sharp to put down what public or what party good his record furnishes to plead for him. Surely that is no more than justice, one should ever set the good against the bad, and thereby strike a balance. No man politically will be all black or all white, and it is the excess either way that makes him in the world's mouth an Arnold or a Washington.

Sowing the Wind

THE recent speeches of Mr Bryan and his revival of silver in hope of schism — his conduct smells sadly of rule or ruin! — have not gone without comment at the Capital. There be few or none who ascribe to him any integrity of sentiment. They say he is not thinking of the nation or of the party. They hold that his impulse is selfish, and that he is sowing open-eyed, premeditated dissension with a no more ingenuous purpose than the prevention of any Democrat other than himself from attaining that White House eminence which he has twice failed to reach

Mr. Bryan sought the Presidency, and the people put him aside. What began as an ambition has ended as an appetite. The thought of a White House now possesses him as the evil spirit possessed those sufferers of old. It holds him as thoughts of his sweetheart hold the lover. It is his cloud and his pillar of fire, and guides his days and nights. Also, like the rejected lovers of the romances, Mr. Bryan, being defeated to the confines of despair, while he supports his own ill-fortune, cannot bear to see another win the lady in the case

Such a pose is to be accounted for as among things weak and human; but it will none the less distinguish Mr. Bryan as lacking in those basic elements of the broad and deep and strong, without which no true greatness can exist. Such an attitude is the sublimation of selfish egotism — an egotism that will burn another's barn to boil its own cheap egg. I give you but the ungagged comment of Washington as it considers Mr. Bryan by the light of his late oratory, plus an intimate knowledge of the gentleman gained during his two campaigns and that quartet of Congressional years which preceded them. Hating that candidate Cassio who has not yet found selection, this envy-eaten Iago would teach our Othello of party to smother the Desdemona of its chances with a pillow of silver. This is a vile, clumsy figure; and I would not have given way to it save for the provocation offered by Mr. Bryan and his eternal cross of gold.

Speaking solely for myself, I concede that I much agree with these Washington discussionists as to Mr. Bryan and the probity of his present position. It is no one's purpose to talk finance here or arbitrate the wrongs or the rights of silver. But this much may in truth be said: Silver at least is dead. It died in '96; it had its wake and final burial in 1900. And Mr. Bryan, who mourned at its deathbed, and four years later mourned at its grave, knows better than most men how deeply dead and deeply buried silver is.

Mr. Bryan will speak of deserters of the silver cause There was a white-haired Senator who stood the champion of silver and held the silver bridge when Mr. Bryan was in school. Better than any and to the last did this old Senator strike home for silver. Recently some paper described him as a deserter of the silver cause.

"I did not desert silver," said he; "silver died. One might as well say I have deserted my father, who is also dead."

How to Get the Truth of It

MR BRYAN, who knows that silver is dead, cannot be thought disinterested or spurred of any spirit of party honesty when now he sings old war-songs to revive old wars. He but seizes on silver as a wedge wherewith to split the party, and hopes to drive it home by the maul of his rhetoric. One should not forget the words of Wendell Phillips, who said: "You can never get the truth from an American statesman until he has given up all hope of the Presidency."

Mr Bryan, in thus seeking to revive a battle that was fought and lost, does not make a graceful picture. There is the doctrine of *res adjudicata*, and it applies to politics. There was the great question of secession. The world shook beneath the tread of those armies that went forth to its discussion. In answering that question of secession more men died than would have made a population for an empire.

But it was settled

What would be thought of him, nay, what should be thought of him, found tending now those embers of secession, as priests tend sacred fires, with the hope of filling the future with the flames of a new rebellion? In manner puny and small, Mr. Bryan's silver employment has its parallel in the instance above supposed

There is a deal of claptrap talked and written and printed and practiced concerning this business of a currency, a subject that, when given a right survey, presents no more of difficulty than falling off a log. Mankind has been taught that in the essence of things fiscal your question of currency is as intricate and as involved as was the labyrinth of Minos. Our crazy-patch system of finance has been, in every one of the patches, cut, basted and stitched with an interest of politics or of private gain to guide the shears and needle of what money-tailor was at work. A country, if it would, could have a circulating medium, and all coined yellow gold, of two hundred dollars, or five hundred dollars, or, if the gold supply of the world held out, one thousand dollars per capita for population, and, beyond the expense of the mint, without costing that country a shilling. One, being business manager of the nation, could with perfect safety burn every scrap of paper money and return every dollar of our gold and silver money to original ingots, for he could begin anew and, as fast as the mints would work, give back a solid, unbroken stream of gold money — half eagles, eagles and double eagles — to what Himalayan height for a whole circulation one would, and never spend a splinter beyond, as stated, the working of the mints. I would, in the interests of simplicity and to make a start, advise him to save from the wreck of our whole currency when he destroyed it say one hundred dollars in coined gold to be a nest egg for his scheme of money restoration.

Conceive now: We have a Secretary of the Treasury, or, as I styled him above, a business manager. He holds in his palm those saved five twenty-dollar gold pieces. He buys one hundred dollars' worth of gold bullion with them Our business manager gets the bullion, while the individual, a gold-miner, perhaps, takes the coined gold. Then our business manager stamps the bullion he has bought — one hundred dollars' worth — into five new twenty-dollar gold pieces. With these in his palm he is ready for another bargain with the gold-miner. Again the miner gets the gold pieces, and again our business manager gets one hundred dollars' worth of yellow bullion. This he coins; and being reequipped with five more new twenty-dollar pieces he returns to the fray. And so *ad infinitum*. This barter and this coinage could go on while a grain of gold remained uncoined. In the end, our business manager would have only one hundred yellow dollars in his fist; but there would be billions coined and stamped and in circulation. And the country would be neither in nor out a dime. I am talking of coinage, not taxation, remember. Being in circulation, the law would protect the money, as it does now, from being clipped or mutilated or melted down. Once money, always money, and he who alters its money status we lock up as a felon.

We have "free and unlimited coinage of gold." There is no legal reason and no moral and no marked reason why what I have outlined as a policy should not be put into effect if our Treasury cared to do so. Finance as a science is simpler than the science of soap-boiling, although the money-changers in the temple prefer you to think otherwise. Finance as a science is as simple as the science that loads and fires a gun. There is nothing occult, nothing hidden. There abides no genie at its elbow, no fairy up its sleeve

How the System Works Out

BUT, you say, thus to coin billions upon billions of gold would raise the "price" of gold by increasing the consumption of gold. What of it? Wherein would lie the harm? So that it did not disturb the comparative values of soap, and pork, and sugar, and flour, and lumber, and so on through the list of a world's commodities — and it would not — no one would feel either jolt or squeeze. With wheat at a dollar a bushel, a reduction to ten cents a bushel would work no injury if at the same time every other commodity in its value fell a similar ninety per cent. Merely to multiply the "price" of gold, which when it isn't money is jewelry — I decline all flapdoodle which speaks of "gold in the arts" — would cut no more important figure in the economy of life than would the making of one thousand marks upon a thermometer where now we make one hundred. Suppose, instead of one hundred degrees, that we scratched off one thousand degrees on a thermometer in the same space — would it make the weather any hotter? I grant you a cautious business manager would not walk in among the gold-sellers and purchase one hundred billion dollars' worth of gold in a day, and for identically the same reason that a cautious cowboy wouldn't ride in among a bunch of cattle and flap a blanket. Not because there would be inherent peril in so doing, but for that in the timid ignorance of the herd it would provoke a stampede.

However, let us get back to Mr. Bryan and that part of Iago he is making ready to play. I cannot think the world is interested in my views on coinage and a money medium. The world is dark and the world is timid, and the world has taken ignorance to wife. I once saw a flock of sheep, five thousand of them, drift up against a little thread of a stream not six inches wide. They balked and clotted and bunched into a woolly conglomerate; not one would jump. I left them sidling along that six-inch stream as utterly unable to

Editor's Note—This is one of a series of papers by Mr. Lewis on national aspects of current politics.

cross as though they had encountered the Missouri during a June rise. And as I left them thus stalled at nothing, I could not avoid the reflection: How like the way of the world!

Before I leave my unlimited coinage of gold I must add that the other day I submitted it as a theory to a statesman, and proceeded to demonstrate its feasibility with all the pepper bottles and salt-cellars that belong with five hotel tables. It seemed to fog him up mightily, and all he could say was, "There's a trick in it!"

"There is but one lamp," cried Patrick Henry on a great occasion, "by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience;" and there was more sagacity than verbal flourish in the phrase. What is the story of Mr. Bryan? And what is a fair analysis of the man? Let me begin with him as he comes first to Washington in 1891 to enter upon his duties as a Representative. If in what I shall say I go wrong through slip of memory, there are Mr. O'Ferrell of Virginia, Mr. Catchings of Mississippi, Mr. Bailey of Texas, Mr. Tarsney of Missouri, Mr. Pence of Colorado, and many more who know the truth and can step in to Mr. Bryan's rescue. And I should like it again understood that personally I have only kindly thoughts for Mr. Bryan. But laying the personal aside, I feel toward him politically at this time as Jerry Simpson felt toward a banker

"I have nothing, Mr. Speaker, against a banker," explained the sockless one as he proceeded with a House speech. "Commonly your banker is an honest, upright, moral individual, a credit to the community in which he lives. I have nothing, I repeat, against a banker. My position toward him I might illustrate by saying it is precisely the position I hold toward the ferocious insect that we who travel far and wide in politics and stop at bad hotels now and again encounter as an enemy to sleep. Take that ferocious insect aforesaid. Examine him beneath a glass if you will. A fair mind confesses that there is no extravagant iniquity apparent in his construction. He seems a moral bug. For myself, Mr. Speaker, I've nothing against this bug. What I object to is the business he's in. And so with the banker: I object only to the business that he's in."

Mr. Bryan came to Washington in November, 1891. He looked younger by thirty years than he does now. Also he was slim and, as said the fat knight, might have crawled through an alderman's thumb-ring. I remember, in those first days, how Mr. Bryan was gratified, not to say flattered, because the oil painting of the late Sam Randall, then being hung in the lobby, would have passed for his picture, so much was Mr. Bryan in looks like the great Protectionist.

Before Congress convened the Democrats held a caucus to select a Speaker. Observe the timid self-interest of Mr. Bryan and how he abandoned both public and party welfare to nurse his own. It should throw some light on the liberality of his motives when now he calls silver from the cemetery to haunt his party to destruction. Men never change in a trait more than an oak-tree changes in a trait, and a black kitten makes ever a black cat

That fight for a Speakership was a fight for a Presidency and a tariff and all that was tremendous in government. There were Messrs. Mills and Crisp and McMillan and Hatch and Springer in the scramble. Mr. Mills was the Cleveland candidate against Mr. Crisp, the Gorman candidate. Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Gorman were rivals for a Presidency, and the possession of the House was of prime importance.

The battle began, Mr. Bryan voting for Mr. Springer. The war staggered on for hours; there came ballot on the heels of ballot. Mr. Hatch withdrew his name and went into the caucus to vote for Mr. Crisp. Mr. Springer withdrew his name and went into the caucus to vote for Mr. Crisp. Mr Crisp won in the finish by the merest fragment of a majority—two votes, I think—so close and fierce was that fray which would settle national destinies!

A Precedent on Which to Found a Prophecy

AS I'VE related, Mr. Bryan voted in the beginning for Mr. Springer. What became of him when Mr. Springer withdrew? Mr. Bryan still voted for Mr. Springer. That gentleman himself was voting for Mr. Crisp. He had withdrawn his name; he was no longer a candidate. Yet to the last roll-call which gave victory by a brace of votes to Mr. Crisp, Mr. Bryan sat shooting his lonely arrow in the air for Mr. Springer. In brief, he threw away his voice in a contest where a throne was the prize. Why did Mr. Bryan thus waste himself? Because, as he explained in a day when he was not so old nor so cunning as he is now, Messrs. Hatch and Mills and Crisp and McMillan were ex-Confederate soldiers. Mr. Springer had been a Union man a third of a century before. Mr. Bryan was too good a politician and too poor a patriot to face an "old-soldier" element along the Platte with the record of having voted for a once Confederate.

Mr. Bryan will seek to evade the above. He may say that he voted for Mr. Crisp in caucus. Should he do so he will mean that he voted for Mr. Crisp in that caucus held at the beginning of the second Congress wherein Mr. Crisp was Speaker. Mr. Crisp ran alone on that caucus occasion, there was no opposition What I say is that in the first caucus, where Mr. Mills fought Mr. Crisp for a House chieftainship, Mr. Bryan threw away his vote. The caucus rolls will show. If they be lost then the files of that day's newspapers will show. His excuse was the Confederate past of Messrs. Mills and Crisp. If he has forgotten, and, forgetting, if he contradict what I have said, let him give the reason. Let him tell why he wasted his vote in an hour pregnant of Presidencies and party issues and many giant public things besides.

Mr. Bryan is in voice and atmosphere and gift of phrase the orator. He thinks quickly, not deeply. What he knows he has had from a book, and he is never guilty of original knowledge. This may be the fruit of policy, since politically to be original is to be in peril of one's self.

When Mr. Bryan went to the Chicago Convention of 1896 he went pledged to the support of Mr. Bland. Still, he should not be blamed for that the bolt struck him instead. It was not Mr. Bryan who got the nomination: the nomination got him. It was one of your popular explosions that seldom work a good. Mr. Bryan made a speech of fluency and spirit. It was that which selected him; the convention was a magazine and that oration touched it off

Have you ever read that lightning-darting speech of Mr. Bryan's? If you have you were amazed at its fustian commonplace. It should teach you that eloquence is of the audience rather than the orator. Enter some blacksmith shop. Seize a bar of cold iron and lay it across the anvil. Take a hammer and smite it with what force you will. Your return is clangorous uproar. Heat the bar white hot. Throw it across the anvil and with the selfsame hammer strike the selfsame blow. The shop is filled with a starry shower that laces the dark interior like a swarm of fireflies. The bar of iron is the audience, the hammer is the speech. Mr. Bryan found the bar white hot. He laid it across the anvil of opportunity and with his hammer of oratory beat it into what we know

Mr. Bryan will cause less damage than he thinks. And he will be given a guess at his own weakness, which is feebly greater than he dreams.

A LITTLE UNION SCOUT

By Joel Chandler Harris

VIII

MAKING a great effort to climb from the gully into which I had fallen, my foot slipped, and I fell again, and continued to fall till I knew no more. When I came to life again I was not in a gully at all, but stretched out on a bed, boots and all, and this fact fretted me to such an extent that I threw back the covering and rose to a sitting posture. My head was throbbing somewhat wildly, and I soon found that the cause of the pain was a towel that had been too tightly bound around my forehead. The towel changed into a bandage under my fingers, and I found that I could not compass the intricacies of the fastenings. I remembered that I had disposed safely of the papers I had found in the chair arm. One was a passport signed by one of the biggest men in the country, authorizing Francis Leroy to pass in and out of the Union lines at any time, day or night, and the other—there were but two—was some useless information with respect to the movements of the Federal forces between Murfreesborough and Memphis.

As I came more and more to my senses I knew that these papers had been the cause of my undoing, and I could see in it, as plain as day, the hand of Jane Ryder, and I was truly sorry. I thought I had been around the world and back again, and I should have been very wise, but the bandage and Jane Ryder were too much for me. How did she know that I had secured the papers? And why did she permit the soldiers to attack me. I was feeling very foolish and childish.

Then I observed that a large man was sitting in front of the small fireplace, and his long legs were stretched completely across the hearth. His head was thrown back, his mouth was open, and he was sound asleep. There was half a handful of some kind of medicine in a saucer on the table, and I judged that the man would be better off for a dose of it. I suppose it was common table salt, but, whatever it was, the notion remained with me that it would be a help to the man. It was a fantastic notion, but it persisted, and finally I lifted the saucer, emptied the medicine in my palm, and transferred it to the open mouth of the man. It failed to arouse him; he merely closed his jaws on the dose and slept on.

I enjoyed the man's discomfiture before it occurred; I knew what a terrible splutter there would be when the stuff began to melt and run down his windpipe. I should have laughed aloud, but the bandage was hurting me terribly With a vague hope of getting some relief from pain I opened the door as softly as I could, went out and closed it behind me. Another door was open directly in front of me, and through this I went. In the room a woman was sitting at a window, her head in her hands. She looked up when she heard the slight noise I made, and I was surprised to find myself face to face with Jane Ryder. Her eyes were red and swollen with weeping, and her hands were all of a-tremble.

"Will you please, ma'am, take this off?" I said, pointing to the bandage.

She placed her finger on her lip. "Sh-sh!" she whispered, and then, whipping around me, closed the door with no more noise than the wing of a night-bird might make. "In there, and don't move on your life."

She pointed to a closet, but I shook my head. "Not if I can help myself," I said. "I have just come out of a deep, deep ditch, and I want to hear the splutter." I was whispering, too, such was the woman's influence. She looked at me in amazement; she tried to understand me; but she must have thought me out of my head, for her lips were twitching pitifully and her hands trembling. "It's the man in the next room," I whispered with a grin. "I put a handful of medicine in his mouth. Wait! you'll hear him directly."

"Oh, I am so sorry for you," she cried, wringing her hands. "I am as sorry for you as I am for myself."

"Then please take this bandage off and have my horse brought round."

"I can't! I can't! You're wounded. Go in the closet there."

"I'll go where you go, and I'll stay where you stay," I said; and I must have been talking too loud, for she placed her hand on my lips—and what should I do but hold it there and kiss it, the poor little trembling hand!

And then there came from the next room the famous splutter for which I had been waiting. The soldier made a noise as if he were drowning. He gasped and coughed, and tried to catch his breath; he strangled and lost it, and, when he caught it again, made a sound as if he had a violent case of the whooping-cough. And I laughed till I came near strangling myself

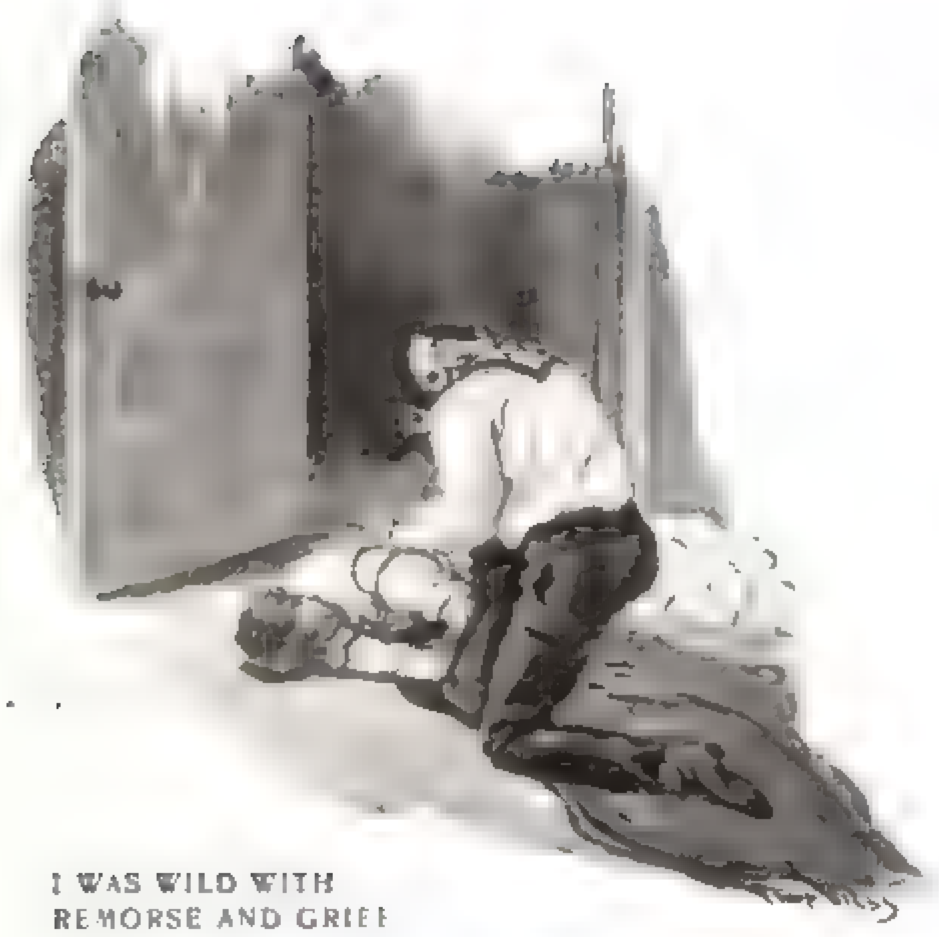
Jane Ryder was far from laughter. She was as cool as a cucumber. With one quick movement, and with surprising strength, she had shoved me into the closet. Then she flung the door wide open. As she did so the guard cried out at the top of his voice that the prisoner had escaped. And if ever a man was berated it was that big soldier who had fallen asleep at the post of duty. "You drunken wretch!" she cried; "I knew how it would be; I knew it!" He tried to make an explanation, but she would not hear it. "Oh, I'll make you pay for this! Go—go and find him, and if you fail, take your cutthroats away from here and never let me see them again. Report to my brother, and tell him how you carried out your orders. You were to take them all without a struggle, but you took only one, and you bring him here more dead than alive. He is wandering about in the woods now, out of his head."

"But he shot one of my men. Haven't you some feeling for the man that'll be cold and stiff by sun-up?"

"For the man, yes. You should have been the one to pay for your blundering. You failed to carry out your orders, and you had a dozen against three, and one of the three a negro."

The man started away, but his lagging footsteps showed that he had something on his mind, and in a few moments I heard him coming back. "'Tain't no use to hunt for the man in the dark, and by sun-up his friends'll be buzzin' around here worse'n a nest of hornets. We are going back—going back," he repeated, "and you may report what you please."

Then the man went away, mumbling and mouthing to himself. As for me, I should have preferred to go with him. Pretty much everything is fair in war, and Jane Ryder was on the Union side. She knew of the ambuscade and had not told me; it was her duty not to tell. She would have made no sign if we had been going to our deaths. I have never felt more depressed in my life than I did at that moment. Something had slipped from under me, and I had nothing to stand on. I came out of the closet both angry and sorry. "I shall be obliged to you if you will find my hat," I said.



I WAS WILD WITH REMORSE AND GRIEF

I tried hard to hide my real feelings, and with any one else the effort would have been successful; but she knew. She came and stood by me and caught me by the arm. "Where would you go?" There was a baffled look in her eyes, and her voice was uneasy

"Call your man," I said; "I will go with him; it is not his fault that he cannot find me; it is not his fault that I am hiding here in a woman's closet. Nor shall he be punished for it."

"Your hat is not here," she declared. "It must be where you fell. Do you know," she cried, "that you have killed a man? Do you know that?" Her tone was almost triumphant

"Well, what of that?" I asked. "You set them on us, and the poor fellow took his chance with the rest. Gladly would I take his place." My head was hurting and I was horribly depressed

She had turned away from me, but now she flashed around with surprising quickness. "You are the cause of it all—yes, you! And, oh, if I could tell you how I hate you! If I could only show you what a contempt I have for you!" She was almost beside herself with anger, passion—I know not what. She shrank back from me, drew in a long breath, and fell upon the floor as if a gust of wind had blown her over; and then I began to have a dim conception of the power that moved and breathed in the personality of this woman. She fell, gave a long, shivering sigh, and, to all appearance, lay before me dead

In an instant I was wild with remorse and grief. I seized a chair and sent it crashing into the hallway to attract attention. To this noise I added my voice, and yelled for help with lungs that had aroused the echoes on many a hunting-field. There were whisperings below, and apparently a hurried consultation, and then a young woman came mincing up the stairs. I must have presented a strange and terrifying spectacle with my head bandaged and my wild manner, for the woman, with a shriek, turned and ran down the stairs again. I cried again for some one to come to the aid of the lady, and presently some one called up the stairs to know what the trouble was.

"Come and see," I cried. "The lady has fainted, and she may be dead."

I went into the room again, and, taking Jane Ryder in my arms, carried her into the next room and laid her on the bed. There was a pitcher of water handy, and I sprinkled her face and began to chafe her cold hands. After what seemed an age the landlord came cautiously along the hall. "Call the woman," I commanded; "call the woman, and tell her to come in a hurry."

This he did, and then peeped into the room, taking care not to come inside the door. "What is the matter?" he said uneasily.

"Can't you see that the lady is ill?" I answered.

The woman—two women, indeed—came running in response to his summons. "Go in there and see what the trouble is. See if he has killed her. I told her he was dangerous. You shall pay for this," he said, shaking a threatening hand at me, though he came no farther than the door. "You think she has no friends and that you may use her as you please. But I tell you she has friends, and you will have to answer to them."

"Why talk like a fool?" said the elder of the two women. "You know as well as I do that this man has not hurt her. If it were some other man I'd believe you. She has only fainted."

"But fainting is something new to her. He has hurt her, and he shall pay for it," the man insisted.

"And I tell you," the woman repeated, "that he has not harmed a hair of her head. If he had, do you think I'd be standing here denying it? Don't you know what I'd be doing?"

"If I am wrong I am quite ready to apologize. I was excited—was beside myself."

"I want none of your apologies," I said to the man. "I have a crow to pick with you, and I'll furnish a basket to hold the feathers."

"It is better to bear no malice," remarked the younger woman calmly. "The Bible will tell you so."

"It is better to tell me the cause of the trouble," interrupted her elder

"Why, I hardly know. I asked for my hat, and from one word to another we went till she flamed out at me, and said she hated me, and had a great contempt for me; and then she fell on the floor in a faint. I thought she was dead, but when I laid her on the bed I saw her eyelids twitching."

The two women eyed each other in a way that displeased me greatly. "I told you so," said one. "It's the world's wonder," replied the other. And then Jane Ryder opened her eyes. It was natural that they should fall on me. She closed them again with a little shiver, and then the natural color returned to her face. "I thought you were gone," she whispered.

"Did you think I would go and leave you like this? Do you really think I am a brute—that I have no feeling?" She closed her eyes again, as if reflecting

"But I told you I hated you. Didn't you hear me? Couldn't you understand?"

"Perfectly," I replied. "I knew it before you told me but, even so, could I go and leave you as you were just now? Consider, madam. Put yourself in my place—I who have never done you the slightest injury——" I was going on at I know not what rate, but she refused to listen.

"Oh, don't! don't—Oh, please go away!" she cried, holding her arms out toward me in supplicating fashion. It was an appeal not to be resisted, least of all by me. I looked at her—I gave her one glance as the elderly woman took me by the arm

"Come with me," she said; "you shall have a hat, though I hardly think it will fit you with the bandage round your head."

She led me downstairs, and, after some searching, she fished out a hat from an old closet, and it did as well as another. She asked me many questions as she searched. How long had I known the poor lady upstairs? and where did I meet her? She would have made a famous cross-questioner. I answered her with such frankness that she seemed to take a fancy to me

"Some say that the poor lady upstairs is demented," she volunteered

"Whoever says so lies," I replied. "She has more sense than nine-tenths of the people you meet."

"And then, again, some say she can mesmerize folks." Then, seeing that the information failed to interest me, "What do you think of them—the mesmerizers?"

"I think nothing of them. If they could mesmerize me I should like to see them do it."

"Oh, would you, you poor young man," she said with a strange smile. "How would you know that you were mesmerized, and how would you help yourself?"

I know not what reply I made. A fit of dejection had seized me, and I could think of nothing but Jane Ryder.

"You mustn't think of that young lady upstairs as hating you," said the woman, after she had brushed the hat and had asked me if I felt strong enough to walk a mile or more. "All she means is that she hates your principles. She hates secession, and she hates the Secessionists. But something has upset her of late; she is not herself at all. I'm telling you the truth."

"She hates me, you may depend on that; but her hate makes no difference to me. I love her and I'd love her if she were to cut my throat."

"Is that true? Are you honest? May I tell her so some time—not now—but some time when you are far away?"

"To what end?" I asked. "She would tear her hair out if she knew it; she would never be happy again."

"You don't happen to love her well enough to join her side, do you?" This question was put hesitatingly, and, as I thought, with some shy hope that it would receive consideration.

"Madam, you have tried to be kind to me in your way, and therefore I will say nothing to wound your feelings; but if a man were to ask me that question he would receive an answer that would prevent him from ever repeating it."

"Humpty-dumpty jumped over the wall!" exclaimed the woman with a laugh. "I knew what you'd say, but I had my reasons for asking the question. You must go now; and bear in mind," she went on with a sudden display of feeling, "that the war has made such devil's hags of the women and such devil's imps of the men that everything is in a tangle. You'll know where you are when you go into the next room. And you must forgive me. I am Jane Ryder's mother."

And, sure enough, I was in the tavern in the woods, and sitting by the hearth was Whistling Jim. To say that he was glad to see me would hardly describe the outward manifestation of his feelings. Some one in the camp, he didn't know who, had sent him word that he'd find me at this house, and he had been waiting for more than an hour, the last half of it with many misgivings. He and Harry had escaped without any trouble, and my horse had followed them so closely that they thought I was on his back. But when they saw that he was riderless they thought that I had either been captured or killed. Once at camp, Harry Herndon drummed up as many of the Independents as would volunteer, and they had gone in search of me; Whistling Jim heard them riding along the road as he was coming to the tavern

The faithful negro had a hundred questions to ask, but I answered him in my own way. I was determined that none but those directly concerned should ever know that I had been held a prisoner or that Miss Ryder had a hand in the night's work and I wished a thousand times over that I had not known it myself. The old saying, worn to a frazzle with repetition, came to me with new force, and I was sadly alive to the fact that where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise

The night was now far advanced, and once at my quarters I flung myself on the rude bed that had been provided for me, and all the troubles and tangles in this world dissolved and disappeared in dreamless slumber. When morning broke I felt better. My head was sore, but the surgeon removed the bandage, clipped the hair about the wound, took a stitch or two that hurt worse than the original blow, and in an hour I had forgotten the sabre cut

Singular uneasiness pervaded my thoughts. More than once I caught myself standing still as if expecting to hear something. I tried in vain to shake off the feeling, and at last I pretended to trace it to feverishness resulting from the wound in the scalp, but I knew this was not so—I knew that one of the great things of life was behind it all; I knew that I had come to the hour that young men hope for and older men dread; I knew that for good or evil my future was wrapped in the mystery and tangle of which Jane Ryder was the centre. My common-sense tried to picture her forth as the spider waiting in the centre of her web for victims, but my heart resented this and told me that she herself had been caught in the web and found it impossible to get away.

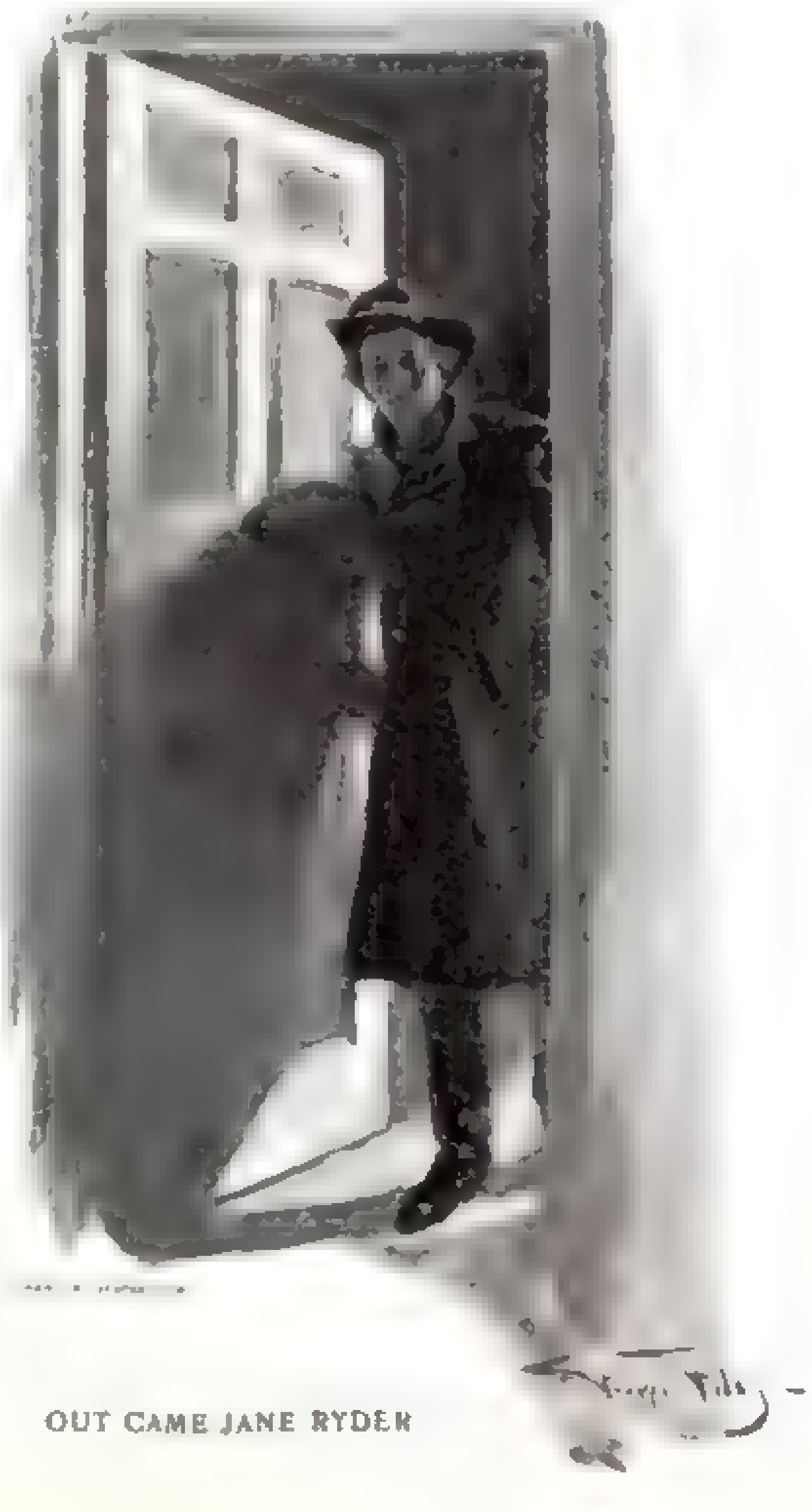
I wandered about the camp and through the town with a convalescent's certificate in my pocket and the desperation of a lover in my heart; and at the very last, when night was falling, it was Jasper Goodrum, of the Independents, who gave me the news I had been looking for all day

"You'd better pick up and go with us, Shannon; our company is going to raid the tavern to-night, and to-morrow we take the road. Oh, you are not hurt bad," he said, trying to interpret the expression on my face; "you can go, and I think I can promise you a little fun. They say a spy is housed there, and we propose to smoke him out to-night. Get your horse; we start in half an hour."

He went off down the street, leaving me staring at him open-mouthed. When he was out of sight I turned and ran toward the camp as if my life depended on it.

IX

I KNEW no more what I intended to do than the babe unborn. What I did know was that Jane Ryder was in that house in all probability; and that fact stung me. She had



OUT CAME JANE RYDER

aided me to escape, even though she had had a hand in my capture, and I felt that the least I could do would be to take her away from there, willingly if she could come, forcibly if she hesitated.

On the way to the camp I met Whistling Jim, and he stopped me. He was astride his horse and leading mine. "Dey er gwine on a ride now terreckly, Marse Cally, an' I 'lowed maybe you'd want ter go 'long wid um."

For answer I swung myself on my horse and, bidding the negro to follow if he desired, put spurs to the sorrel and went flying in the direction of the tavern. I did not turn my head to see whether Whistling Jim was following, but rode straight ahead. It strikes me as curious, even yet, that the darkness should have fallen so suddenly on that particular day. When Goodrum spoke to me I supposed that the sun was still shining; when I turned into the road that led to the house it was dark. I reached the place in the course of a quarter of an hour, and as I leapt from my horse I heard the negro coming close behind me. I waited for him to come up and dismount, and then I bade him knock at the door, and when it was opened I told him to stand by the horses.

The door was opened by the woman who had spoken so kindly with me. "You here again?" she cried with an air of surprise. "You would make it very hard for her if she were here, but I think she is gone. You'll not see her again, my dear, and I, for one, am glad of it. There's no one here but my husband and myself."

"He is the one I want," I replied. "Tell him to come at once. I have news for him." The woman had no need to call him, however, for the inner door opened as I spoke, and out came Jane Ryder arrayed in the garb of a man — cloak, boots and all.

I had an idea that she would shrink from me or show some perturbation; but I was never more mistaken in my life. In a perfectly easy and natural manner — the manner of a young man — she came up and held out her hand. "I think this is Mr. Shannon. Miss Ryder told me your name. I have to thank you for some recent kindness to her."

I shook her hand very cordially, saying that nothing I could do for Miss Ryder would be amiss. "As it happens," I went on, "I can do something for you now. Will you come with me?"

For a moment her woman's hesitation held her, and then her woman's curiosity prevailed. "With pleasure," she said.

As we started for the door the woman interfered. "I wouldn't go with him," she declared with some bluntness. "You don't have to go and you sha'n't. You don't know what he's up to."

This failed to have the effect I feared it would. "Don't you suppose I can take care of myself, mother?"

"I know what I know," replied the woman sullenly, "and it wouldn't take much to make me tell it."

"Then, for Heaven's sake, say what you have to say and be done with it," I exclaimed. "Only a very few minutes lie between this person and safety. If you have anything to tell, out with it."

"Your blue eyes and baby face fooled me once, but they'll not fool me again. You know more than you pretend to know," said the woman.

"I know this: if this person remains here ten minutes longer he will regret it all the days of his life. Now, trust me or not, just as you please. If he is afraid to come with me let him say so, and I will bid him farewell forever and all who are connected with him. Do you trust me?" I turned to Jane Ryder and held out my hand.

"I do," she replied. She came nearer, but did not take my hand.

"Then come with me!" I cried. She obeyed my gesture and started for the door.

"Where are you going?" wailed the mother. "Tell me — tell me!"

I was sorry for her, but I made her no answer.

I anticipated this scene as little as I did the fact that Jane Ryder would come with me. I was prepared to carry her off if she refused, but I was ill-prepared for the rumpus that this quiet-looking woman kicked up. She followed us to the door and stood wailing while I tried to persuade Jane Ryder to mount my horse. She hesitated, but I fairly lifted her into the saddle. The stirrup-straps were too short, but that made no difference. I sprang on the horse behind her, and, reaching forward, seized the reins and turned the horse's head in a direction that would bring us into the town by a detour, so that we should miss the Independents, who would follow the road that I had followed in coming.

"Where are you taking me?" inquired Jane Ryder.

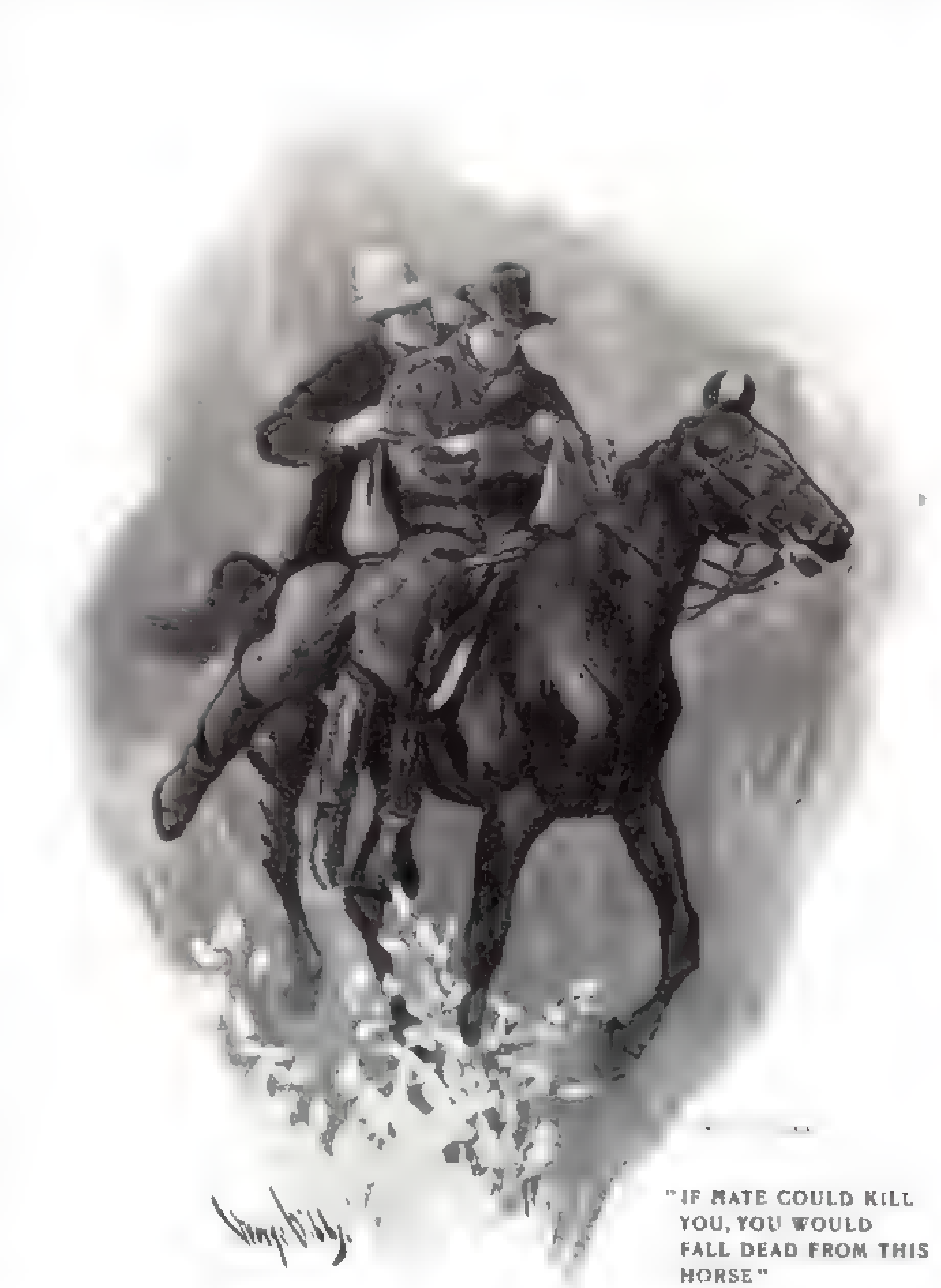
"To safety," I replied. "The house is to be raided to-night, and I decided to bring you away. You saved me from a prison, and now I propose to save you."

"I saved you? You are mistaken; it was that foolish woman, Miss Ryder."

"Well, she said that you are her dearest friend, and I'm saving you to please her."

You needn't hold me so tight. I'm in no danger of falling off. Where are you taking me?"

To General Forrest." She caught her breath, and then did her utmost to fling herself from the horse. When she found that her strength was not equal to the task of removing my arms or lifting them so she could slip from the saddle, she began to use her tongue, which has ever been woman's safest weapon.



"IF HATE COULD KILL YOU, YOU WOULD FALL DEAD FROM THIS HORSE"

"You traitor!" she cried; "oh, you traitor! I wish I had died before I ever saw you."

"But this is the safest course," I insisted. "You will see, and then you will thank me for bringing you away."

"And I thought you were a gentleman; I took you for an honest man. Oh, if hate could kill you, you would fall dead from this horse. What have I done that I should come in contact with such a villain?"

"You have a pistol," I said — I had felt it against my arm — "and it is easy for you to use it. If you think so meanly of me, why not rid the earth of such a villain?"

"Do you know who I am?" she asked with a gasp of apprehension.

"Why, certainly," I answered. "Do you think I'd be taking the trouble to save you else?"

"Trouble to save me? Save me? Why, I hope your savage General will hang me as high as Haman."

"He would if he were a savage," I said, "and he would if you were a man. And he may put you in prison as it is; you would certainly go there if captured by the Forty Thieves. I am taking one chance in a thousand. But better for you to be in prison, where you will be safe, than for you to be going around here masquerading as a man and subjecting yourself to the insults of all sorts of men."

"You are the only man that has ever insulted me. Do you hear?" she hissed. "Can't you see that I despise you? Won't you believe it? Does it make no difference?"

"Not the least in the world," I replied. "Now, you must compose yourself; you can be brave enough when you will — I think you are the bravest woman I ever saw ——"

"I wish I could say you are a brave man; but you are an arrant coward: you, the soldier that plans to capture women."

"You must compose yourself," I repeated. "In a few minutes we shall be in the presence of General Forrest, and I should like to see you as calm as possible. I don't know, but I think you will be safe. It was our only chance."

The nearer we drew to headquarters the more my anxiety rose; yes, and my sympathy. "Yes!" I cried, "you *shall* be safe!"

Noble gentleman! to entrap a woman and then declare she shall not be entrapped! To gain whatever honor there may be in a woman's capture by running ahead of his ruffians and capturing her himself! This is Southern manliness — this is Southern chivalry! I am glad I know it for what it really is. Do you know," she went on, "that I really thought — that — I — I —— You are the first man I was ever deceived in — I ——" "Come now," said I, not unmoved, for my feelings ran far ahead of hers and I knew what she would say and how hurt she was — "come now, you must be calm. Everything depends on that — everything."

Near General Forrest's headquarters I dismounted and walked by the side of my horse. Then when Whistling Jim came up, and I would have helped her from the saddle, "Don't touch me!" she exclaimed. She jumped from the saddle to the ground and stood before me, and for the first time I was ashamed and afraid. "This way," I said. Then, to the guard at the door, "Private Shannon, of Captain Forrest's company, to see the General."

"He's right in there," said the guard with good-natured informality. I rapped at the inner door, and heard the well known voice of General Forrest bidding me to enter.

I saluted, and he made some motion with his hand, but his eye wandered over me and rested on my companion. Then, after a moment, they returned to me. "What's the matter, Shannon?"

"I have brought to you here one who came to my rescue last night when I had been captured by a scouting party. We had gone to see the young fellow who, you will remember, was wounded in our last affair at the river — you saw him in the cabin. He was carried away the next day by his friends, but grew so ill that he could be taken no farther than the house on the turnpike two miles from town."

"You didn't let 'em git you just dry so, did you?" he asked. And then I gave him the details of the affair from beginning to end. "I thought Herndon was mighty keen to go," he remarked with a laugh. "You say this young fellow fixed it so you could git away? And then you went back and captured him? That don't look fair, does it?" He regarded me with serious countenance.

"It is a lady, General, and I did not want her to fall in rough hands." He uttered an exclamation of impatience and surprise, and made an indignant gesture. "Now, look here, Shannon, that is a matter that I won't tolerate. I've a great mind to ——" He paused, hearing the voice of his wife, who was visiting him. "Go back in there and tell Mrs. Forrest to come in here a minute, and do you stay out till I call you. I'm going to look into this business, and if it ain't perfectly square all the way through you'll pay for it."

I hunted for Mrs. Forrest, hat in hand, and soon found her. I must have had a queer expression on my face, for she observed it. "You must be frightened," she said.

"I am, madam, for another as well as myself," and then I told her, as we walked along very slowly, just how the matter lay. She regarded me very seriously for a moment, and then smiled. She was a handsome lady, and this smile of hers, full of promise as it was, made her face the most beautiful I have ever seen before or since. It is a large saying, but it is true.

I remember that I remained in the corridor cooling my heels a weary time, but finally Mrs. Forrest came out. "You may go in now," she said. "It is all right; I'm glad I was called; I think I have made the General understand everything as I do. There are some things that men do not understand so well as women, and it is just as well that they do not. I am sure you will be very kind to that little woman in there."

I tried to thank her, but there is a gratitude that cannot be expressed in words, and I could but stand before her mumbling with my head bent. "I know what you would say," she remarked graciously. "The General and I have perfect confidence in you."

I went into the room where General Forrest and Jane Ryder were. "Shannon, what are you and Herndon up to? What do you mean by going on in this way?" He spoke

Continued on Page 40)

The Intrepid Explorer and His Lieutenant—By E. Nesbit

A Story of the Wouldbegoods

WE PLAYED at being Antiquaries one [illegible] and wore spectacles and read papers in the garden of [illegible] Red House where we had permission to go. And the lady of the house was angry till she found her husband had given us permission, though quite by mistake, as it turned out.

She was not angry long, and when the rage had faded from her brow she became most jolly with all of us—and played Antiquaries with us in a spirituous way that too few grown-ups would have been capable of. I will not tell you the real name of this quite nice lady, because the man she is married to is an author and he might not like it to be known about his wife playing games and things—so I will call her Mrs. Red House, and him Mr.

We had spectacles to play Antiquaries in, and the rims were vaselined to prevent rust, and it came off on our faces with other kinds of dirt, and she helped us to wash it off with all the thoroughness of Aunts, and far more gentleness.

Then, clean and with our hairs brushed, we were led from the bathroom to the banqueting-hall, or dining room.

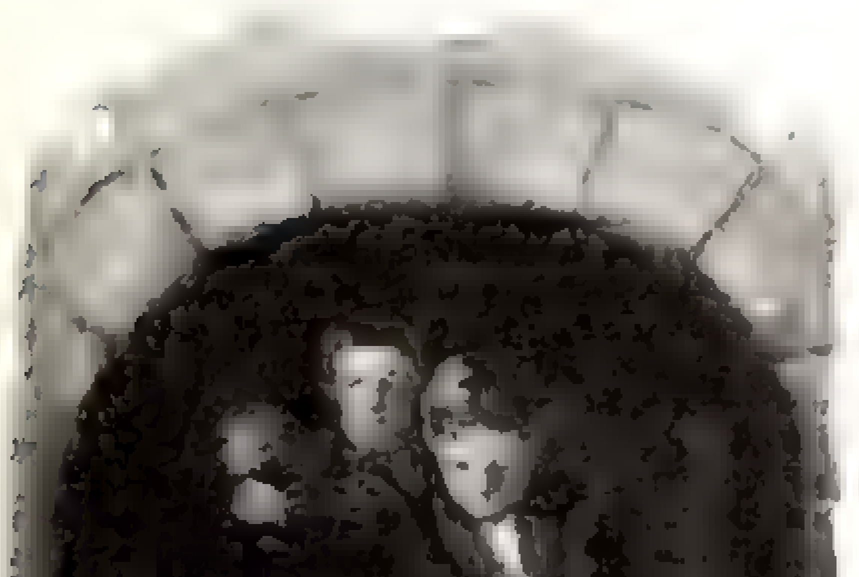
It is a very beautiful house. The girls thought it was bare—but Oswald likes bareness because it leaves more room for games. All the furniture was of agreeable shapes and colors, and so were all the things on the table—glasses and everything. Oswald politely said how nice everything was.

The luncheon was a blissful dream of perfect A 1-ness. Tongue, and nuts, and apples, and oranges, and candied fruits, and ginger wine in tiny glasses that Noel said were fairy goblets. Everybody drank everybody else's health—and Noel told Mrs. Red House just how lovely she was, and he would have paper and pencil and write her a poem for her very own. I will not put it in first, because Mr. Red House is an author himself, and he might want to use it in some of his books. And the writer of these pages has been taught to think of others, and besides, I expect you are jolly well sick of Noel's poetry.

There was no restrainingness about that luncheon. As far as a married lady can possibly be a regular brick Mrs. Red House is one. And Mr. Red House is not half bad, and knows how to talk about interesting things like sieges and cricket and foreign postage-stamps.

Even poets think of things sometimes, and it was Noel who said, directly he had finished his poetry:

Editor's Note—This is one of a series of stories, each independent in itself, of the righteous adventures of the "Wouldbegoods."



AND BY ITS WEIRD AND UNSCRUTATIOUS LIGHT LOOKED DOWN INTO THE PRECIPICE

"Have you got a secret staircase? And have you explored your house property?"

"Yes, we have," said that well-behaved and unusual lady, Mrs. Red House, "but *you* haven't. You may if you like. Go anywhere," she added with the unexpected magnificence of a really noble heart. "Look at everything—only don't make hay. Off with you," or words to that effect.

And the whole of us with proper thanks offed with us instantly, in case she should change her mind.

I will not describe the Red House to you—because perhaps you do not care about a house having three staircases and more cupboards and odd corners than we'd ever seen before, and great attics with beams, and enormous drawers on rollers let into the wall—and half the rooms not furnished, and those that were all with old-looking, interesting furniture. There was something about that furniture that even the present author can't describe—as though any of it might have secret drawers or panels—even the chairs. It was all beautiful and mysterious in the deepest degree.

When we had been all over the house several times we thought about the cellars. There was only one servant in the kitchen (so we saw Mr. and Mrs. Red House must be poor but honest, like we used to be), and we said to her:

"How do you do? We've got leave to go wherever we like and please, where are the cellars, and may we go in?"

She was quite nice, though she seemed to think there were an awful lot of us. People often think this. She said:

"Lor' love a duck—yes, I suppose so," in not ungentle tones, and showed us.

I don't think we should ever have found the way from the house into the cellar by ourselves. There was a wide shelf in the scullery with a row of gentlemanly boots on it that had been cleaned, and on the floor in front a piece of wood. The general servant—for such indeed she proved to be—lifted up the wood and opened a little door under the shelf. And there was the beginning of steps, and the entrance to them was half trap-door and half the upright kind—a thing none of us had seen before.

She gave us a candle end and we pressed forward to the dark unknown. The stair was of stone, arched overhead like churches—and it twisted most unlike other cellar stairs. And when we got down it was all arched like vaults, very cobwebby.

"Just the place for crimes," said Dicky. There was a beer cellar and a wine cellar with bins, and a keeping cellar with hooks in the ceiling and stone shelves—just right for venison pasties and haunches of the same swift animal.

Then we opened a door and there was a cellar with a well in it.

"To throw bodies down, no doubt," Oswald explained.

They were cellars full of glory and passages leading from one to the other like the inquisition, and I wish ours at home were like them.

There was a pile of barrels in the largest cellar, and it was H. O. who said, "Why not play 'King of the Castle'?"

So we did. We had a most refreshing game. It was exactly like Denny to be the one who slipped down behind the barrels and did not break a single one of all his legs or arms.

"No," he cried in answer to our anxious inquiries; "I'm not hurt a bit, but the wall here feels soft—at least, not soft, but it doesn't scratch your nails like stone does, so perhaps it's the door of a Secret Dungeon, or something like that."

"Good old Dentist," replied Oswald, who always likes Denny to have ideas of his own, because it was us who taught him the folly of white-mousishness.

"It might be," he went on; "but these barrels are as heavy as lead and much more awkward to collar hold of."

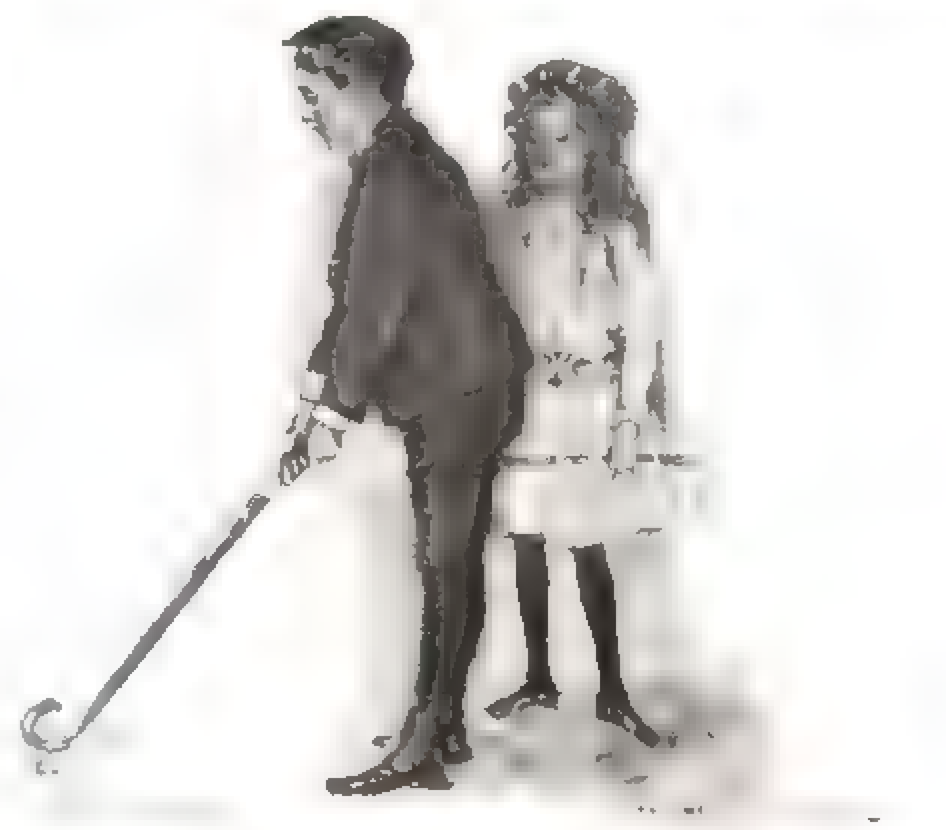
"Couldn't we get it some other way?" Alice said. "There ought to be a subterranean passage; I expect there is if we only knew."

Oswald has an enormous geographical bump in his head. He said:

"Look here—that far cellar, where the wall doesn't go quite up to the roof—that space we made out was under the dining-room—I could creep under there; I believe it leads into behind this door."

"Get me out, oh, do, do get me out and let me come," shouted the barrel-imprisoned Dentist from the unseen regions near the door.

So we got him out by Oswald lying flat on his front on the top barrel, and the Dentist clawed himself up by Oswald's hands while the others kept hold of the boots of the representative of the house of Bastable, which of course Oswald is whenever Father is not there.



SHE AND OSWALD WENT OUT AND PLAYED PRETENDING GOLF

"Come on," cried Oswald, when Denny was at last able to appear, very cobwebby and black. "Give us what's left of the matches!"

The others agreed to stand by the barrels and answer our knocking on the door if we ever got there.

"But I dare say we shall perish on the way," said Oswald hopefully.

So we started. The other cellar was easily found by the ingenious and geography-bump-headed Oswald. It opened straight on to the moat, and we think it was a boathouse in middle-aged times.

Denny made a back for Oswald, who led the way and then turned round and hauled up his inexperienced but rapidly improving follower.

"It is like coal mines," he said, beginning to crawl on hands and knees over what felt like very prickly beach, "only we've no picks or shovels."

"And no Sir Humphry Davy safety lamps," said Denny in sadness.

"They wouldn't be any good," said Oswald; "they're only to protect the hard-working mining men against fire-damp and choke-damp. And there's none of those kinds here."

"No," said Denny, "the damp here is only just the common kind."

"Well, then," said Oswald, and they crawled a bit farther still on their furtive and unassuming stomachs.

"This is a very glorious adventure. It is, isn't it?" inquired the Dentist in breathlessness, when the young stomachs of the young explorers had bitten the dust for some yards farther.

"Yes," said Oswald, encouraging the boy, "and it's *your* find, too," he added with admirable fairness and justice, unusual in one so young. "I only hope we sha'n't find a mouldering skeleton buried alive behind that door when we get to it. Come on. What are you stopping for now?" he added kindly.

"It's—it's only cobwebs in my throat," Denny remarked, and he came on, though slower than before.

Oswald, with his customary intrepid caution, was leading the way, and he paused every now and then to strike a match because it was pitch dark, and at any moment the courageous leader might have tumbled into a well, or a dungeon, or knocked his dauntless nose against something in the dark.

"It's all right for you," he said to Denny, when he had happened to kick his follower in the eye. "You've nothing to fear except my boots, and whatever they do is accidental, and so it doesn't count; but *I* may be going straight into some trap that has been yawning for me for countless ages."

"I won't come on so fast, thank you," said the Dentist. "I don't think you've kicked my eye out yet."

So they went on and on, crampedly crawling on what I have mentioned before, and at last Oswald did not strike the next match carefully enough, and with the suddenness of a falling star his hands, which, with his knees, he was crawling on, went over the edge into infinite space, and his chest alone, catching sharply on the edge of the precipice, saved him from being hurled to the bottom of it.

"Halt," he cried as soon as he had any breath again. But, alas, it was too late. The Dentist's nose had caught up the boot-heel of the daring leader. This was very annoying to Oswald, and was not in the least his fault.

"Do keep your nose off my boots half a sec.," he remarked, but not crossly. "I'll strike a match."

And he did—and by its weird and unscrutatious light looked down into the precipice.

Its bottom transpired to be not much more than six feet below, so Oswald turned the other end of himself first, hung by his hands and dropped with fearless promptness, uninjured, into another cellar. He then helped Denny down. The cornery thing Denny happened to fall on could not have hurt him so much as he said

The light of the torch—I mean match—now revealed to the two bold and youthful youths another cellar, with *things* in it—very dirty indeed, but of thrilling interest and unusual shapes, but the match went out before we could see exactly what the things were

The next match was the last but one, but Oswald was undismayed, whatever Denny may have been He lighted it and looked hastily round. There was a door

"Bang on that door—over there, silly," he cried in cheering accents to his trusty lieutenant; "behind that thing that looks like a chevaux de frise"

Denny had never been to Woolwich, and while Oswald was explaining what a chevaux-de-frise is the match burnt his fingers almost to the bone, and he had to feel his way to the door and hammer on it himself

The blows of the others from the other side were deafening.

All was saved

It was the right door.

"Go and ask for candles and matches," shouted the brave Oswald; "tell them there are all sorts of things in here—a chevaux-de-frise of chair-legs, and——"

"A shovel of *what?*" asked Dicky's voice hollowly from the other side of the door

"Freeze," shouted Denny. "I don't know what it means, but do get a candle and make them unbarricade the door. I don't want to go back the way we came." He said something about Oswald's boots that he was sorry for afterward, so I will not repeat it, and I don't think the others heard, because of the noise the barrels made while they were being climbed over

This noise, however, was like balmy zephyrs compared to the noise the barrels insisted on making when Dicky had collected some grown-ups and the barrels were being rolled away. During this thunderlike interval Denny and Oswald were all the time in the pitch dark They had lighted their last match, and by its flickering gleam we saw a long, large mangle

"It's like a double coffin," said Oswald as the match went out; "you can take my arm if you like, Dentist"

The Dentist did—and then afterward he said he only did it because he thought Oswald was frightened of the dark.

"It's only for a little while," said Oswald in the pauses of the barrel thunder, "and I once read about two brothers confined for life in a cage so constructed that the unfortunate prisoners could neither sit, lie nor stand in comfort. We can do all those things"

"Yes," said Denny, "but I'd rather keep on standing if it's the same to you, Oswald I don't like spiders—not much, that is."

"You are right," said Oswald with affable gentleness, "and there might be toads, perhaps, in a vault like this—or serpents guarding the treasure like in the Cold Lairs. But, of course, they couldn't have cobras in England. They'd have to put up with vipers, I suppose."

Denny shivered, and Oswald could feel him stand first on one leg and then on the other

"I wish I could stand on neither of my legs for a bit," he said, but Oswald answered firmly that this could not be

And then the door opened with a crack—crash, and something fell from the top of the door that Oswald really did think for one awful instant was a hideous mass of writhing serpents put there to guard the entrance

"Like a sort of live booby-trap," he explained; "just the sort of thing a magician or a witch would have thought of doing."

But it was only dust and cobwebs—a thick, damp mat of them

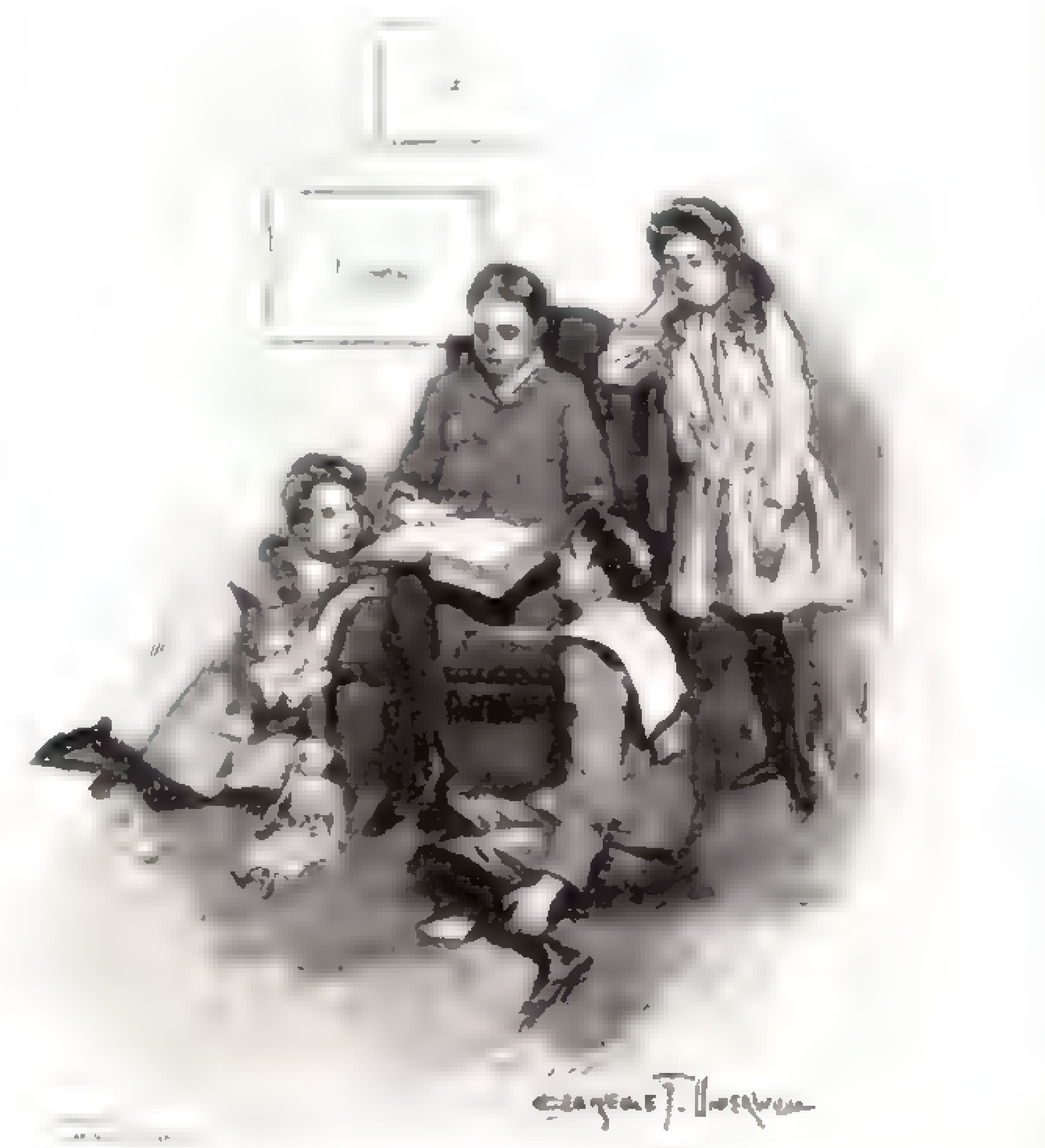
Then the others surged in, in light-hearted misunderstanding of the perils Oswald had led Denny into—I mean through—with Mr. Red House and another gentleman, and loud voices and candles that dripped all over everybody's hands as well as their clothes, and the solitary confinement of the gallant Oswald was at an end Denny's solitary confinement was at an end, too—and he was now able to stand on both legs and to let go the arm of his leader who was so full of fortitude

"This *is* a find," said the pleased voice of Mr. Red House. "Do you know we've been in this house six whole months and a bit, and *we* never thought of there being a door here."

"Perhaps you don't often play 'King of the Castle,'" said Dora politely. "It *is* rather a rough game, I always think."

"Well, curiously enough, we never have," said Mr. Red House, beginning to lift out the chairs

"Nansen is nothing to you! You ought to have a medal for daring explorations," said the other gentleman, but nobody gave us one, and of course we did not want any reward for doing our duty, however tight and cobwebby.



IT IS CALLED "THE MISERABLES" IN FRENCH

The cellars proved to be well stocked with spiders and old furniture, but no toads or snakes, which few, if any, regretted. Snakes are outcasts from human affection. Oswald pities them, of course

There was a great lumpish thing in four parts that Mr. Red House said was a press, and a ripping settle, besides the chairs, and some carved wood that Mr. Red House and his friend made out to be part of an old four-post bed. There was also a wooden thing like a box with another box on it at one end, and H. O. said

"You could make a ripping rabbit-hutch out of that."

Oswald thought so himself. But Mr. Red House said he had other uses for it, and would bring it up later

It took us all that was left of the afternoon to get the things up the stairs into the kitchen. It was hard work—but we know all about the dignity of labor. The general hated the things we had so enterprisingly discovered. I suppose she knew who would have to clean them, but Mrs. Red House was awfully pleased and said we were dears.

We were not very clean dears by the time our work was done, and when the other gentleman said: "Won't you all take a dish of tea under my humble roof?" the words, "Like this?" were formed by more than one youthful voice

"Well—if you would be happier in a partially cleansed state?" said Mr. Red House. And Mrs. Red House, who is my idea of a feudal lady, said, "Oh, come along; let's go and partially clean ourselves. I'm dirtier than anybody, though I haven't explored a bit. I've often noticed that the more you admire things the more they come off on you!"

So we all washed as much as we cared to and went to tea at the gentleman's house, which was only a cottage, but very beautiful. He had been a war correspondent, and he knew a great many things, besides having books and books of pictures

It was a splendid party.

We thanked Mrs. R. H. and everybody when it was time to go, and she kissed the girls and the little boys, and then she put her head on one side and looked at Oswald, and said, "I suppose you're too old?"

Oswald did not like to say he was not. If kissed at all he would prefer it being for some other reason than his being not too old for it. So he did not know what to say. But Noel chirped in with:

"*You'll* never be too old for it," to Mrs. Red House—which seems to Oswald most silly and unmeaning, because she was already much too old to be kissed by people unless she chose to begin it. But every one seemed to think Noel had said something clever. And Oswald felt like a young ass. But Mrs. R. H. looked at him so kindly and held out her hand so queenlily that before he knew he meant to he had kissed it like you do the Queen's. Then, of course, Denny and Dicky went and did the same. Oswald wishes that the word "kiss" might never be spoken again in this world. Not that he minded kissing Mrs. Red House's hand in the least, especially as she seemed to think it was nice of him to—but the whole thing is such contemptible piffle.

We were seen home by the gentleman who wasn't Mr. Red House, and he stood a glorious cab with a white horse who had a rolling eye, from Blackheath Station, and so ended one of the most adventuring times we ever had

The *time* ended, as the Author has pointed out, but not its resultingness. Thus we ever find it in life—the most unharmful things, thoroughly approved even by grown-ups, but too often lead to something quite different and that no one can possibly approve of, not even yourself when you come to think it over afterward, like Noël and H. O. had to.

It was but natural that the hearts of the young explorers should have dwelt fondly on everything underground, even drains, which was what made us read a book by Mr. Hugo all the next day. It is called "The Miserables" in French, and the man in it, who is a splendid hero, though a convict and a robber and various other professions, escapes into a drain with great rats in it, and is miraculously restored to the light of day unharmed by the kindly rodents. (N. B. Rodents means rats)

When we had finished all the part about drains it was nearly dinner-time, and Noel said quite suddenly in the middle of a bite of mutton:

"The Red House isn't nearly so red as ours is outside. Why should the cellars be so much cellarier? Shut up, H. O." For H. O. was trying to speak

Dora explained to him how we don't all have exactly the same blessings, but he didn't seem to see it

"It doesn't seem like the way things happen in books," Noël said then. "In Walter Scott it wouldn't be like that, nor yet in Anthony Hope. I should think the rule would be the redder the cellarier. If I was putting it into poetry I should make our cellars have something much wonderfuller in them than just wooden things. H. O., if you don't shut up I'll never let you be in anything again."

"There's that door you go down steps to," said Dicky. "We've never been in there. If Dora and I weren't going to be fitted for boots we might try that."

"That's just what I was coming to. (Stow it, H. O.) I felt just like cellars to-day, while you other chaps were washing your hands for din.—and it was very cold but I made H. O. feel the same, and we went down, and—that door *isn't shut now.*"

The intelligible reader will easily guess that we finished our dinner as quickly as we could, and we put on our outers, sympathizing with Dicky and Dora, who, owing to boots, were out of it and we went into the garden. There are five steps down to that door. They were red brick when they began, but now they are green with age and mysteriousness and not being walked on. And at the bottom of them the door was, as Noel said, not fastened. We went in.

"It isn't beery, winy cellars at all," Alice said, "it's more like a robber's storehouse. Look there."

We had got to an inner cellar, and there were heaps of carrots—and other vegetables.

"Halt, my men!" cried Oswald. "Advance not an inch farther. The bandits may lurk not a yard from you."

"Suppose they jump out on us?" said H. O.

"They will not rashly leap into the light," said Oswald. And he went to fetch a new dark-lantern of his, that he had not had any chance of really using before. But some one had taken Oswald's secret matches and then the beastly thing wouldn't light for ever so long. But he thought it didn't matter his being gone, because the others could pass the time in wondering whether anything would jump out on them, and, if so, what

So when he got back to the red steps and the open door and flashed his glorious bull's-eye round it was rather an annoying thing that there was not a single other eye for it to flash into. Every one had vanished

"Hallo!" cried Oswald. And if his gallant voice trembled he is not ashamed of it, because he knows about Wells in Cellars, and, for an instant, even he did not know what had happened

But an answering hallo came from beyond, and he hastened after the others

"Look out," said Alice; "don't tumble over that heap of bones."

Oswald did look out—of course he would not wish to walk on any one's bones. But he did not jump back with a scream, whatever Noel may say when he is in a temper.

(*Continued on Page 38*)

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Society at Washington

SO FAR as the immediate future is concerned, it is a good deal of a calamity that the National Capital is proving so attractive a winter residence for so many people able and eager to establish a luxurious and ostentatious society. The dollar-hunting craze is insidious enough to try the virtue of the hardiest, however remote from cities of ostentation they may live. And at Washington there have always been temptations enough surrounding and teasing our National public administrators, executive, legislative and judicial. This new temptation, appealing to the weakest side of human nature in the most fascinating way, could well have been omitted

It all began in the custom of millionaires buying seats in the Senate. How it will end no man can say. In between, many a man will be corrupted, many a promising career will be blighted or ruined.

A Republican Anniversary

THIS year—in July—is the semi-centennial of the Republican party. It is a pity that the anniversary cannot be fittingly celebrated, but, of course, it cannot be. The Republicans will use it in an effort to make "political capital," and the Democrats will hail it as a timely chance to show how far the Republicans of to-day have wandered from the path marked out by their first political ancestors. And as most people are more or less infected with the curious disease called partisan prejudice, no doubt both Republican eulogists and Democratic denouncers will accomplish some part of their purpose.

Yet the fact remains that it is an event of national importance when a new party, that proves attractive to many intelligent and patriotic and deliberate men the country through, comes into being. Whether it ever gets power or not is of minor importance. Its program will none the less have a powerful influence, not only in fixing the policy ordered into effect at the polls, but also in determining how that policy is carried out. There never was a political party that could not point more proudly to what it had prevented than to what it had done.

Art, Labor and Business

THE union and non-union house-painters of Minneapolis have found a common standing ground. It appears that a certain person who mixes paint on a palette instead of in buckets has obtained the contract to decorate the new State Capitol. He calls himself a "mural painter," and, as if that were not enough, he comes from New York. To check this invasion of non-resident labor, four Minneapolis house-painters have applied for an injunction to stop the execution of the contract. They hold that the agreement is illegal because bids were not advertised for, no bond was taken, and no preference was shown for Minnesota bidders, as required by law.

At first sight this position appears to be impregnable; but perhaps, after all, it may be necessary to find a *modus vivendi* between art on one side and labor and business on the other. If the contract for decorating the Sistine Chapel had been advertised no doubt some competent house-painter would have underbid Michael Angelo. Yet it might not have been best to accept the lowest bid. The walls of the Boston Public Library could have been covered with colors, well laid on, by members in good standing of the Decorators and Plasterers' Union, at a lower rate per square yard than was paid for the work of Abbey, Sargent and Puvis de Chavannes. It might even happen sometimes that it would be better for Oshkosh to let a New York artist decorate its public buildings than to depend entirely upon Oshkosh industry

But the exact place of art in the commercial and labor world really ought to be settled. Uncertainty is bad for business. How are sculptors, who work in clay, stone and bronze, to know whether they are under the jurisdiction of the Dirt Diggers' Union, the Brotherhood of Stonecutters, or the Amalgamated Association of Metal Workers? And is a mural painter properly subject to the regulations of the United House Painters or of the International Order of Plasterers and Decorators?

The 1903 Record of Embezzlements

ACCORDING to a probably reliable record only six and a half million dollars were taken last year by embezzlement and defalcation—an astonishingly creditable showing when each twelvemonth sees the number of positions of trust multiplied. But it would be hasty to gather from this that the desire to take what does not belong to one is diminishing under the beneficent magic of the Stars and Stripes

The more likely explanation is that the old-fashioned, slipshod, crime-provoking custom of implicitly trusting "honest" Johns, Toms, Dicks and Harrys is rapidly dying out. The human race is struggling up from savagery, is struggling toward self respecting perfection—but is as yet far from the goal. And as yet the best way to form in it habits of honesty is by making dishonesty so difficult that it is patently unprofitable and unwise. All our ideal moral motives, which only monstrosities think now of disregarding, had this humble origin far back in the ages. And they are none the worse for it, any more than a man is the worse for having climbed from nowhere at all, or the race is the worse for having to trace its ancestry back to protoplasm

The Man Beautiful

NOT the least interesting or important development of science is what may be called æsthetic surgery—the artistic science of improving upon Nature's handiwork in the shaping of the face and its environs. And the curious fact has come out that in the crowds that respond to the "beauty surgeon's" perhaps too optimistic proclamations there are more men than women!

The women have every excuse for agitation about their personal appearance. They are on the matrimonial market, and the thing that most pleases the most customers in that market is beauty. But what excuse have the men? They, too, are on the matrimonial market, but the quality that most pleases the most of the customers that will look them over seriously is not beauty, but manliness. Manliness, of course, includes the ability to play a man's part in the mad rush at the bread counter. Why, then, are the men so eager to look pretty? Can it be just plain vanity?

The Decline in Card-Playing

CARDS seem to be going through much the same experience as drink. Time was when drink and cards were under the ban chiefly because they were thought to be wicked. But in spite of this widespread belief and crusades based upon it and prosecuted fervently, drink and cards grew in favor. Then came the commercial attack on drink. As soon as scores of the large employers and hundreds of smaller ones began to weed out the drinkers the drinking habit began to decline—and will continue to decline.

The new attack upon cards is intellectual. Influential people who are intellectual, or are striving to be, or are striving to appear to be, are frowning upon cards as "an absurd waste of time," as childish and wearisome and fit only for the empty-headed. As there is obvious sense in this criticism, and as public opinion is what the leaders make it, the card-playing mania which had possession of the women and the men a few years ago is abating with gratifying speed.

It is a silly way to pass any part of an at best brief life.

The Picture-Book of the People

ANY one who has had dealings with young children knows what a tremendous stimulant to education the illustration is. Interest a child in a picture, let it know that the, to it, meaningless and unattractive reading matter near that picture can be studied out into information as to the wonders depicted, and you have a child determined to read.

But the work of the illustration in education does not end, indeed, does not have its chief value, in childhood. It can and does stimulate grown-up curiosity. The illustrated magazine, the illustrated newspaper tempts men and women of all mental classes and conditions to read. And he or she who reads cannot, if normal, fail to be benefited.

Not since the invention of cheap paper made the printing press practical has there been such another directly educational and democracy-spreading invention as the process of cheaply and well illustrating newspapers and magazines

Sure Cures and Sure Rascals

DIVERS politicians—some in and eager to stay in; others out but not eager to stay out—are struggling desperately to make capital out of "the criminal trust evil." And that it is an evil, probably our greatest evil, no reasoning man can easily dispute. Also, it is certain that there is a remedy But ——

What is the remedy? Does any one know? Does any proposal thus far put forward by any politician, in either party or in neither, commend itself to the intelligence of thinking men?

These criminal trusts, and those that are not criminal but make common cause with the criminal because all the remedies thus far proposed strike at the foundations of business, are sheltered by the sovereignty of certain States; they are buttressed by corrupted statute-books and corrupted lawyers; they are in part owned by hundreds of thousands of our most influential citizens; they are almost if not quite the dominant power in the machines of both parties through "campaign contributions." Finally, they work in secrecy and subtlety, and disappear before vigorous attack only to reappear in new forms and stronger.

Clearly here is a problem beyond our political light weights and dealers in hocus pocus and "sure cures."

Where the Money Goes

A YOUNG couple, after living along for nearly a year at the rate of $30 a week on an income of $25, reached the place where a sober, serious, heart-to-heart talk was imperative—a situation of the greatest delicacy, with the breakers upon the reefs of matrimonial disaster roaring in their ears But they remained cool-headed and learned, among other things, that during the preceding week they had spent $3.15 on just nothing at all, $7.40 by paying too high prices for necessities when a little thought and care would have prevented it, $2.25 for things they could have very well done without, $2 for which they could not account at all; total, $14.80. They had spent in all during that week $34.50.

Subtract what was "fooled away" from what was spent, and you have $19.70—that is, they spent for value received $5.30 less than their income. The hint in this incident is as valuable to the single as to the married

A Shouting Farce

IT DOES seem as if latterly Americans who have got a little way up in the world do fall with ridiculous ease into the habit of looking condescendingly down and discussing whether what has been so good for them is really good for the struggling mass at the bottom. This is not surprising, as very few of us have the breadth of mind to see clearly far beyond the ends of our noses, or the humility necessary to a complete grasp of the truth that the same clay makes all flesh. Still, it is just a little ludicrous to see any of us putting on airs when all of us were only yesterday very humble folk indeed. And this spectacle of superciliousness becomes a shouting farce when the person affording it came by all his superior opportunities through inheritance and, but for the hard, common work done by father and mother, or rough old grandpa and ignorant but capable old grandma, would be at the very bottom, unable to rise.

Let us strive always to keep our sense of proportion—and our sense of humor

The Passing of Judge Lynch

THERE has been a great deal more talk of lynching in the last than in the preceding ten years. But there has been a great deal less lynching.

The old, easy-going spirit of lawlessness was the natural result of the sparseness of settlement, the imperfection in the machinery of justice, the feeling of utter independence, and similar obvious causes. Further, like human beings the world over, we have never respected any law, however good, unless it was the direct outgrowth of a settled and resolute public sentiment.

Instead of the spirit of lawlessness growing among the people, the reverse is true. And so rapid is this growth that it is not unreasonable to anticipate in the not too remote future a real public sentiment against our big, successful law-breakers and law-defiers—and their lawyers.

The New Secretary of War

As Known to the Friends of His Youth and to the People

By Murat Halstead

ALPHONSO TAFT, FATHER OF SECRETARY TAFT

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT, the new Secretary of War, born in Cincinnati, Ohio, September 15, 1857, is the third son of Judge Alphonso Taft, appointed by Grant Secretary of War on the resignation of General Belknap. The son may see the stern but kindly face of the father in the gallery of portraits of the Secretaries of War. The War Office once restored to perfect order, Judge Taft preferred the Attorney-Generalship, and took charge of the Bureau of Justice, a position more congenial to him, for it was in the line of his profession. The solidity of the character of Judge Taft and his energy in the discharge of duty won him distinction in both Cabinet offices. He and General Grant became fast friends and agreeable comrades. Under the administration of General Hayes Judge Taft held the missions to Austria and Russia. An attack of pneumonia at St. Petersburg in the winter reduced his strength, and his years were so advanced that he did not resume public life

The Judge took a great interest in Yale College, and his sons inherited his esteem and love for Yale. His eldest son, Charles P. Taft, graduated with the highest honors. The second son, Peter, graduated two years later than Charles. His standing was higher, all points considered, than that of any other graduate of the college, taking into account all the classes from the beginning. A brilliant career seemed to open before him, but his health was impaired and he died after a few years of invalidism. The third son, William Howard, was the salutatorian of his class. Each of the brothers won his honors by steady study and vigilant thoroughness in all he did. They were hard students, and their intelligence was directed by unfaltering and systematic industry

After his graduation Secretary Taft married a daughter of John W. Herron, one of the foremost members of the bar of Cincinnati for more than forty years, and District Attorney of the Southern District of Ohio. He was a close friend and counselor, confided in by President Benjamin Harrison and also by President Hayes. Secretary Taft has three children, the eldest fifteen years of age, a son, named for his grandfather, Alphonso.

Our Early Acquaintance

SECRETARY TAFT now comes home from a public service uncommonly responsible and arduous. From the beginning of our government no American citizen has been called to the discharge of duties so entangled and so difficult. Friends and foes of the policy pursued by the United States in the Philippines have held that the task undertaken could not be performed — that the labor would be lost. That which was pronounced impossible has been done. Marvelous things have been accomplished. The people of the United States have studied the success of Governor Taft, and the more they know of the situations, past and present, the more phenomenal the transformation appears. He was for a time sustained only by the Administration.

I may speak of Secretary Taft with the preoccupation and the personal pleasure of one who had his acquaintance in his youth. I was long honored by the friendship of his father, who will be well remembered in national affairs and who was even better known by personal position than public office. Then, when the son graduated from Yale he was more modest in expectations than others and concluded to combine journalism with the study of the law, by taking up law reporting for the Times, now the Times-Star, to which he for a long time contributed. I succeeded in getting "Will" Taft to join my staff on the Cincinnati Commercial, though his eldest brother was in the same business. The duties were those of law reporting, and young Taft immediately improved the service considerably. The lawyers were pleased, and Taft's reports became the standard. He gained a reputation for saying more about the law and the facts in fewer words than any other reporter. The exactness of his syllabus of an opinion was admirable, and he snatched the heart out of a story. His work was a feature. When he said that he proposed to go regularly into the profession of law and abandon the newspapers I was regretful that so capable a man should leave a place so hard to fill with general approval; for it was no easy thing to find a man who could give the space in due proportion to the news, and state the law indisputably, so that bench, counsel and clients all agreed, and the basis was established.

The rising young man said he could not continue as a reporter, for he intended to practice law unembarrassed, not then expecting calls to Cabinets and the Supreme Court. Law cases were to be the business of his life. The argument that reporting law cases was a good way of studying law he admitted to be plausible, as well as agreeable, but his mind was settled on the course he should pursue. There was another inducement in my mind to offer, and I said there were many lawyers and very few law reporters, and "stay here and your salary will be doubled, counting from the last pay day," but he shook his head gently and resolutely, and the next place he declined was on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States. He has been so dutiful in so many ways and under such stress of responsibility, and the people are so familiar with his labors and pleased with his successes, that they are glad to see him and welcome him home with a truthful and hopeful feeling that he is one of the public servants of whom one says, "Well done, good and faithful." He has circumnavigated the earth, and all his paths are paths of peace, and all the world knows the excellence of his usefulness.

His Devotion to Duty

REPEATEDLY, without ostentation, the greatness of his manliness has appeared in his life. He has accepted public positions because he was conscientiously convinced he could do good by taking them. He held a judicial position that was ideal for a young lawyer — a lifetime post of high honor, in the line, too, of the profession he loved. He left his home, with all the binding and tender associations the word "home" embodies and implies, to go to the other side of the earth, into an unwholesome climate, among strangers, some of whom were fanatical, and whose Malay blood and Spanish teaching and example for four centuries had not inculcated the ideas of self-government or defined the arts by which it is applied. He saw the people of a thousand islands, thirty tribes, three races, many tongues, all of whose political structures had been shattered. He believed, as McKinley did in the Spanish War, in fighting hard and fast in war and being humane in peace. He believed that out of anarchy he could win a worthy American citizenry. His last words before leaving for the Philippines — his good-by to his old friends in Cincinnati — were clearly and strongly opposed to the doctrine of "expansion." He held that there might be, ought to be, tried the policy of good-will The Spaniards never knew how to apply what he held was the sovereign remedy. He knew, too, the declamation indulged by so many, that the product of subtropical Asiatic blood under a burning sense of wrongs for centuries could not in the pangs of insurrection and revolution have produced a people equal to the task of governing themselves; that the need was a period of education under American protection.

It was a rather gloomy prospect, except to a man of faith in himself and his cause, but so fruitful were the good works of Governor Taft that President Roosevelt, when Vice-President, said, in his well-considered speech at Minneapolis, only a week before President McKinley was assassinated:

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT, SECRETARY OF WAR

"Under the wise administration of Governor Taft the islands now enjoy a peace and liberty of which they have hitherto never even dreamed. But this peace and liberty under the law must be supplemented by material, by industrial development. Every encouragement should be given to their commercial development, to the production of American industries and products; not merely because this will be a good thing for our people, but, infinitely more, because it will be of incalculable benefit to the people of the Philippines. We are not trying to subjugate a people; we are trying to develop them, and make them a law-abiding, industrious and educated people, and, we hope, ultimately a self-governing people"

His Accomplishments and Graces

THIS was the policy with which Governor Taft entered upon his duties in the Philippines, and this is the testimony given by the Vice-President, during the martyred McKinley's life and health and hopeful strength, of the success of his administration. This great work has been unfalteringly pursued, to a degree so marvelously successful that the subject is banished from political controversy. McKinley's Secretary of War, Secretary Root, supported Governor Taft from first to last in the Philippines, and the President called the Governor home to take the place that Root resigned. Secretary Taft will have the pleasure and authority of going right on, "absolutely unbroken" and covered with glory that will ripen into renown

Secretary Taft was a very attractive young man, stalwart and amiable. His strength was great, and on occasion he proved it, as an athlete at college, and one who understood defensive purposes with aggressive tactics. His strength was almost gigantic, but he did not use it like a giant. His character was one of simplicity and generosity, and the secret of his gaining the confidence of the tribes of the Philippines is his candor, fairness and their certainty that he spoke the truth only, gave fair play, and would not submit to dealings that were dishonest, or fail to understand the prevarications of insincerity. He was bright, comely, studious and humorous, well known as a young man endowed with brains and equipped with formidable muscles. He was an athlete without the elaboration of training, as was on occasion ascertained by an aggressive citizen who did not think much of the big boy. A rude and formidable person had an irrational animosity toward Judge Alphonso Taft, father of "Will," and made arrogant, uncivil and untrue remarks — this in public, and in a brutal manner harmonizing with the offensive language. The fair-faced young man met the offender not accidentally but considerately, and wanted to know whether the improper language had really been spoken. An affirmative answer being given, there was speedy work, and the ruffian got what he deserved, and that with velocity and decisive efficacy. There was first knockdown, first blood and knockout all in one. A man whose education had not been perfected up to the point of self-sacrifice, and loved the most vigorous art in striking first on the defensive — this man himself, able-bodied, mentioned casually but plainly that the way young Taft attended to that business was the most "beautiful circus" he ever saw. There was no loud talk of a disrespectful nature about the Tafts after that

"Father" Taft, as he was called when his sons became men of distinction, was a very high-class lawyer, and had the courage of his convictions on the Bench as well as in the forum. His decisions as a judge were always intelligible, and he was a stalwart on the stump. He prepared his speeches thoroughly, and did not read them, but digressed, for he had fire enough in him to give way to the passion of the hour and knew it beat reading manuscript. In Cooper Institute, during the Presidential campaign of 1876, he was introduced very handsomely as "the head of the American bar," and it was warranted by his character and professional standing, as well as his official rank. He dealt in solids rather than brilliancy and the humors of the hour; and he did not compete with younger men in the rapidity of utterance of the cadence of ornate phrases. He was at the time, Attorney-General of the United States by Grant's appointment. His son, so conspicuously before the public, inherited from him his strong features and ample proportions. In the course of the Cooper Union speech the Judge thrust aside his typewritten matter, forgot notes as reminders, and more directly confronted "our friends, the enemy," speaking with deep feeling, strenuously, and evident righteous indignation, which reached an unexpected climax in a burst of denunciatory wrath. He stalked to the footlights and sprang some inches clear from the floor. When his feet stamped together there was a shock uplifting at least the audience, that roared and yelled with delight and hearty calls of applause.

May I tell a fairly good story on the Secretary's father when on the Bench? There was a case of liberty of the press — the last term the Judge served in a judicial capacity. There was an occasion to disprove the rights of an "able editor" who was on trial charged with libel. The wrong alleged had been calculated liberally, and reached four figures. The Judge did not believe in high-colored journalism but he was partial to truth telling, even if there were feelings hurt by candor. He was not opposed to the use of hot or cold truth — whether the facts froze or burned. The sensitive persons held they were damaged and sought money to heal the bruises of their woe. The Judge was marking the area of freedom and its limitations, when the attorney for the "wronged man" said: "What! what can the Judge be saying?" The culprit, sitting at the same table with the irate lawyer, remarked to his personal friend, the legal antagonist, "The Judge just said if I say your client is a scoundrel he is a scoundrel, unless he can prove that he is not."

"Yes," said the lawyer who was objecting to the ruling of the Judge — something quite different — "that is exactly what his Honor has just said." That was, however, one of those libels that are the more exasperating and injurious because they are a shade true — but not a deep shade. The Judge was tolerant of truth, and when told of the culprit and his antagonist's passage at arms over the table smiled in a slow, wise way as much as to say that the evidence in the air was sometimes as evident in silence as if spoken. Then he glanced at the culprit in a way that could have been interpreted to mean that a young man with a newspaper to run should not complain once in a while if he had to pay for the excessive "exuberance of his own verbosity."

But to return to the son: There has not been any doubt, since American power superseded the rule of Spain in the Philippines, that the point of obstinate danger there was the friars' land question. It was of this danger that the writer of these lines was soon informed when in the Philippines — arriving there with General Otis. There was a perilous controversy, probably irreconciliable. Aguinaldo and the Archbishop were seen on this subject the same day, and the hopelessness of reconciliation seemed obvious.

The Tagals are the most numerous of the Filipino tribes. They are seaside people and live on fish and rice. The priests were most vindictively hated and detested, because they were compelled to take a very prominent part for the Spaniards against the insurgents who in any degree disputed the sovereignty of Spain. The policy of the insurgent leaders was the expulsion of the foreign priests from the islands. The Archbishop's view was that the insurgents were "ingrates," having been taught by Europeans of the church all that distinguished them from barbarians.

The extent of the land question in the Philippines, and the gravity of it, and the complication of it can hardly be comprehended

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except by those who are exceptionally well grounded in the facts. Governor Taft had a second mission of broader sweep. His new commission was that of personal negotiation with the late Pope and his Secretary of State, Cardinal Rampolla. Taft's mission was, as Secretary of War Root said, to go to Rome, meet the Pope and negotiate with the supreme authorities of the Roman Catholic Church. This was precisely one of those clear-headed, courageous incidents of administration under present auspices that to think of in other days would have been to reject, except under greatly changed conditions. The Governor stepped to the front and took the responsibility without hesitation. The audience with His Holiness and the correspondence with Rampolla, the strong man and Secretary, were masterly management of diplomacy. The letters are too extended to quote here, but the American people will have occasion to become well acquainted with the literature of the transaction, including, as an essential part, the instructions given by Secretary Root. He states plainly the purpose of the proceedings in these words: "It is proposed to buy the lands of the religious orders with the hope that the funds thus furnished may lead to their withdrawal from the islands, and, if necessary, a substitution therefor, as parish priests, of other priests whose presence would not be dangerous to public order."

Perhaps the most effective stroke of diplomacy in Root's instructions to Taft is this: "Your errand will not be in any sense or degree diplomatic in its nature, but will be purely a business matter of negotiation by you as Governor of the Philippines for the purchase of property from the owners thereof, and the settlement of land titles."

The Secretary of State of the United States introduced Governor Taft to the Papal Secretary in the terms following

> Department of State,
> WASHINGTON, May 10, 1902
>
> *Most Eminent Sir:* I take pleasure in presenting to your Eminence the Honorable William H. Taft, one of our most distinguished citizens, who is at present, and has been for several years, the civil Governor of the Philippine Islands, which important office he has filled with great intelligence and success. He is now returning to the islands after a brief stay in this country. On his way he will visit Rome

The entire correspondence was conducted on both sides with courtesy and ability of the highest quality. Governor Taft's part of the discussion was in excellent temper and phrase, and met the superb art of the Cardinal with equal grace and strength. The Governor's good work was that both parties found in it peace and profit

The most important points in connection with Taft's Philippine work were his sympathy with the Filipinos, his belief in their possibilities, his winning of their regard and confidence, his gradual extension of civil government, his cooperation with the Filipinos, his fight for the subordination of the military, use of the native police, firmness, justice, and, above all, the love of his work. Added to this are his sterling integrity, insistence upon merit as a condition of office-holding, patience, thorough study of conditions, the application of our laws, as far as possible, to the Philippines the construction of laws to meet new conditions, the proper measuring of the varying capacities of various peoples in the Philippines for self-government. The careful consideration given by the Philippine Commission to Filipino ideas in the construction of laws, in hearings and in permitting arguments, aided the great work

Taft early attracted Blaine's attention Blaine regarded him as a coming man, and said that twenty years ago. He made his initial national mark as Solicitor-General under Harrison, a position in which he was compelled to be the law officer of the Government who argued most Government cases before the Supreme Court. It was that work that gave him the appointment by Harrison to the Court of Appeals for the Sixth Circuit when it was created under the Harrison administration, the country being divided into circuits by that law, and certain cases having their final jurisdiction there, that the labors of the Supreme Court might be lessened. It is well to repeat that he declined an appointment to the Supreme Bench that he might complete his labors in the Philippines His work there is illustrious

He has the applause of senates and nations, and the people salute him with ungrudging, unpurchasable and imperishable honors

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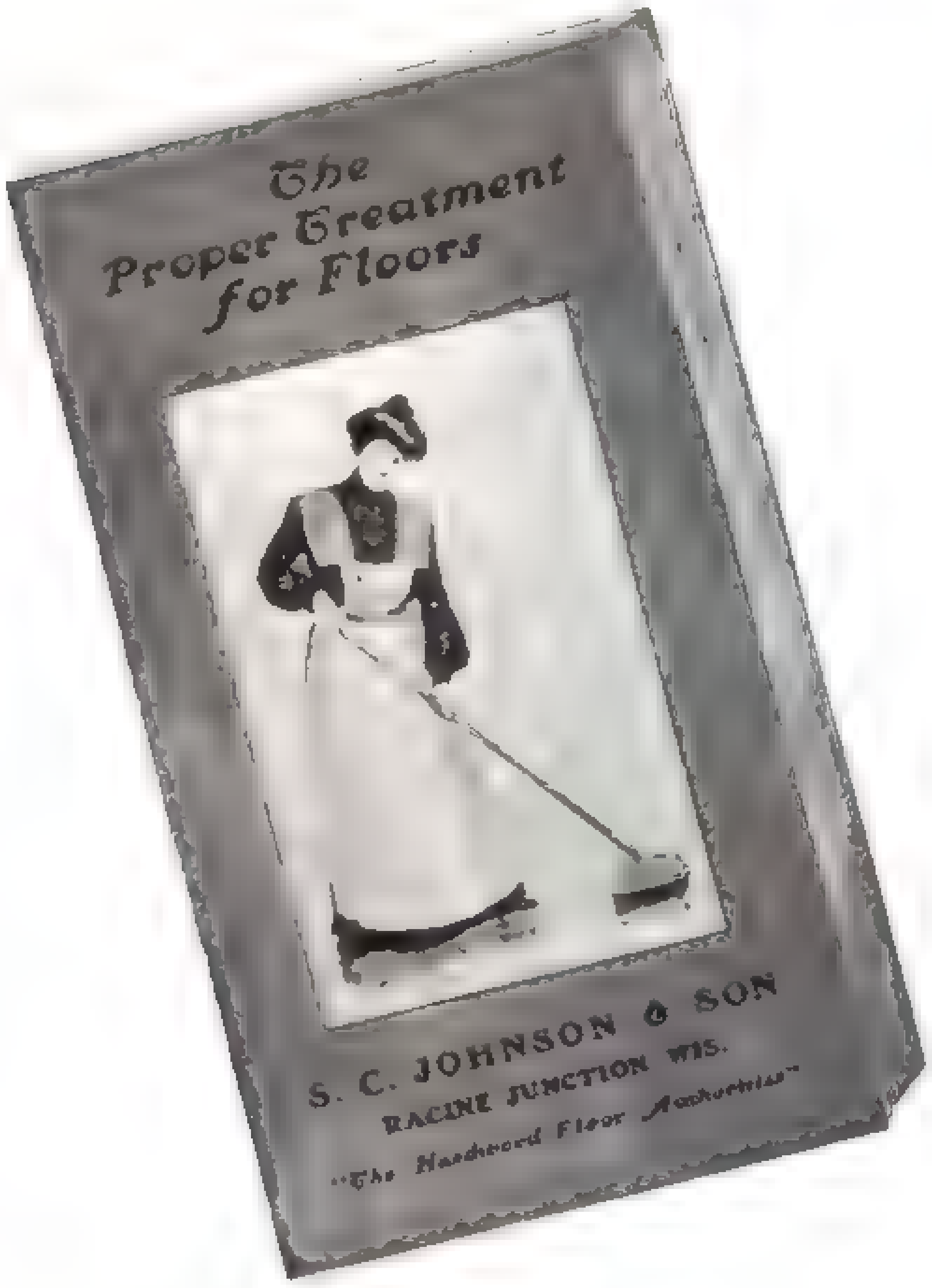
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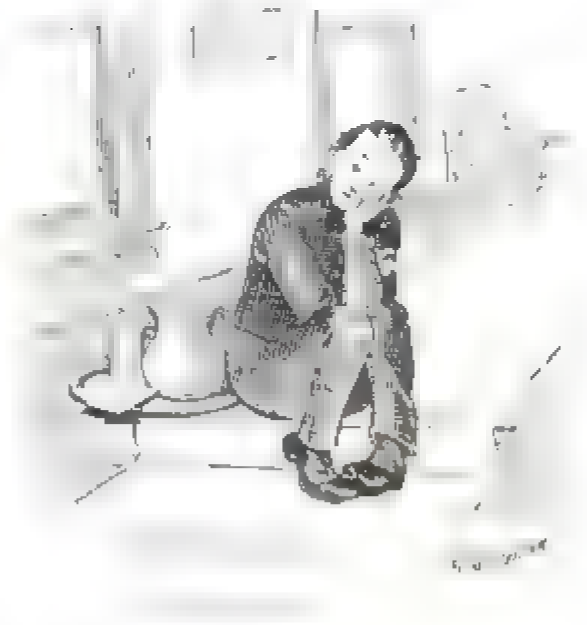
By S. E. Kiser

Illustrations by John T. McCutcheon



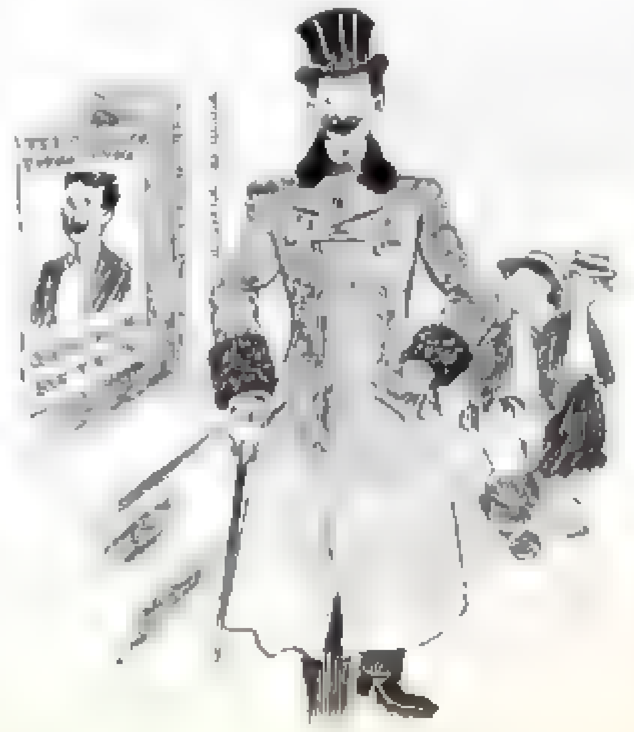
VII

I don't feel like I used to feel no more,
 It seems as though I'd like to go away
 From where the racket's goin' on all day,
And have her with me there, and she'd be sore
At that rich dude who meets her at the door
 Back by the stage when she's got through the play
 I wish that she'd get sweet on me and say
She never knew what lovin' was before

I've got a tooth-brush now, and every night
 I wash my neck and ears; I don't intend
 To chew tobacco any more, nor spend
My change fer cigarettes; her teeth are white,
And if she seen that mine were, too, she might
 Be liable to love me. Every time
 She looks at me it kind of seems that I'm
All full of something tickel-ish and light.

I'd like it if I knew some way to make
 My ears stay closer to my head and not
 Stick out the way they do, as though they'd got
Unfastened and hung loose. I wish I'd wake
To-morrow so good-lookin' it would break
 Her heart unless I'd take her on the spot;
 And I could lick that dude if he got hot
And made rough house when she'd give him the shake.

If I could go away with her to where
 There wasn't anybody else at all,
 And we could set around all day or loll
Beside the cricks and never have to care
When bells would ring, and all around us there
 The posies would be growin' sweet and tall,
 I'd never mind if it was spring or fall —
But still I s'pose she couldn't live on air.



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by next mail, or a further trial, as you [illegible]

[illegible] think that we could make an offer like this if we did not have perfect confidence resulting from our great experience, in our ability to suit you?

Our factory is a model of sanitary arrangement, cleanliness and system. No dyes or foreign matter of any kind are [illegible], and each cigar is made [illegible] by the same workmen in the same manner of pure, clean tobacco, imported Havana being used entirely in cigars costing you over $4 per hundred.

The cigars we list below have made for us the [illegible] thousands of permanent [illegible] therefore in sending your order [illegible] for any one of them you are entirely [illegible] have ever seen of ours, and any delay you make is an injustice to yourself.

		Boxes of 12	25	50
Piconcios,	4½ in [illegible]	$1.00	$1.75	
Balmetto	4½ in [illegible]	.90	1.65	$3.25
El Premier	4½ in [illegible]	70	1.25	2.50
La Medalla,	4½ in [illegible]	70	1.25	2.50
Fedora,	4½ in [illegible]	.50		1.00

[illegible] an assortment of 12 cigars, [illegible] for a quarter [illegible] for 50c an equal showing of High-grade [illegible]

[illegible]

If we [illegible] talk [illegible] Revenues, [illegible] MEADVILLE PA

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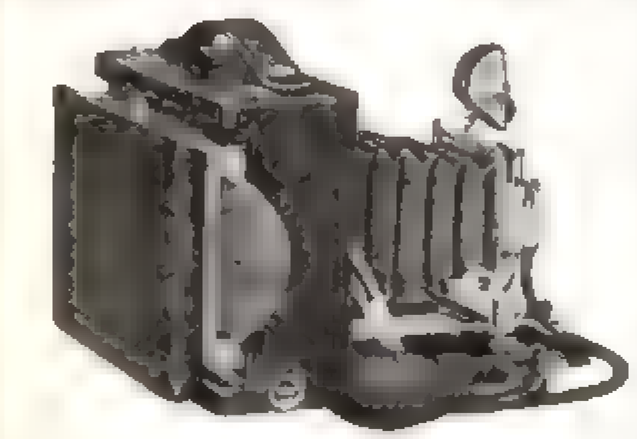

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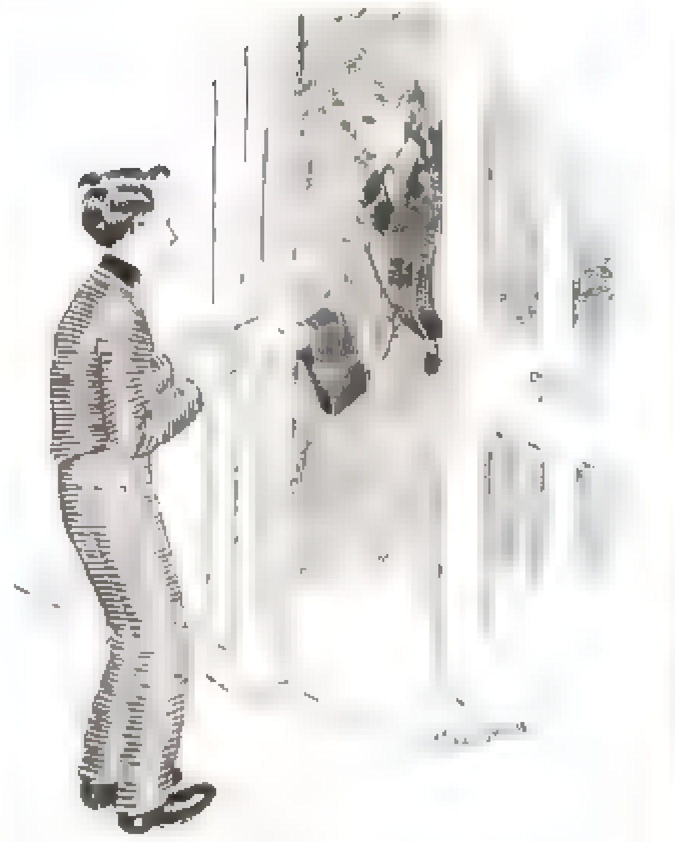

VIII

I think I'll chuck this job and go and try
To be a supe. with her, and by and by
Get speakin' parts to play, and then — who knows?—
Be leadin' man, at last and wear dude clo's
I'd drink champagne whenever I was dry,
And have a chance to travel up and down
Around the country, seein' every town,
And after every act they'd call fer me.
All week I'd only work two afternoons,
And nearly everywhere I went I'd see
My picture in the windows of saloons.

I'd have a stage name that was grand to hear —
I think I'd make it Reginald De Vere —
Gee! Wouldn't that loom up great on the bills?
They'd never know they cheered fer Eddie Mills
When I would get the signal to appear.
I'd give her all the beautiful bouquets
The girls would send to me at matinées,
And when the show was over crowds would stand
Outside to watch fer me and her and stare
When we come out, and I would take her hand
And lead her to our carriage, waitin' there.

IX

I went upstairs, this morning, when she rung —
I guess she must of just got out of bed —
It seemed to me her nose looked kind of red,
They was a little wad of hair that hung
Down in a pigtail on her back; she brung
A telegram out to the door, and said
"Well, get a move — good Heavens, are you dead?"
Somehow, she didn't seem to look so young

I can't help kind of wonderin' to-day
What made her look so queer; it seems as though
There's something that is gone I'd like to know
If all the ones that's beautiful when they
Get on their riggin' and are fixed up gay
Ain't much but framework when they've gone at night
And safely locked themselves in out of sight
And laid what ain't growed on to them away

When me and Mike, the porter, were alone
I got to tellin' him about my thoughts —
Mike's had two wives, and so, of course, knows lots.
He told me in a fearful sollum tone:
"Me bye, a woman cr-rathure's like a shtone —
At laste some women ar-re — Whin dr-ressed they're foine,
But whin they ain't ye'll ha-ardly say a soign
Av beauty that ye'd ta-ake to be their own."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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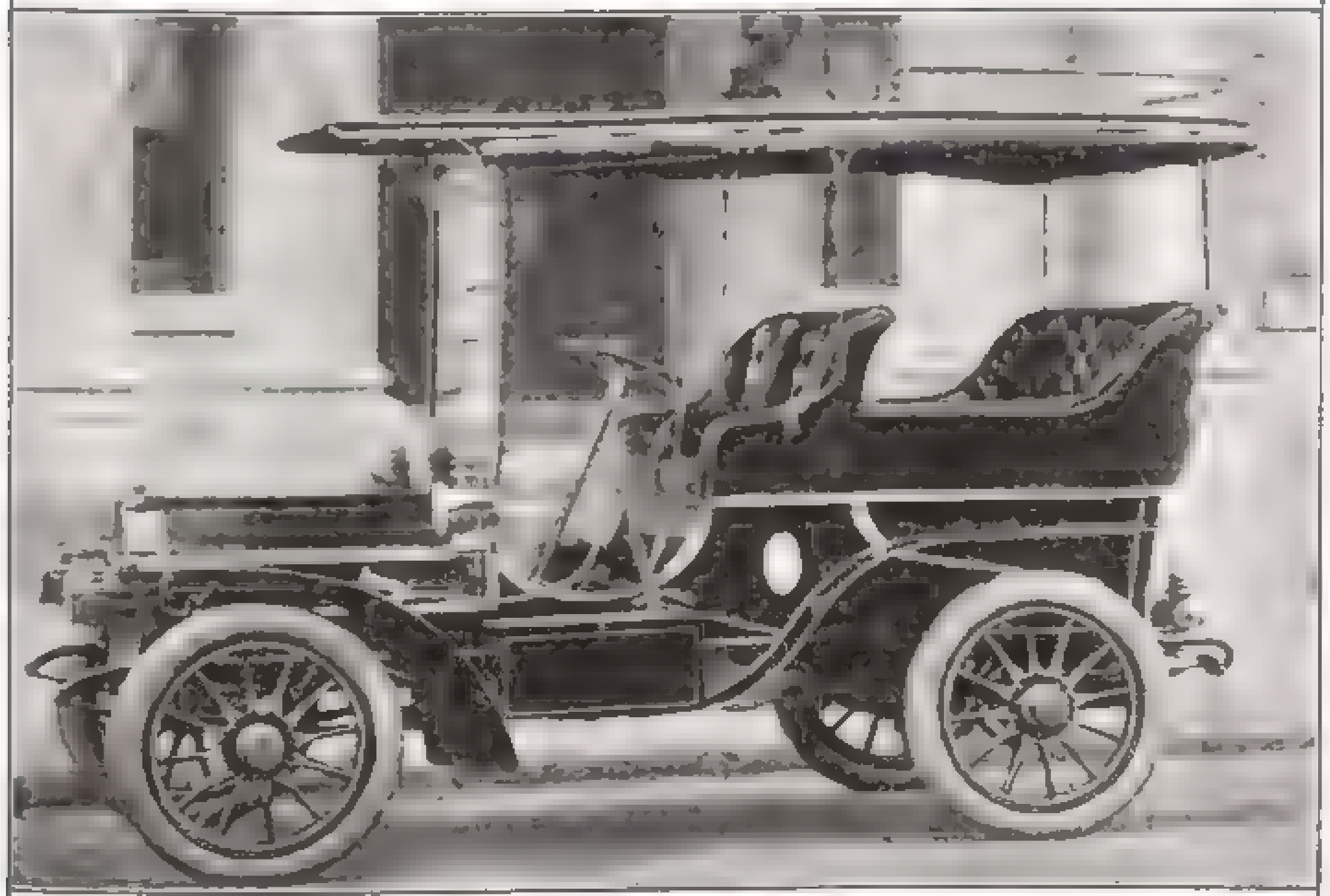

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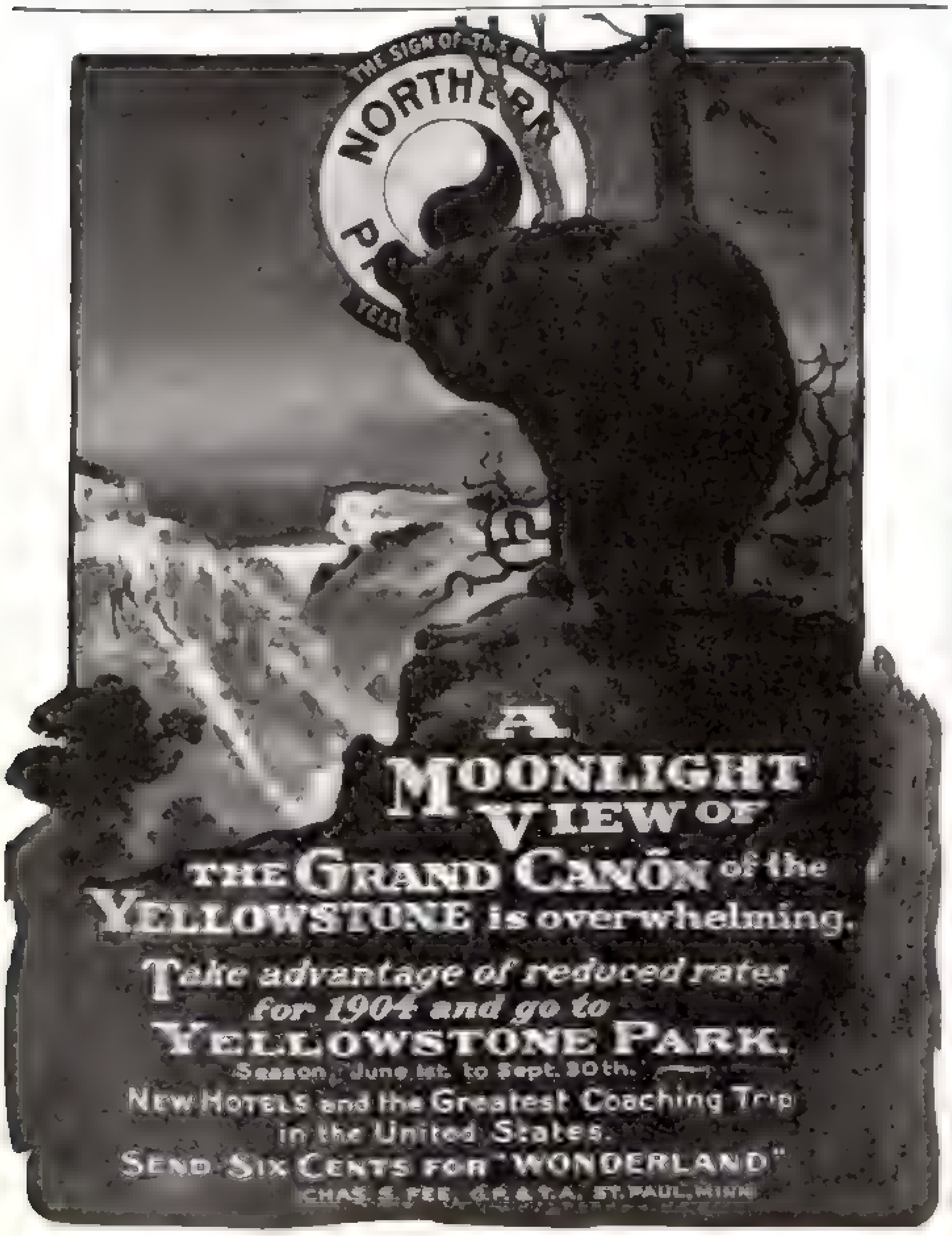
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Literary Folk Their Ways and Their Work

CASTALIAN DAYS A book of sonnets that have the very best manners but no character.

¶ "Much of our poetry," said Thoreau, "has the very best manners but no character."

It is a sentence so exhaustive that, once pronounced, it seems to leave nothing more to say. In particular does it apply to the sonnet. True, the sonnet must first be well mannered. There are no boisterous sonnets, no comic, no dialect, few passionate sonnets of any worth. The sonnet is serene, strong without rudeness, bright without heat, insistent without emphasis, compact, unified, self sufficient. And where the merely preliminary difficulties are so thickset and stubborn, few, indeed, are they who set their feet in the way of Sidney, Shakespeare, Drayton, Milton, Wordsworth, Byron, Keats and Shelley. But being well mannered and nothing more is to fall short of everything but a negative perfection and winning only a passing sufferance straightway to lapse out of mind, for—

Poetry's a gift wherein but few excel,
He doth very ill who doth not passing well

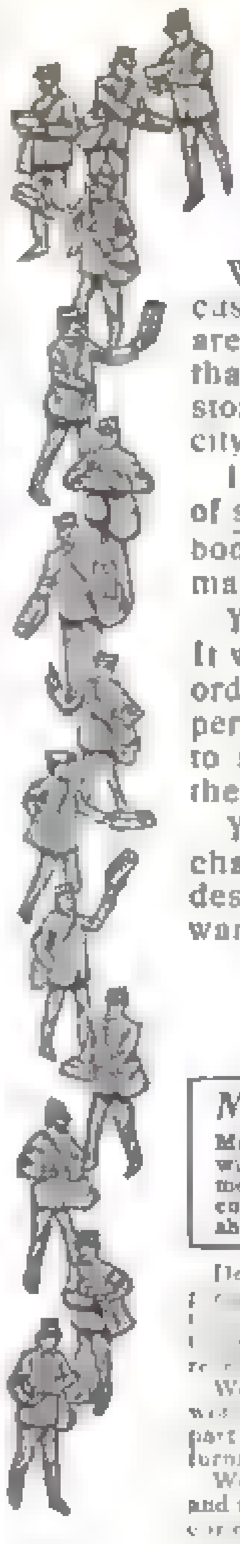
The fifty sonnets comprising the Castalian Days of Mr. Lloyd Mifflin *(Henry Frowde, London)* are, with two exceptions, distinguished for a fluency of versification and a command of the form that instantly raise them above any merely banal criticism. They have, too—as may be heard in number twenty six, October by the Octorado, and number twenty-eight, The Sonnet's Music—a faint, far-away chime of misty melody that would be all in all with a lighter lyric but somehow rings thin and false in the larger, more austere harmony of the sonnet. They have more than manners and less than character.

The two exceptions noted are number six, The Young Embalmer—which will long hold the unique distinction of being the most nauseous sonnet in the language—and number twenty-nine, Praxiteles to Phryne, a *fadaise* inconceivable in the mouth of any Greek, and least of all in that of Praxiteles, a lover of beauty. Who was that Phryne, and were they not Greeks, those judges who, when she stood revealed before them in a gesture, acquitted her, not in tribute to the eloquence of her advocate, but to the bright argument of her beauty?

THE NILE QUEST—A record of the exploration of the Nile and its basin, and the first of a series of great discoveries.

¶ "Only the Caucasian," concludes Sir Harry Johnston in his review of the search for the sources of the Nile (The Nile Quest: A Record of the Exploration of the Nile and its Basin, by Sir Harry Johnston, G. C. M. G., K. C. B., President of the African Society: *Frederick A. Stokes Company*)—"only the Caucasian, and mainly the White Caucasian, has worried about the Nile Problem. He has attacked it from the north (Hamite, Greek and Roman); then from the northeast and east (Hamite and Semite, Greek, Portuguese and British); once more from the north (Arabs, Turks, French, British, Germans, Italians); resolutely from the southeast (British and Germans); latterly from the southwest (British, Belgians and French); and, finally, from the north and northeast."

At a very early period the Egyptians had "occasional glimmering ideas as to the sources of the White Nile" and "a fair knowledge of the origin and source of the Blue Nile." Arabs, Phœnicians and Greek traders and travelers brought back hints of the twin sources of the main stream and of the existence of a "great snowy range" long known as the Mountains of the Moon. The Roman Emperor Nero took up the interest of the Greeks and sent out an expedition under two centurions which penetrated to a point above Fashoda, where it was blocked by the masses of floating vegetation called "scudd" and had to return. All these hints, legends, travelers' tales, geographers' guesses and soldiers' reports were balanced, compared, rejected and finally compounded by Ptolemy of Alexandria—himself not an explorer at all—into a map which for something like eighteen hundred years marked the high-water level of knowledge of the sources of the White Nile. Sir Henry Stanley's expedition in 1874 substantiated in all its main features the accuracy of Ptolemy's surmise.



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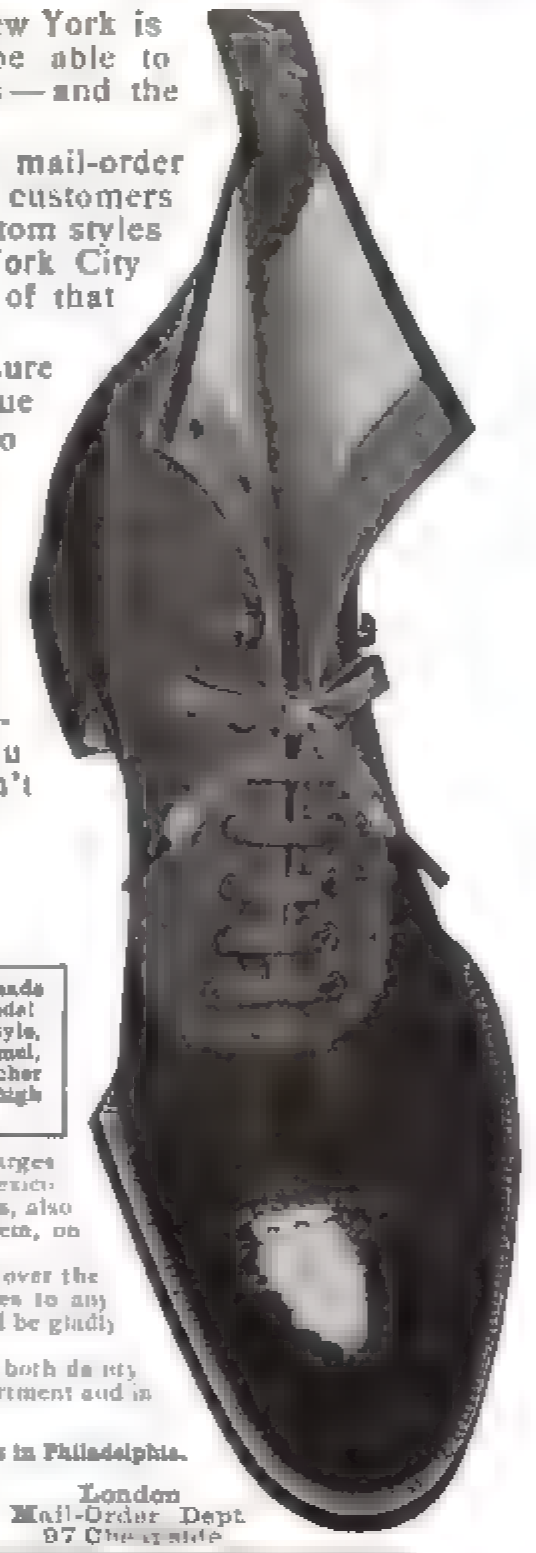

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Claudius Ptolemaus, as he is correctly called, wrote in about the year 150 A. D. His maps are only known to us through the innumerable copies made by Greek monks and later by Arabs, Latin monks, Venetian and Catalan sailors and Flemish or German geographers. From the death of Ptolemy to the rise of the Crusades knowledge of the Nile went backward rather than forward. It would be tedious to catalogue step by step the slow advances. It is interesting, however, to note that the first European report of the sources of the Blue Nile was brought to Europe by Paez and Lobo, two members of that Society of Jesus which, in America also, was first to come upon the headwaters of the Mississippi, and that not until the close of the eighteenth century, with James Bruce, did English interest, destined to be the most efficient of all, arise to any practical efforts. Then the names begin to crowd thicker. Presently appears Speke, and then Stanley. With Stanley the work of discovery proper ends, though much in the way of minor correction, exploration and amplification has since been done, and now on all the maps you see in a slender filament of scarlet the projected line of the Cape to Cairo railway. From Paez and Lobo to Stanley, and from Stanley to Marchand and others even more recent but less known, the roll of fame holds seventy-six names, of whom thirty-four are British (twenty-one English, eight Scots, three Welsh and two Irish), thirteen French, ten Germans, four Italians, three Portuguese, three Austro-Hungarians, two Americans, two Dutch, two Belgians, two Swiss and one Turk.

Sir Harry Johnston began his acquaintance with Africa when he was twenty-one and for twenty-five years has been identified in one way or another with African exploration and administration. His narrative — which is number one in the publisher's series of the world story of exploration — is informed without pedantry, is lucid and temperate when it touches historical disputes, compact in summary and always readable. The maps are excellent and the index complete and accurate, but the illustrations are wretchedly engraved and worse printed.

AN APACHE PRINCESS — General King adds another to the long line of his novels of adventure.

¶ Professor Lewis Gates once published a recipe for making poetry à la Poe. It was ingenious and whoever read it acknowledged with a smile its accuracy — but it was like bread with the yeast left out: the Professor forgot the magic. It would not require great thought to lay down a similar recipe for an army story à la Charles King; but it would be superfluous, for the principles have long been known by all skillful practitioners, and it might seem ungracious, for we have all been made aware of the difference between two cooks, both of whom use the same standard cookbook. Suffice it that An Apache Princess *(The Hobart Company)* will appeal on familiar lines to a public that has shown its gratitude for General King's novels.

Books Received

Wanderfolk in Wonderland, by Edith Guerrier *(Small, Maynard and Company)*.

A Flame of Fire, by Joseph Hocking *(Fleming H. Revell Company)*.

A Bunch of Roses and Other Parlor Plays, by M. E. M. Davis *(Small, Maynard and Company)*.

Songs of the University of Pennsylvania *(Hinds and Noble)*.

The Mask, by Aquila Kempster *(Doubleday, Page and Company)*.

The Modern Age, by Philip Van Ness Meyers *(Ginn and Company)*.

Travels in Europe and America, by Charles E. Bolton *(T. Y. Crowell and Company)*.

She that Hesitates, by Harris Dickson *(The Bobbs-Merrill Company)*.

Poems, by Wilfrid Earl Chase *(published by the Author)*.

My Painted Tree and Other Poems, by Allen Ayrault Green *(published by the Author)*.

In Old Egypt, by N. Pereira Mendes *(Frederick A. Stokes Company)*.

Voices and Visions: Poems by Franklin Baldwin Wiley *(Richard G. Badger)*.

The Great Optimist, and other essays, by Leigh Mitchell Hodges *(Dodge Publishing Company)*.

The Corona Book of Song: A collection of choruses for use in schools, by William C. Hoff *(Ginn and Company)*.

The Web, by Frederick Trevor Hill *(Doubleday, Page and Company)*.

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Life Insurance as an Investment for Young Men

By JAMES H. HYDE

Vice-President of The Equitable Life Assurance Society

TO SPEAK of an investment without capital is almost an anomaly; yet the operations of life insurance make such an investment possible. Indeed, they can create an estate for a young man during the very earliest struggles of his career, when his earning powers are at the lowest point, when any other kind of profitable investment appears to be beyond his most sanguine hopes.

Life insurance is adaptable, I may say indispensable, to the needs of all sorts and conditions of men, to the rich and the poor, to the high and the low; but as this article is to deal with it as an investment for young men only, I am going to assume that it is addressed to the average young man, one who makes his bow upon life's stage with no capital save the talents with which Nature has endowed him and the hope that "springs eternal in the human breast."

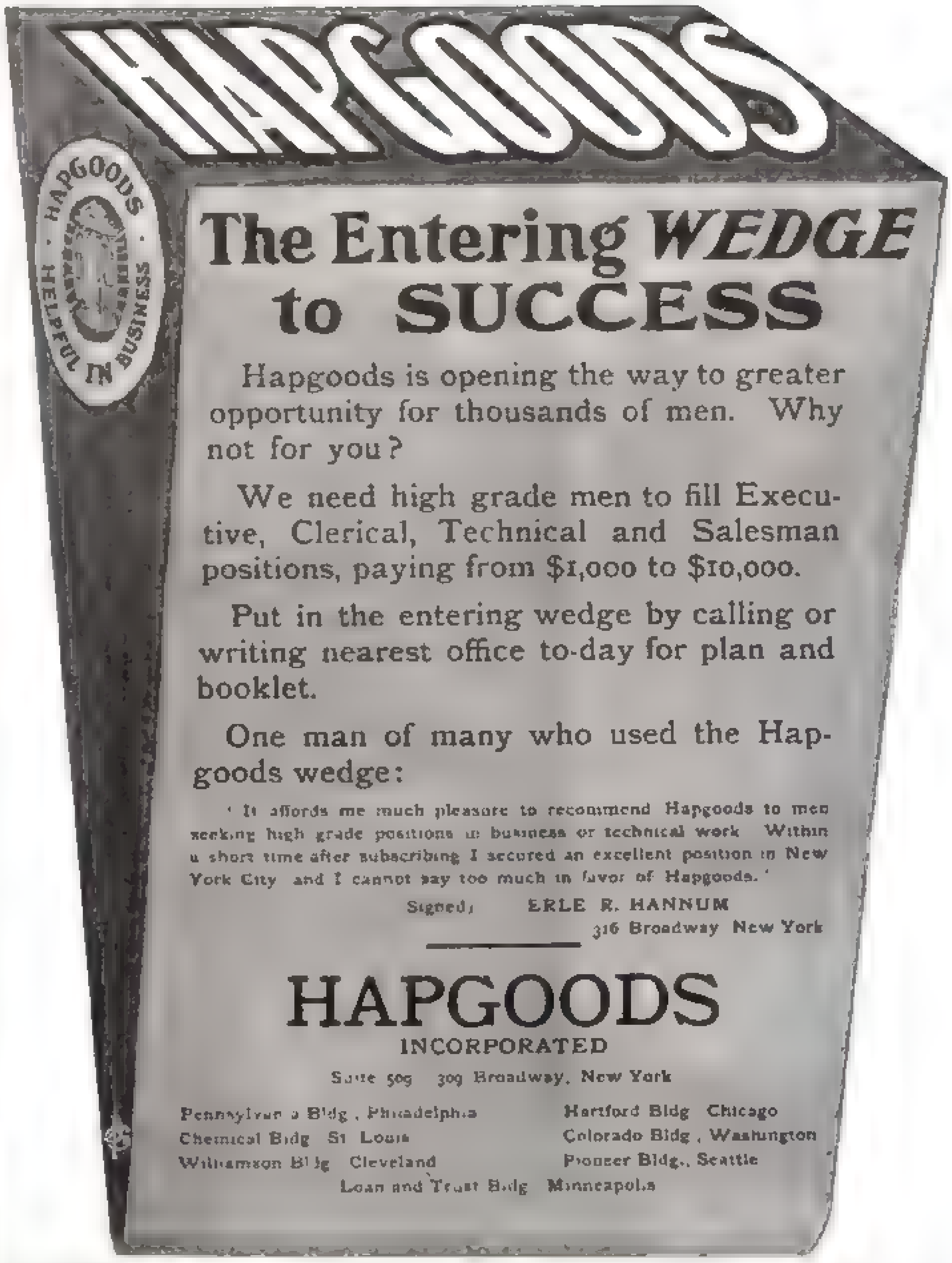
The first and uppermost thoughts in the mind of such a young man are: How can I go to work to acquire a competency? How can I make a lot of money? How can I get hold of a fortune? Now, every man who has been through the mill and has come out victorious will tell the ambitious youth who asks him for a prescription for acquiring wealth that he must first learn to save every superfluous dollar. This will be a difficult labor for the youth with budding hopes and increasing desires, but nevertheless he must undertake it, for in no other way can he get together any money for his first investment — the first that is to bring him a profit beyond the labor of his hands. Here is where life insurance comes in as an assistant of supreme importance, for it compels the young man to save a certain portion of his income and thus teaches him, early in life, those habits of thrift and economy that will count for much throughout his entire career.

To show why such a saving is attractive to our young man we must go back to the anomaly aforementioned. By the expenditure of a small sum annually he can purchase an endowment policy on his life for $1000, payable, with its accumulations, at the end of twenty years. From the moment that he has such a policy in his possession (always provided, of course, that it is taken in a reputable and financially sound company) he has created an estate of $1000 for himself. This gives him a feeling of strength, of pride and satisfaction such as he has never known before; for he is now a capitalist. If he should die to-morrow the amount of the policy would be paid immediately to his heirs, and if he continues to live the feeling of security which the policy gives to him will make him more free to invest in other lines another fraction saved from his income. Furthermore, if he lives to the end of twenty years he will get the thousand dollars himself, with the accumulated profits earned by the investment. Such investments, besides furnishing the protection of life insurance, are returning, and have returned for years, a higher percentage of interest on the amount of premiums paid than is now received from United States Government bonds.

A small amount of money will buy this estate of $1000, and I venture to say that there is hardly one man out of a hundred who cannot afford to make himself a capitalist to that extent as soon as he becomes a self-supporting man. Is there anywhere a young man who, being able to save such a sum, will not feel a thrill of pride and satisfaction in using it to create, by life insurance, a capital of $1000? Of course, he need not limit himself to $1000 if he can afford to purchase a larger estate, for just as a $1000 life insurance policy is good for a young man to purchase, so is a $10,000 policy ten times as good, if it can be afforded.

How Much Insurance You Should Carry

Here these three questions may be asked: How much insurance should a young man carry on his life? What relation should the premiums bear to his income? What relation should the amount of his policy bear to the amount of his other investments? There must be an infinite variety of answers to these questions because there is an infinite



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variety in the circumstances of different men. But my earnest advice to every young man is to make an effort to save at least one-third of his income; and one-half of this saving can, in my opinion, be most advantageously used, from time to time, by investments in life insurance. Indeed, there is no other investment which can be paid for in small installments so conveniently. Thus invested it will bring a return to his heirs in the event of his premature death; and if he continues to live he can accumulate the other half of his savings and use them for investments in stocks, bonds and real estate.

But I hear some one ask, Why use so large a portion of his income in that way? Because life insurance is the only agency offered for preserving his earning power, which is all the capital a young man has at the beginning of his career and sometimes all that he has for many years. His power to earn a living is to him what real estate, money and personal properties are to the capitalist, and for that reason it should be made secure by a life insurance. This is an important fact that is either overlooked or not understood by the majority of men. Let us suppose that our young man has married, or perhaps he has a family, a mother, a sister, to support. His earnings are all that these persons have to depend on; they cannot live if his earnings cease, and he is unwilling they should take that risk. So he buys a life insurance policy which will provide money for them in case he is taken away before his time; and he also buys it for his own benefit in the event that he continues to live. The present improved forms of life insurance policies, as everybody knows, cover both of these contingencies, and the old sarcasm that a man has "to die to win" became obsolete long ago.

Many men make a mistake in not adequately insuring their earning power. It is a common thought of those who earn a couple of thousand dollars a year that this sum represents all the life insurance they need. The fallacy of such reasoning is apparent the instant you compare the earnings of $2000 at prevailing rates of interest with the annual income of the wage-earner. That is why I have said that a large portion of a young man's income should be invested in the purchase of life insurance.

If you hear a young man say that he is not going to buy any life insurance because he can invest his money so as to make more out of it than a life insurance company can, ask him to answer this question: "Who is going to guarantee that you will live long enough to carry out your plans of investment?" If he replies, "Oh! I am willing to take that risk," you can remind him that it is not his risk, but those dependent on him who are bearing that risk. Life insurance does not guarantee that any man will live for a definite period; it only guarantees that it will pay for his life an equivalent which shall be proportionate to the amount of premium that he has invested in the policy. No young man can afford to "take that risk" so lightly spoken of; but if every young man will let some strong life insurance company insure his life, if he is insurable, the future welfare of those dependent upon him will be secured beyond peradventure and his road to success will be easier to travel.

The Compulsory Savings Bank

A bank, so far as it helps a young man to save money, is but an improved and modernized stocking or teapot — the savings depository of country people in Colonial times. It is as easy to take money out of a bank as it is to put money into it; so easy that a young man who opens a bank account for the purpose of saving money for investment finds, too often, a reason for spending the money before he has deposited enough to buy a $500 bond. The difficulty is that there is no compulsion on him to save money, as there is when he has started to pay for a life insurance estate. A young man's character is always benefited when he has been compelled to do a certain thing which is to require his continued effort and will keep his eyes riveted on an advantage ahead. I am reminded of the pathetic remark of a traveler who sank weary and worn at the foot of a rugged cliff, and looking up saw another wayfarer reach the top. "It seems," he said, "to take less strength to climb this cliff than to decide to do so." Once the decision is made, and you buy a life insurance, you will find that the payments of premium are easier after the first few years. I have noticed that an invariable comment of many a business man, when reaping the benefits of life insurance in after years, has

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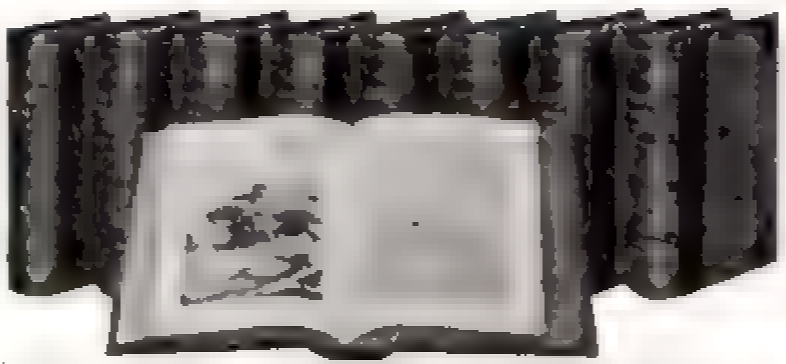

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been, "How much I regret that I did not take several times as much life insurance as I did when I was a young man and was an acceptable risk, and could have secured it at a low cost"

The careful reader will observe that all I have said is quite as applicable to the young man who begins his business life with money to invest as it is to his impecunious brother; and that if life insurance in small amounts is a good thing for the latter, it is good in larger amounts for the former For different circumstances different forms of policies are devised to cover the various needs of one's life I cannot hope in this article to explain the various forms issued by life insurance companies, but generally speaking, a policy of life insurance can be separated into two parts: first, there is the element of protection; second, there is the element of investment; and policies vary chiefly according to the proportions in which these two elements are combined. The protective or assurance element predominates in what is called a life policy; the investment element in what is called an endowment policy, such as I have recommended in this writing. In each the benefits are the same in case of death but the returns to those who continue to live are greater under the endowment form After the birth of a child its parents sometimes take an endowment policy which is calculated to mature at a special time, perhaps when a college education is to be provided for, or money will be needed for a start in business, or for a marriage settlement. Many business men of the present day who have learned the value of life insurance encourage their sons to insure their lives early, for they know that the earlier it is taken the earlier in life will the benefits accrue

Let me now recapitulate a little My opinion is that a young man should take life insurance at the earliest possible time; that he should take as much as he can conveniently pay for, and should increase it as his income increases For these opinions I offer the following reasons

Because this investment inculcates habits of thrift in the investor

Because the young man who makes it places himself under a voluntary compulsion to lay something by every year

Because there is nothing safer than a conservatively managed life insurance company founded on scientific principles; there can be no "run" upon such a company during times of financial disturbance

Because the chances are that some day he will marry and need the insurance to protect the future of his family; he will be wise if he obtains it while he is known to be an acceptable risk

Because it will increase his self-respect and self-confidence, it will strengthen his reputation also, for business men will judge youthful character by such a token of thrift.

Because an endowment policy, at any time after it is three years old, will furnish to the extent of its value the very best collateral for any security that may be desired.

Because (and this is the paramount reason) life insurance is the only way in which a comparatively large estate can be immediately created by the payment of a small amount of money. It protects all that a young man has that is valuable, in the same way that fire insurance protects a building. The chances are 99 out of 100 that the building will never burn. The chances are 100 out of 100 that such a life insurance policy as I have recommended will be paid within twenty years. The payment will be due either by the completion of the endowment period, or previously, by death

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By Charlotte Becker

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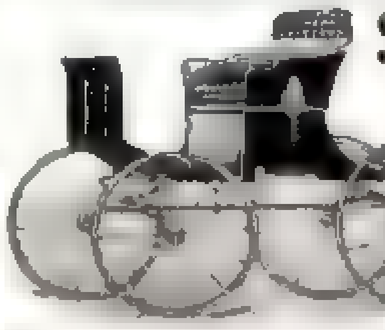
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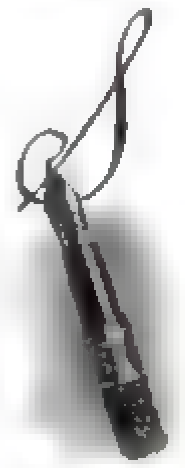

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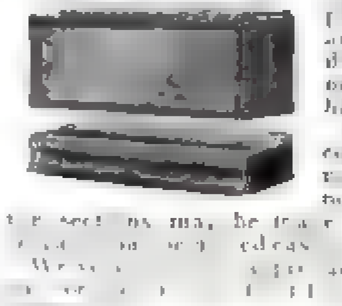

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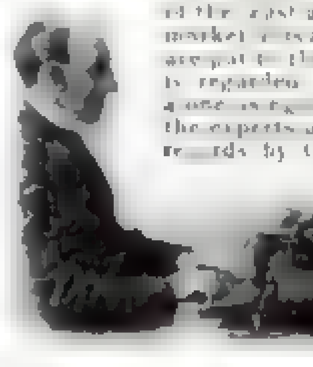

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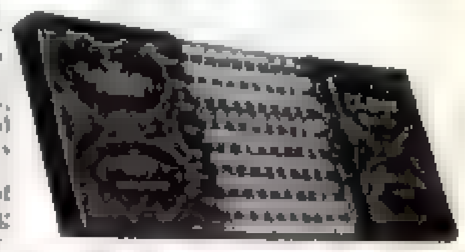

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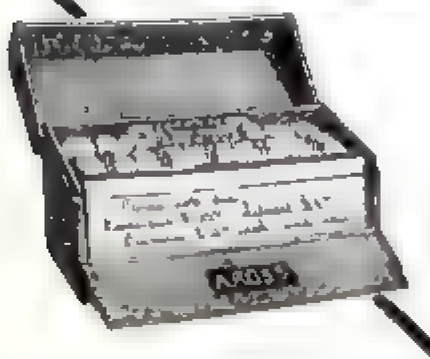

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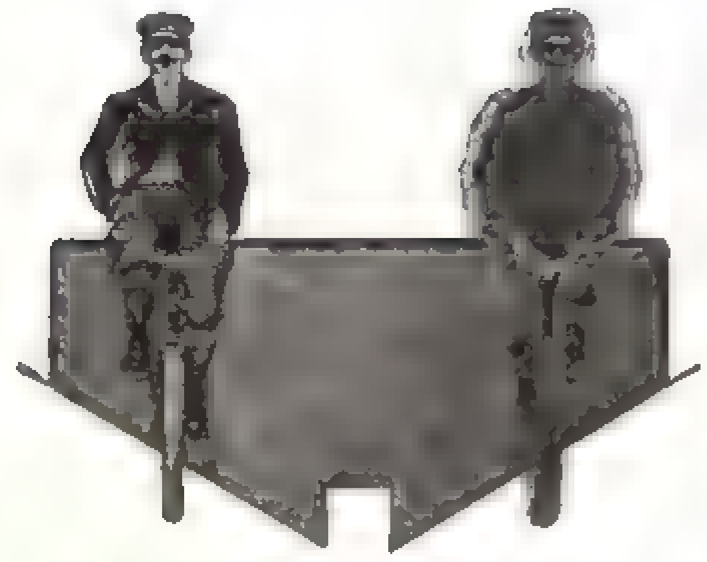

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Mrs. Loveredge Receives

(Continued from Page [illegible])

Don't be an ass!" said Peter Hope.

"I'm not an ass," assured him Joseph Loveredge. "He is wintering in Egypt. You have run back for a week to attend to business. There is no Lady Adelaide, so that's quite simple."

"But, what in the name of ——" began Peter Hope.

"Don't you see what I'm driving at?" persisted Joey. "It was Jack's idea at the beginning. I was frightened myself at first, but it is working to perfection. She sees you, and sees that you are a gentleman. When the truth comes out, as of course it must later, the laugh will be against her."

"You think—you think that'll comfort her?" suggested Peter Hope.

"It's the only way, and it is really wonderfully simple. We never mention the aristocracy now; it would be like talking shop. We just enjoy ourselves. You, by the way, I met in connection with the movement for rational dress. You are a bit of a crank, fond of frequenting Bohemian circles."

"I am risking something, I know," continued Joey, "but it's worth it. I couldn't have existed much longer. We go slowly and are very careful. Jack is Lord Mount-Primrose, who has taken up with anti-vaccination, and who never goes out into Society. Somerville is Sir Francis Baldwin, the great authority on centipedes. The Wee Laddie is coming next week as Lord Garrick, who married that dancing girl, Prissy something, and started a furniture shop in Bond Street. I had some difficulty at first; she wanted to send out paragraphs, but I explained that was only done by vulgar persons—that when the nobility came to you as friends it was considered bad taste. She is a dear girl, as I have always told you, with only one fault. Any one easier to deceive one could not wish for. I don't myself see why the truth ever need come out."

"Well, it's your murder," commented Peter. "If you are willing to take the chances——"

"That's all right," responded Joey. "Then you'll come? He's about your age, just fifty six."

"Fifty what?"

"Well, forty-nine is near enough. He is a young-looking man for his years. Eight o'clock, plain evening dress. If you like to wear a bit of red ribbon in your buttonhole why do so. You can get it at Evans', in Covent Garden."

"And Tommy is the Lady——"

"Adelaide. Let her have a taste for literature, then she needn't wear gloves. I know she hates them." Joey turned to go.

"Am I married?" asked Peter.

Joey paused. "I should avoid all reference to your matrimonial affairs if I were you," was Joey's advice. "You didn't come out of that affair too well."

"Oh, as bad as that, was I? You don't think Mrs. Loveredge will object to me?"

"I have asked her that. She's a dear, broad-minded girl. I've promised not to leave you alone with Miss Montgomery, and Willis has had instructions not to let you mix your drinks."

"I'd have liked to have been some one a trifle more respectable," grumbled Peter.

"We rather wanted a Duke," explained Joey. "He was the only one that fitted in all round!"

The dinner was a complete success. Tommy, entering into the spirit of the thing, bought a new pair of open-work stockings and assumed a languid drawl. Peter, who was growing forgetful, introduced her as the Lady Alexandra: it did not seem to matter, both beginning with an A. She greeted Lord Mount-Primrose as "Billy," and asked affectionately after his mother. Joey told his raciest stories. The Duke of Warrington called everybody by their Christian names, and seemed well acquainted with Bohemian Society: a more amiable nobleman it would have been impossible to discover. The lady whose real name was not Miss Montgomery sat in speechless admiration. The hostess was the personification of gracious devotion.

Other little dinners, equally successful, followed. Joey's acquaintanceship appeared to be confined exclusively to the higher circles of the British aristocracy, with one exception—that of a German Baron—a short, stout gentleman, who talked English well, but with an accent, and who, when he desired to be impressive, laid his right forefinger on the right side of his nose and

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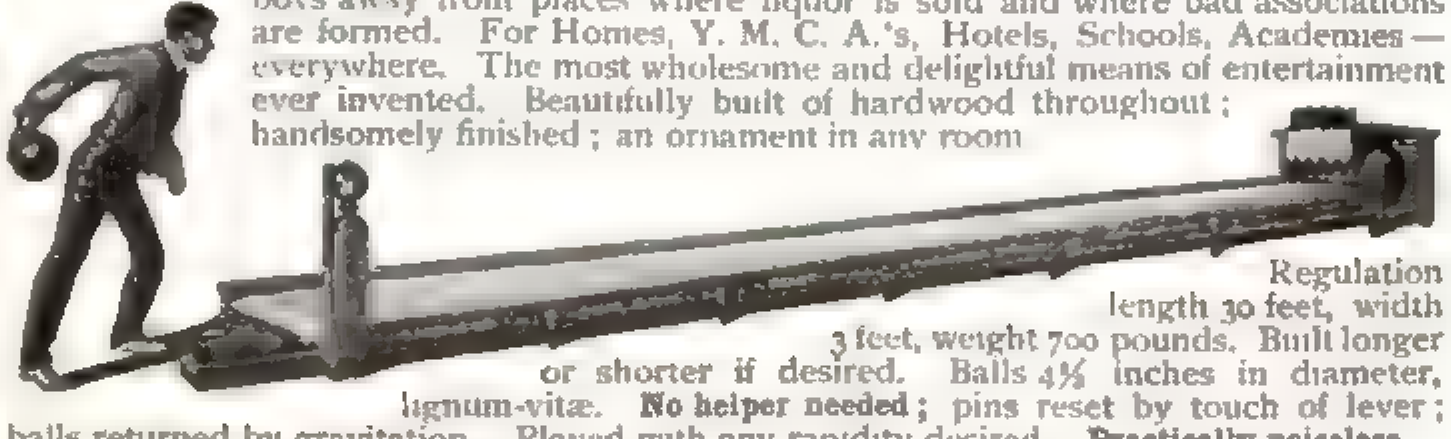

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thrust his whole face forward. Mrs. Loveredge wondered why her husband had not introduced them sooner, but was too blissful to be suspicious. The Autolycus Club was gradually changing its tone. Friends could no longer recognize each other by the voice. Every corner had its solitary student practicing high-class accent; members dropped into the habit of addressing one another as "dear chappie," and, discarding pipes, took to cheap cigars. Many of the older habitués resigned.

All might have gone well to the end of time if only Mrs. Loveredge had left all social arrangements in the hands of her husband — had not sought to aid his efforts. To a certain political garden party one day in the height of the season were invited Joseph Loveredge, editor, and Mrs. Joseph Loveredge, his wife. Mr. Joseph Loveredge at the last moment found himself unable to attend. Mrs. Joseph Loveredge went alone, met there various members of the British aristocracy. Mrs. Joseph Loveredge, accustomed to friendship with the aristocracy, felt at her ease, and was natural and agreeable. The wife of an eminent Peer talked to her and liked her. It occurred to Mrs. Joseph Loveredge that this lady might be induced to visit her house in Regent's Park, there to mingle with those of her own class.

"Lord Mount-Primrose, the Duke of Warrington, and a few others will be dining with us on Sunday next," suggested Mrs. Loveredge; "will you not do us the honor of coming? We are, of course, only simple folk ourselves, but somehow people seem to like us."

The wife of the eminent Peer looked at Mrs. Loveredge, looked round the grounds, looked at Mrs. Loveredge again, and said she should like to come. Mrs. Joseph Loveredge intended at first to tell her husband of her success; but a little devil entering into her head and telling her it would be amusing, she resolved to keep it as a surprise to be sprung upon him at eight o'clock on Sunday. The surprise proved all she could have hoped for.

The Duke of Warrington, having journalistic matters to discuss with Joseph Loveredge, arrived at half-past seven, wearing on his shirt-front a silver star, purchased in Eagle Street the day before for eight and six. There accompanied him the Lady Alexandra, wearing the identical ruby necklace that every night for the past six months and twice on Saturdays "John Strongheart" had been falsely accused of stealing. Lord Garrick, having picked up his wife (Miss Bagshot) outside the "Mother Redcap," arrived with her on foot, at a quarter to eight. Lord Mount-Primrose, together with Sir Francis Baldwin, dashed up in a hansom at seven-fifty. His Lordship, having lost the toss, paid the fare. The Honorable Harry Sykes (commonly called "the Babe") was ushered in five minutes later. The noble company assembled in the drawing-room, chatted blithely while waiting for dinner to be announced. The Duke of Warrington was telling an anecdote about a cat, which nobody appeared to believe. Lord Mount-Primrose desired to know whether by any chance it might be the same animal that every night at half-past nine had been in the habit of climbing up His Grace's railings and knocking at His Grace's door. The Honorable Harry was saying that, speaking of cats, he once had a yellow dog — when the door was thrown open and Willis announced the Lady Mary Sutton.

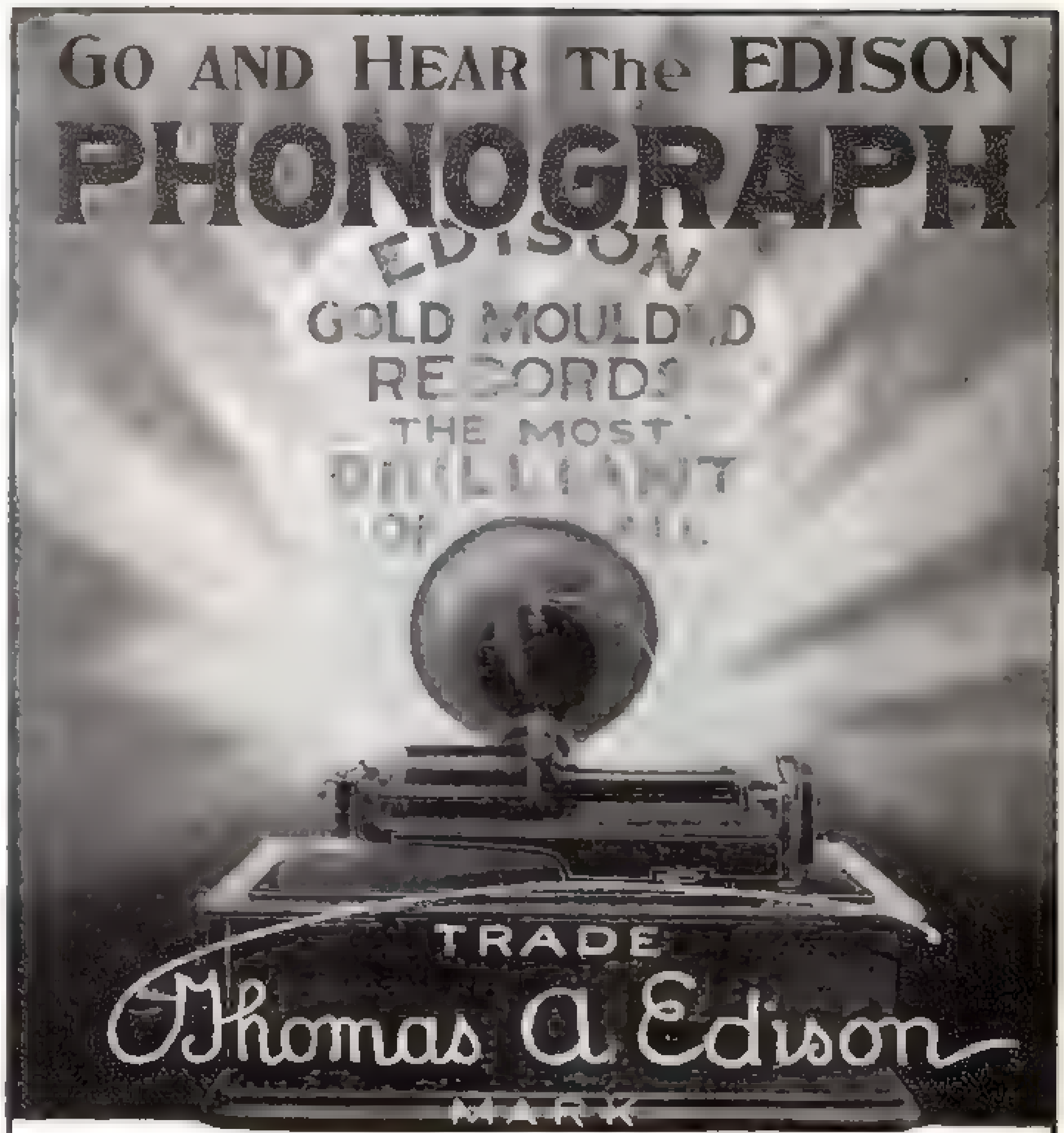
Mr. Joseph Loveredge, who was standing near the fire, rose up. Lord Mount-Primrose, who was standing near the piano, sat down. The Lady Mary Sutton paused in the doorway. Mrs. Loveredge crossed the room to greet her.

"Let me introduce you to my husband," said Mrs. Loveredge. "Joey, my dear, the Lady Mary Sutton. I met the Lady Mary at the O'Meyers' the other day, and she was good enough to accept my invitation. I forgot to tell you." Mr. Loveredge said he was delighted; after which, although as a rule a chatty man, he seemed to have nothing else to say. And a silence fell.

Somerville the Briefless — till then. That evening has always been reckoned the starting point of his career. Up till then nobody thought he had much in him — walked up and held out his hand.

"You don't remember me, Lady Mary," said the Briefless one. "I met you some years ago; we had a most interesting conversation — Sir Francis Baldwin."

The Lady Mary stood for a moment trying apparently to recollect. She was a handsome, fresh-complexioned woman of about forty, with frank, agreeable eyes. The Lady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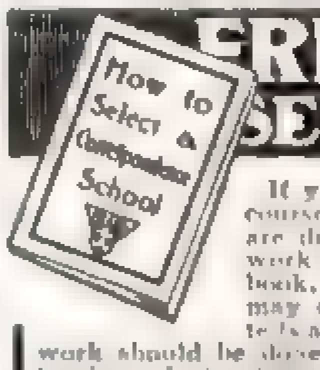
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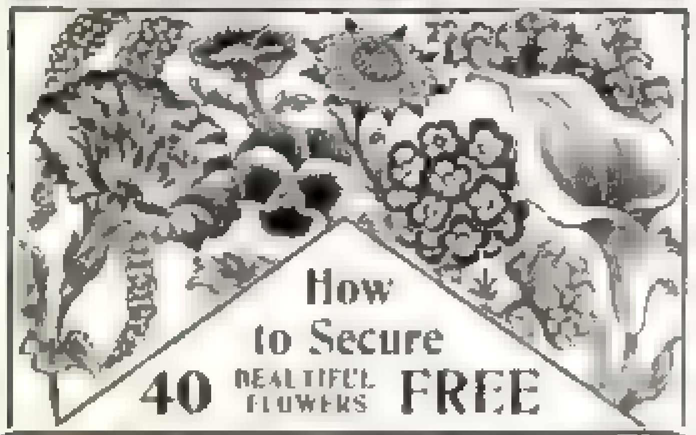
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MISS C. H. LIPPINCOTT
Minneapolis, Minn.

Mary glanced at Lord Garrick, who was talking rapidly to Lord Mount-Primrose, who was not listening, and who could not have understood even if he had been, Lord Garrick without being aware of it having dropped into broad Scotch. From him the Lady Mary glanced at her hostess, and from her hostess to her host.

The Lady Mary took the hand held out to her. "Of course," said the Lady Mary, "how stupid of me. It was the day of my own wedding, too. You really must forgive me. We talked of quite a lot of things. I remember now."

Mrs. Loveredge, who prided herself upon maintaining old-fashioned courtesies—a little surprised that her Ladyship appeared to know so few of them—proceeded to introduce the Lady Mary to her fellow-guests. Her Ladyship's greeting of the Duke of Warrington was accompanied, it was remarked, by a somewhat curious smile. To the Duke of Warrington's daughter alone did the Lady Mary address a remark.

"My dear," said the Lady Mary, "I should hardly have known you. You are really, for your age—forgive my saying so—you really are remarkably grown."

The announcement of dinner, as everybody felt, came none too soon.

It was not a merry feast. Joey told but one story; he told it three times, and twice left out the point. Lord Mount-Primrose took sifted sugar with pâté de fois gras, and ate it with a spoon. Lord Garrick, talking a mixture of Scotch and English, urged his wife to give up housekeeping and take a flat in Gower Street, which, as he pointed out, was central. She could have her meals sent in to her, and so avoid all trouble. The Lady Alexandra's behavior appeared to Mrs. Loveredge not altogether well bred. An eccentric young noblewoman Mrs. Loveredge had always found her, but wished on this occasion that she had been a little less eccentric. Every few minutes Lady Alexandra buried her face in her serviette, and shook and rocked, emitting stifled sounds, apparently those of acute physical pain. Mrs. Loveredge hoped she was not feeling ill, but the Lady Alexandra appeared incapable of coherent reply. Twice during the meal the Duke of Warrington rose from the table and began wandering round the room; on each occasion, asked what he wanted, had replied meekly that he was merely looking for his snuff-box, and had sat down again. The only person who seemed to enjoy the dinner was the Lady Mary Sutton.

The ladies retired upstairs into the drawing room. Mrs. Loveredge, breaking a long silence, remarked it as unusual that no sound of merriment reached them from the dining room. The explanation was that the entire male portion of the party on being left to themselves had immediately and in a body crept on tiptoe into Joey's study, which, fortunately, happened to be on the ground floor. Joey, unlocking the bookcase, had taken out his "Debrett," but appeared incapable of understanding it. Sir Francis Baldwin had taken it from his unresisting hands; the remaining aristocracy huddled themselves together into a corner, and waited in silence.

"I think I've got it all clearly," announced Sir Francis Baldwin, after five minutes, which to the others had been an hour. "Yes, I don't think I'm making any mistake. She's the daughter of the Duke of Truro, married in fifty-three the Duke of Warrington, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square; gave birth in fifty-five to a daughter, the Lady Grace Alexandra Warberton Sutton, which makes the child just thirteen. In sixty-three, divorced the Duke of Warrington. Lord Mount-Primrose, so far as I can make out, must be her second cousin. I appear to have married her in sixty-six, at Hastings. It doesn't seem to me that we could have got together a homelier little party to meet her even if we had wanted to."

Nobody spoke; nobody had anything particular worth saying. The door opened and the Lady Alexandra (otherwise Tommy) entered the room.

"Isn't it time," suggested the Lady Alexandra, "that some of you came upstairs?"

"I was thinking myself," explained Joey, the host, with a grim smile, "it was about time that I went out and drowned myself. The canal is handy."

"Put it off till to-morrow," Tommy advised him. "I have asked her Ladyship to give me a lift home, and she has promised to do so. She is evidently a woman with a sense of humor. Wait till after I have had a talk with her."

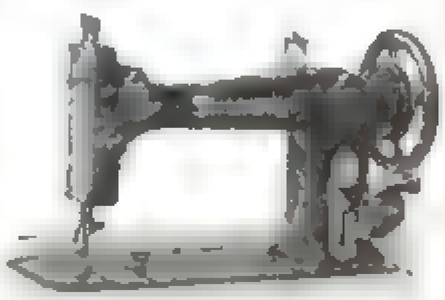
A CONTEST
ONE SEWING MACHINE FREE
Four Sewing Machines ½ Cost
Ten Sewing Machines ⅔ Cost

ALL TO BE AWARDED MARCH 31st, 1904, WHEN CONTEST CLOSES.

Young's Steinway $65.00 Machine. [illegible] SHIPPED DIRECT FROM [illegible]

The NAME of This High Grade Sewing Machine "Young's Steinway" CONTAINS 14 LETTERS

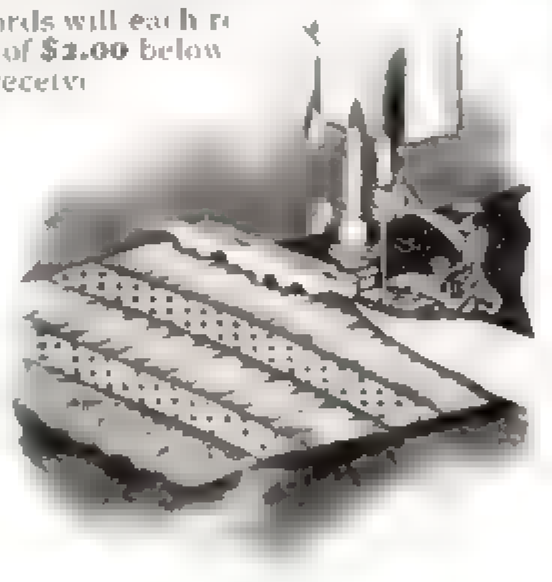
The person sending the greatest number of English [illegible] words, not proper names, made from these 14 letters will receive [illegible] High Grade Sewing Machine



ABSOLUTELY FREE

The four persons sending the next greatest number of words may each select and have any sewing machine out of our 25 styles shown in catalogue at ½ the Factory price or [illegible] agent's cost. The next ten persons sending the greatest number of words may each have one of these machines at ⅔ of the Factory price to agents. The same quality machines are selling from $45.00 to $65.00. But under the terms and conditions offered here those at ½ cost will figure $9.00 to $12.25, at [illegible] cost from $12.00 to $16.33. IN ADDITION the next one hundred persons sending the greatest list of words will each receive a "Certificate of Merit" entitling them to a rebate of $2.00 below the "factory prices" to agents. All contestants will receive some reward for their effort. Write for particulars.

Young's "Steinway"



This Machine Absolutely FREE
(With 114 Others at Great Sacrifice)

Simply as an advertisement to make every one who is interested in securing the finest, newest, most improved and best sewing machine remember the "name and the maker" of this new and superior sewing machine, the finest ever made by any factory. Our Catalogues Are Free: Finely illustrated with colored photographs of the machines "sold direct from factory," and containing a great deal of valuable information about the late things on the sewing machine subject. Ask for it. Particulars of this EASY CONTEST given on request. Write for blanks and information. Ask for catalogue B-1003.

THE HOMER YOUNG CO., Ltd.
TOLEDO, OHIO
The Machines to be Exhibited at the World's Fair, St. Louis, 1904

NOTE—[illegible] Contestants. [illegible] advertised. [illegible] ONCE

PEEP O' DAY BROODERS
LIFE PRESERVERS

The CORNELL

[illegible] patented system of temperature regulation and perfected [illegible] of ventilation. [illegible]

PEEP O' DAY BROODERS [illegible]

CORNELL INCUBATOR MFG. COMPANY
Box 82, Ithaca, N. Y.

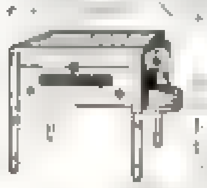
Cornell Incubator Mfg. Co.,
Ithaca, New York.
Gentlemen: The four Peep-O' Day Brooders purchased from you this spring have given the best of satisfaction. Are easy to clean and operate. Have lost no chickens, and am confident it is the best [illegible]

The WOODEN HEN

A high-class self-regulating incubator on a small scale. Fifty egg capacity. Heat, moisture and ventilation automatically and perfectly controlled. Price only $6.80.

Send for the Wooden Hen Book; mailed free, together with a book containing 14 colored views and telling all about the EXCELSIOR INCUBATOR, if you name this magazine.

GEO. H. STAHL, Quincy, Illinois

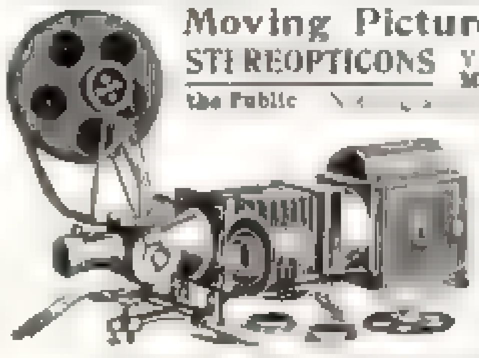

NO GAS TO KILL.

[illegible] egg [illegible] often kills [illegible]

SURE HATCH INCUBATOR

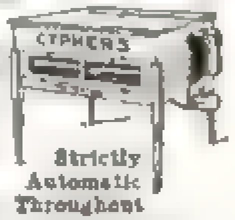
[illegible] circulator. Don't [illegible] lose good eggs experimenting [illegible] Send for free catalogue [illegible] the Sure Hatch has [illegible]

SURE HATCH INCUBATOR CO.
Clay Center, Neb., and Indianapolis, Ind.


Moving Picture Machines
STEREOPTICONS You can make BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public. [illegible]

Our Entertainment Supply Catalog [illegible] sent free.

CHICAGO PROJECTING COMPANY
225 Dearborn Street, Department L, Chicago, Ill.


The Cyphers Guarantee

[illegible] personally and is backed by [illegible] in the world. It says the

Cyphers Incubator

will give you better satisfaction, hatching more and healthier chicks with less oil [illegible] than any other or your money back. Used by more successful poultrymen than all [illegible] Catalogue free if you [illegible] Address nearest office.

CYPHERS INCUBATOR CO.
Buffalo, Chicago, New York, Boston

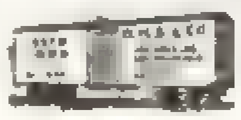
Strictly Automatic Throughout

SQUABS sell for $2.50 to $6.00 a doz.; hotels and restaurants charge 75 cents to $1.50 an order (serving one squab). There is good money breeding them; a flock makes country life pay [illegible] Squabs are raised in ONE MONTH, a woman can do all the work. No mixing feed, no night labor, no young stock to attend (parent birds do this). Send for our FREE BOOK, "How to Make Money with Squabs," and learn this rich industry. Plymouth Rock Squab Company, 2 A Friend Street, Boston, Mass.

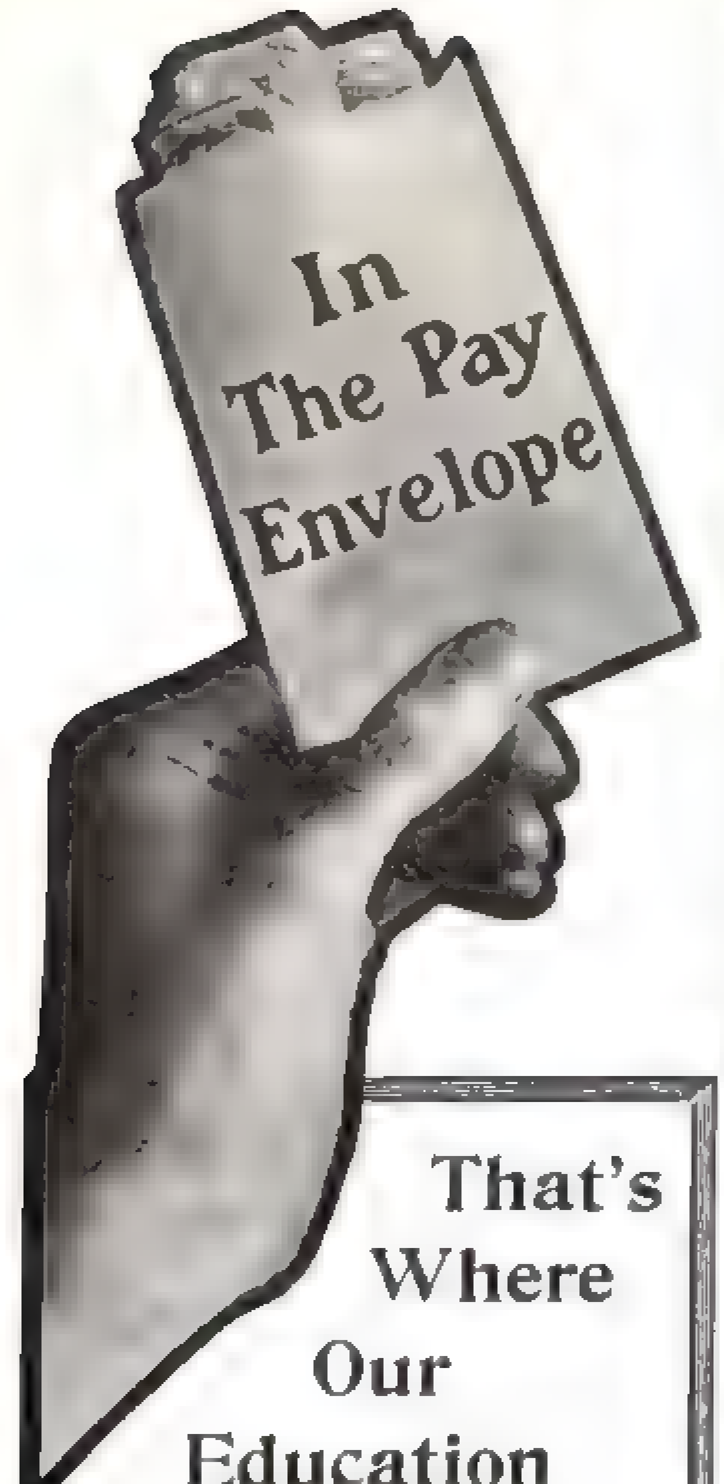
100 PER CENT. HATCHES

Our new catalogue contains hundreds of them obtained by BUCKEYE INCUBATOR users [illegible] U. S. Send for a copy and read the proof. It is free.

Buckeye Incubator Co., Box 21, Springfield, O.


REDUCED RATES on household goods [illegible]

BEKINS HOUSEHOLD SHIPPING CO.
95½ Washington St., Chicago



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"1001 Stories of Success"

gives a thousand and one examples of how our training has enabled our students to advance from low positions to higher ones. This booklet will be sent free to all who fill in and mail to us **this coupon,** and at the same time we will tell you how to qualify for the position and salary you want.

DO IT NOW

International Correspondence Schools
Box 1171, SCRANTON, PA.

Please send me your booklet, "1001 Stories of Success," and explain how I can qualify for the position before which I have marked **X**.

Mech. Engineer
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Electrician
Telephone Engineer
Steam Engineer
Marine Engineer
Civil Engineer
Surveyor
Mining Engineer
Architect
Textile Expert
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Orn. Designer
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[illegible]
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SEEDS MEET ALL NEEDS

Experience has established it as a fact. Sold by all dealers. You sow — they grow. **1904 Seed Annual** post-paid free to all applicants.

D. M. FERRY & CO.
Detroit, Mich.

Six men, whispering at the same time, were prepared with advice, but Tommy was not taking advice.

"Come upstairs, all of you," insisted Tommy, "and make yourselves agreeable. She's going in a quarter of an hour."

Six silent men, the host leading, the two husbands bringing up the rear, went up the stairs, each with the sensation of being twice his usual weight. Six silent men entered the drawing-room and sat down on chairs. Six silent men tried to think of something interesting to say.

Miss Bagshot — it was that or hysterics, as she afterward explained — stifling a sob, opened the piano. Miss Bagshot was a poor performer at the best of times, and the only thing she could remember was Champagne Charlie is my Name, a song then popular in the Halls. Five men, when she had finished, begged her to go on. Miss Bagshot explained it was the only tune she knew. Four of them begged her to play it again. Miss Bagshot played it a second time, with involuntary variations.

The Lady Mary's carriage was announced by the imperturbable Willis. The party, with the exception of the Lady Mary and the hostess, suppressed with difficulty an inclination to burst into a cheer. The Lady Mary thanked Mrs. Loveredge for a most interesting evening, and beckoned Tommy to accompany her. With her disappearance a wild hilarity, uncanny in its suddenness, took possession of the remaining guests.

A few days later the Lady Mary's carriage again drew up before the little house in Regent's Park. Mrs. Loveredge, fortunately, was at home. The carriage remained waiting for quite a long time. Mrs. Loveredge, after it was gone, locked herself in her own room. The under-housemaid reported to the kitchen that passing the door she had detected sounds indicative of strong emotion.

Through what ordeal Joseph Loveredge passed was never known. For a few weeks the Autolycus Club missed him. Then gradually, as aided by time they have a habit of doing, things righted themselves. Joseph Loveredge received his old friends; his friends received Joseph Loveredge. Mrs. Loveredge, as a hostess, came to have only one failing: a marked coldness of demeanor toward all people with titles.

◆

From the Czar to Young America

HONORABLE CARTER GLASS, Member of the House of Representatives from the Sixth Virginia District, is of the opinion that in the conflict between Russia and Japan he will take sides with Russia.

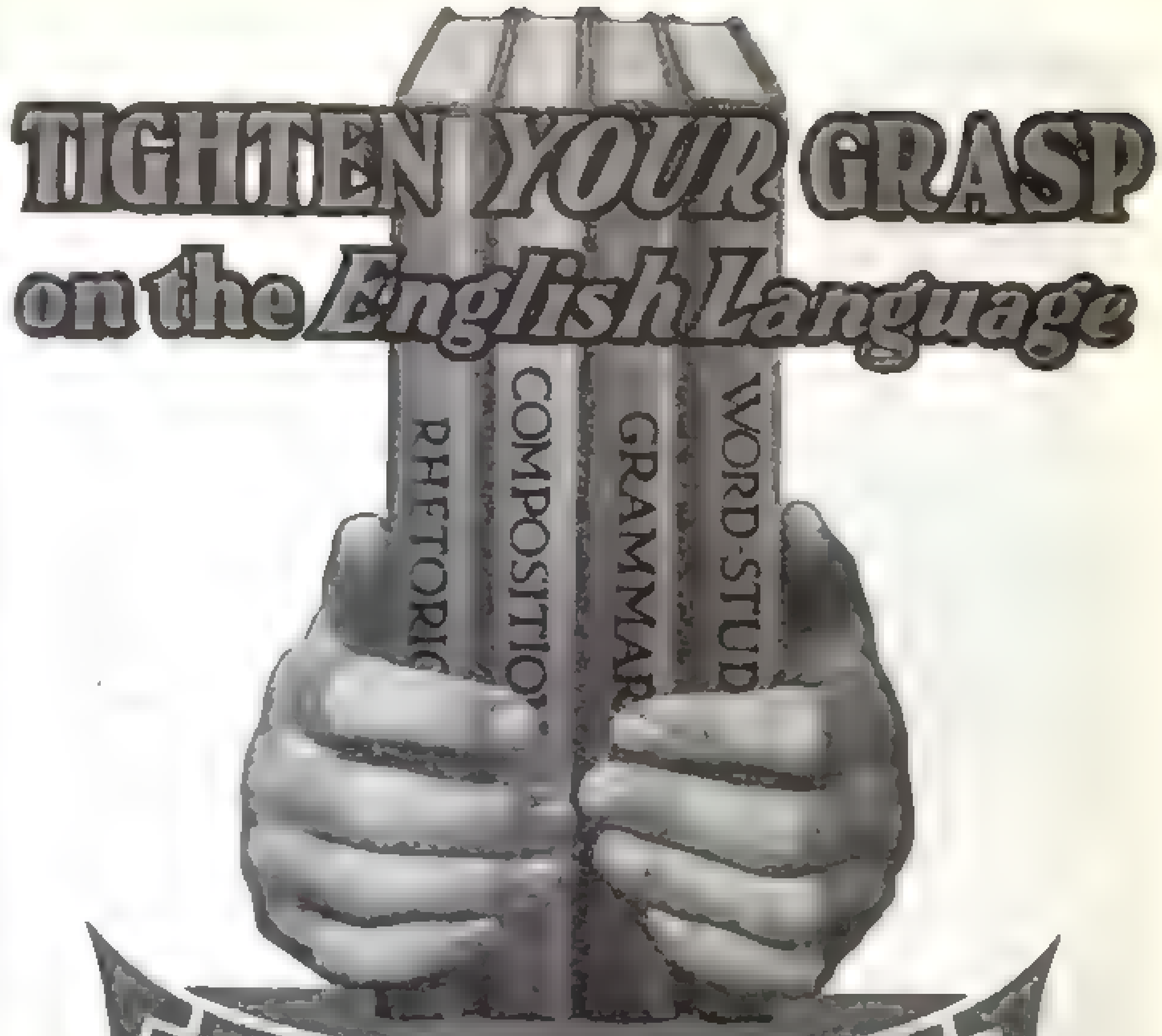
"One afternoon some time ago," said Mr. Glass in the cloakroom of the House the other day, "a large envelope came to my house through the mail, addressed to my son, Powell, who was then a boy about eleven years old. The packet bore the imperial seal of Russia, the wax put on over a gaudy ribbon or two. In the envelope were perhaps twenty Russian stamps of various denominations, and a half-dozen stamped newspaper wrappers. Accompanying the stamps was a letter from Count Cassini, the Russian Ambassador at Washington, saying that, by the special direction of His Imperial Majesty the Czar of the Russias, he transmitted therewith Russian stamps and wrappers of all denominations. He stated that he was further directed by His Imperial Majesty to express the hope that my boy would grow up to be a good and useful citizen, and that he might some day be the President of the United States.

"I was astounded," continued Mr. Glass, "and questioned Powell as to how he came to receive the stamps.

"'I wrote and asked him for 'em,' he said.

"'What did you say to him in the letter?' I asked, and then he told me that he just wrote asking the Czar to send him the stamps, that he was a little boy who was collecting stamps and could not get any of Russia's. He told me that he began the letter, 'Dear Czar,' and that he directed it to 'The Czar, Russia.' He said he knew the Czar was certain to get it, as there was only one in Russia.

"I confess that I have ever since that time had a warm place in my heart for a man who, though the ruler over a hundred million people, had a heart kind enough to forget the cares of state long enough to grant the request of an obscure American boy, thousands of miles away."



WHAT kind of English do you use in your correspondence? Are you careless in your daily use of words? Are slips of speech habitual with you? Do you allow these slips — unintentionally perhaps — to enter into your correspondence? If you do, you are losing your grasp on one of the essentials of success.

The arguments of an illiterate salesman would not influence *you*. How do you expect to command attention and respect by poorly worded and weakly expressed arguments in your own correspondence?

Good English is a force that wins admiration, commands respect, influences opinion, secures success. It pays to embody in your correspondence that smooth, easy, winning tone that leaves a pleasant sense of well-expressed ideas and convincing argument. It's a duty to yourself, as well as to your house, to "Tighten Your Grasp on the English Language."

The man who can help you is Sherwin Cody. He has an international reputation as an expert in English for Business Men. He is the consulting expert for many of the largest houses in America, who desire to improve the English used by their Correspondents. He has now put his private lessons into four handy little volumes (time saving size), seven complete Courses, Word Study, Grammar, Punctuation, Composition, Business Letter Writing, Story Writing, Creative Composition, hitherto sold in typewritten form for $15 to $25 for each separate course. These books contain everything that will help [illegible] that is mere lumber.

The novel treatment [illegible] important points characterize these books above all others. The letters of our leading concerns, letters that are [illegible] bringing business, are reproduced and criticised. The masterpieces of our greatest authors are so discussed that their methods and styles become as familiar to you as your own. In fact, these are eminently a set of books for the busy man, so arranged and condensed [illegible] devoted to their perusal will give you a surprisingly better [illegible] English. To read them through means a liberal education [illegible] study them gives one a mastery of effective Anglo-Saxon.

Whatever Your Line — Whatever You Do These Books Are For YOU

For Business Managers. — Several large wholesale houses have introduced Mr. Cody's books [illegible] English [illegible] stenographer to the [illegible].

For Credit Men. — Here is a point for you. [illegible] to learn yourself, and you will find that the credit of your house will improve [illegible] if you see that every letter that goes out is the best.

For Young Business Men. — If you want the touch, the snap, the tone of "words that win" in the [illegible] both a scholar and [illegible] of straight [illegible] your daily [illegible].

For Advertisement Writers. — [illegible] creep into y[illegible]. The only way to avoid errors is to have a good reference work constantly at hand.

For Correspondents. — Don't [illegible] book.

For Stenographers. — The only way to get a better salary is to improve your English. Keep Mr. Cody's books at your elbow and in six months you will be worth twice what you are [illegible].

Let Mr. Cody teach you [illegible] style, his easily grasped rules, his masterly treatment of every side of English as embodied in these four books of his. Get them on your desk — in your [illegible] to-day.

When I am at home, Sherwin Cody's books are always on my study table. [illegible] in my grip. [illegible] every spare moment can be improved to decided financial advantage.
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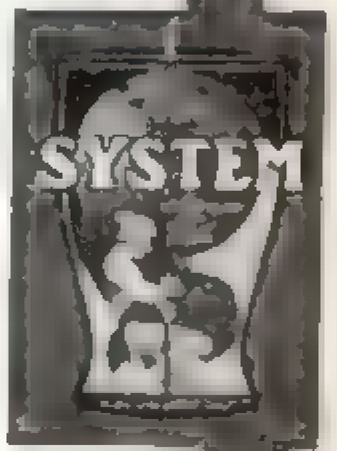
Advertising Copy [illegible]

I took volume four up [illegible] sniff and laid it down with respect. [illegible] most sensible treatise on the short story that has yet appeared in England.
I. ZANGWILL
Novelist, in Pall Mall [illegible]

[illegible] certainly give big value for the money.
JOHN LEE MAHIN
Pres. Mahin [illegible]

I [illegible] Books [illegible]
E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS, LL.D.
[illegible]



$5.00 for $3.00 This set of FOUR BOOKS, containing seven complete home-study courses, costs $3.00. SYSTEM, the magazine, $2.00 per year. Both — the books and the magazine — will be sent, prepaid, for $3.00, if you mention *The Saturday Evening Post* — $5.00 if not.

System is essential to business success. And so is SYSTEM, the magazine. It tells every month all the new business tricks that save time — all the little office wrinkles that save worry. Through SYSTEM you can learn all that any one can possibly tell you about system and business methods. 162 or more pages monthly crammed full of business ideas for YOU. The regular reading of SYSTEM will solve your business perplexities — but if it does not, SYSTEM has a staff of experts — practical business men who will answer your questions free.

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and the name of your dealer. If he doesn't sell Oilycream, and we will send you by return mail a **Full Size**

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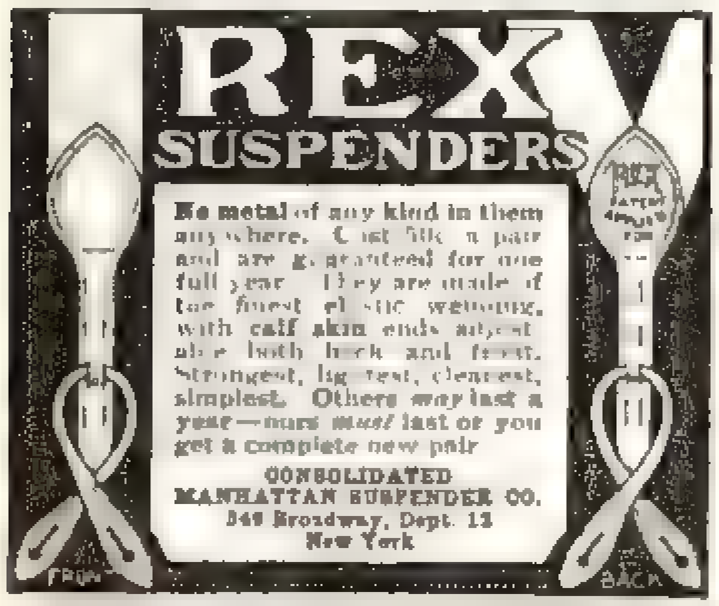
tube contains enough for about 100 shines, and the polish is so durable that one or two applications a week will be sufficient. It does not leak or spill, and can be carried in your trunk, bag, or pocket without danger of soiling. A felt dauber and woolen polishing cloth, making a complete polishing outfit, in every 25c box.

Ask your dealer for it

WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO.
Dept. P **Cambridge, Mass.**



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No metal of any kind in them anywhere. Cost 50c a pair and are guaranteed for one full year. They are made of the finest elastic webbing, with calf skin ends adjustable both back and front. Strongest, lightest, cleanest, simplest. Others *may* last a year—ours *must* last or you get a complete new pair

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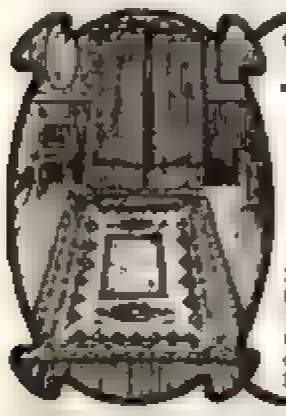

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Oddities & Novelties of Every-Day Science

WHAT PEOPLE SPEND FOR FOOD — The cost of living has increased steadily since 1896.

THE Department of Commerce has recently made an exhaustive inquiry into the money spent for food by families of small or moderate means in this country, the investigation being confined to the households of wage-workers and salaried men earning not over $1200 a year.

As a result, it was ascertained that the average income of such families was $827, and that the average expenditure for all purposes was $768. The average amount spent for food was $327, or about forty-two per cent. The average cost of food per family in 1896 was only $296. In 1902 it was $344

Every householder knows how the cost of food has gone up during the last few years but it is interesting to have definite figures on the subject. It seems that this important item of family expenditure reached its highest in 1902, when it was eleven per cent above the average for the ten years from 1890 to 1899 inclusive. The year of lowest prices was 1896, when food cost sixteen per cent less than in 1902. These data were obtained by taking the prices of 814 retail merchants for a period covering the last thirteen years

It was found that the average family devoted fourteen per cent. of its expenditure to clothing, a little over five per cent. to fuel and lights, and three and one-half per cent. for furniture and utensils. For tobacco one and four-tenths per cent. was spent.

The increased cost of food is offset to a considerable extent by better wages. In years of low prices wages are low and employment irregular, whereas in years of high prices wages are high and employment steady.

PROGRESS IN FIREPROOF CONSTRUCTION — Emphasis is to be laid on methods as well as on materials.

IN THE building trades what are considered incombustible materials are those that will not burn or produce flame when subjected to a heat of from 2000 to 3000 degrees Fahrenheit. Brick, stone, terra cotta, wire-glass, iron, steel and concrete are included in this list.

"Incombustible materials are necessarily fireproof," said the superintendent of the Department of Buildings in one of the leading American cities. Although cast-iron will not burn, he cited the case of the destruction by fire of a big "fireproof" building that had unprotected columns of cast-iron. The fierce heat caused them to bulge, and roof and floors fell in. On the other hand, a large structure, one-half of which consisted of yellow pine, took fire. The wooden portion was totally destroyed, but the other half, the iron and steel columns of which were protected by concrete, remained intact, in spite of the great heat. When the fire was over, these protected columns stood just as they were first constructed. Emphasis is therefore laid upon the fact that the manner of construction is of more importance than the use of incombustible material

One-third of the loss by fire in the United States is due to what is known as the exposure hazard. As fire is communicated from building to building almost always through windows or other apertures, and as these must be kept open either for traffic or the passage of light and air, building experts have there centred their greatest ingenuity. From the iron shutter to the tin-clad wooden shutter was a step in advance, but not a satisfactory one for all purposes. Wire embedded in glass was the next improvement. It resisted fire of the greatest intensity, and, at the same time, was easily broken by the firemen when they wished to gain convenient access at any point.

In New York and other cities buildings have recently been constructed in complete accordance with fireproof plans designed by progressive experts. In building the St Bartholomew's Clinic, New York City, the arrangement was to make it both germproof and absolutely fireproof. The only combustible things in the institution are the pieces of hardwood furniture in the office of the trustees. The architect wanted to install stone furniture even there, but the officials voted in favor of comfort. As it is, it is said that there is probably less combustible material in this building than in any other structure in the United States.

Twenty thousand shoe stores

You can buy Selz shoes in nearly twenty thousand shoe stores, in all parts of the country.

Go into the first one you come to; ask for Selz Royal Blue $3.50 shoe; if they can't fit you, send to us.

One pair of Royal Blue shoes will teach you more about real shoe quality, ease, service, than all the other shoes you ever wore.

You'll find out what real shoe excellence is; and that you can get it for $3.50.

We make shoes for men, women and children; the name Selz on a shoe is like the "Sterling" mark on silver: good shoe.

SELZ
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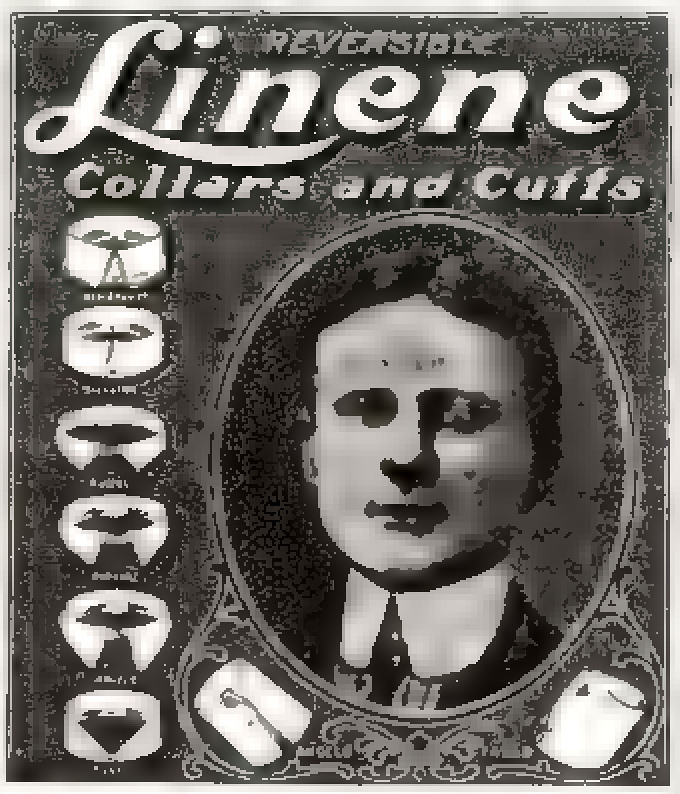
Largest makers of good shoes in the world



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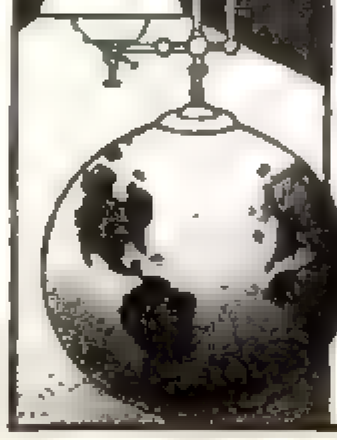
No Washing or Ironing

When soiled, discard. **We send by mail ten collars or five pairs of cuffs for 30c.** Send 6c in U. S. stamps for sample collar or pair of cuffs. Name size and style

Reversible Collar Co., Dept. 7, Boston



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In practically every instance my system of physical culture for women brings immediate improvement in health and appearance.

The cheeks become full and rosy, the neck well rounded, blending almost imperceptibly into a well developed chest, the arms firm and round.

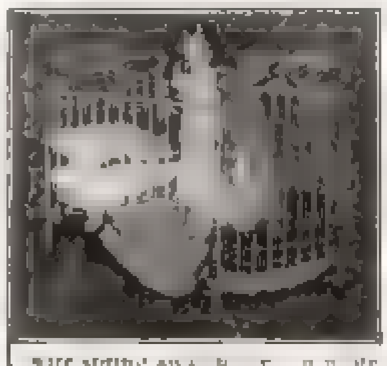
Healthful sleep and good digestion are certain to result.

My system is simple, requiring no apparatus, no unpleasant dieting, only a little of your time and a willingness to follow my instructions.

Tell me your height and I will send you, free, one of my special individual charts, obtainable nowhere else, showing what all your other measurements should be. I will also illustrate correct poise and tell you how you can secure it.

Prudence Barnard, Directress

The Grecian School of Physical Culture
1532 Manhattan Building, Chicago



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with high sliding sides and closely spaced spindles, prevent Mothers worrying, as the Baby can't fall out, climb over or stick its head through. Fitted with high grade woven wire spring and [illegible] enamel or glass. Ask your dealer for Foster's No. 40 Ideal Crib

All our goods [illegible] IDEAL this trade mark

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This book, "HOME HEATING," is full of information about Hot Water Heating; not technical but in plain language; should be in the hands of every home owner. It explains the Heating Problem from 15 years' practical experience. It tells of the Andrews System of Hot Water Heating (adapted to new and old houses), and of the Andrews Mail Order Method, which has built up a large business all over the United States, Canada and Alaska. All the work is done at our factory; the job is shipped complete, ready for any carpenter or mechanic to erect. By preparing accurate plans with full bills of materials (all subject to owner's approval before contract is made) there are no vexatious mistakes and delays. The material is shipped from Minneapolis or branch in Buffalo, N. Y., and radiators (70 per cent. of the weight) from nearest distributing point. Old houses easily fitted.

PLANS For Piping Any House **$2.00** We make estimates fre[illegible] rough sketch with meas[illegible]

19 GLOBE BUILDING, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN

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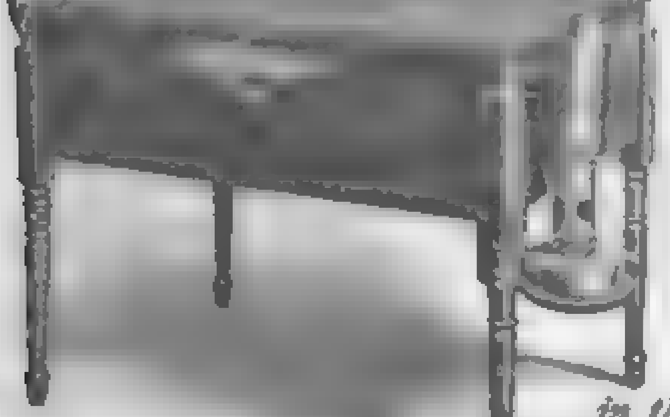
I Have Sold Thousands

of high bred fowls and thousands of sittings of eggs to readers of the **Saturday Evening Post**, but I'm not quite satisfied yet; I want more orders, because I have, as a whole, the finest collection of fowls (all varieties) ever raised in America. My prices are right—and every bird must be as represented, or your money back. I also make the

IDEAL Incubators and Brooders

and sell them on **30 Days Trial**. They are made by a "man who knows" what practical poultry raisers need; they are absolutely automatic and self-regulating; they require no experience; they will last a lifetime; I ask no fancy prices for them and I give you **30 Days** free trial before I take your money for them. If I did not live up to this proposition to the letter, reliable papers would not print this advertisement.

Poultry and Incubator Book Free—with illustrations and descriptions of leading varieties; plans for poultry houses, feeding directions, etc



J. W. Miller Company,
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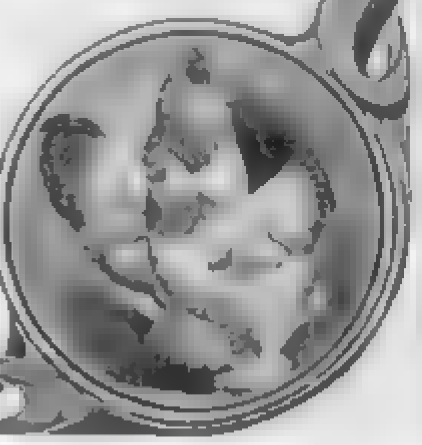

One Hundred and Thirty-five Acres in the Milhook Poultry Farm.

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—any kind, any size, in any City, State or Territory in the United States, write to me. I have, or can quickly find, just the property you want to buy at just the price you ought to pay.

W. M. OSTRANDER
Department B
384 North American Bldg.
PHILADELPHIA

About the Teaching of AD=WRITING

After all the true test of the merit of instruction is in the ability of the graduate. In the Helms course pupils receive *personal instruction.* Each student is taught as if he or she were the only one taking lessons. There are no form letters. Every exercise that leaves this office is accompanied by a dictated letter that *explains.* Besides, the pupils are invited to ask questions about any features that may appear be[illegible] [illegible] there be any better way of teach[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]'s a keen [illegible] for good ad-writers—such [illegible] are the graduates of this course. For instance, one large employer of ad-writers—the head of a syndicate of forty retail stores—has accepted four of my graduates—one at $50 a week. This man writes me: "Mr. Helms, I will take ten more men of the same kind that you have sent me."

Whether you enroll with the purpose of making the profession of advertising your life work, or whether you study under my guidance so as to apply to your business the knowledge thus gained, your investment with me must prove a profitable one. It has so proved with my pupils everywhere. Here are just a few, from many, of the recent successes of graduates of this course

[illegible] man [illegible] $ [illegible] graduate [illegible] in a position [illegible] for him [illegible] $ [illegible] recitation, he [illegible] of an advertis[illegible] $ [illegible]

A Brooklyn bookkeeper—former salary $18—has just resigned a $40 a week advertising position for which I fitted him. He is making $60 to $75 as a "free lance." Writing for a number of clients, [illegible] his services [illegible] exclusively.

[illegible], Va., young [illegible] at the little salary of $15—upon my advice. She received two [illegible] of five dollars [illegible] other of ten [illegible]

A [illegible] salary $14, be[illegible] [illegible]

A Newton, N. J., man [illegible] $ [illegible]

[illegible] teacher from a New England [illegible] ager for a New York department store for which position this course fitted her

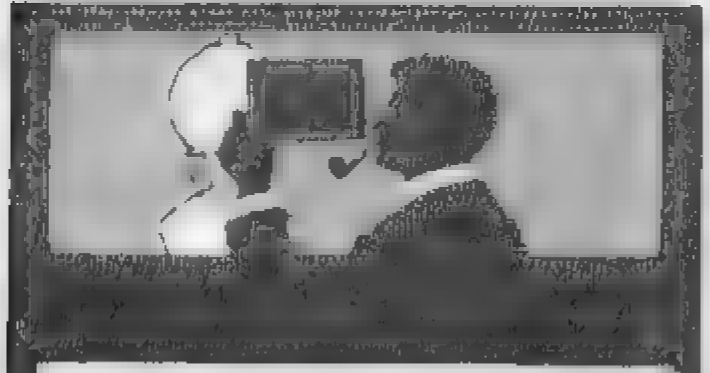
During the past year two doctors, two [illegible]

My enrollment list to-day comprises the names of at [illegible] men and women [illegible] every walk of life, find them [illegible] for more re[illegible] which is readily secure

I prefer earnest men and women in this course those who are willing to do some thinking about the work presented to them in my printed matter and personal letters. If you are one of that kind, write to me and I'll tell you more about my methods for helping you to a much larger salary. I will also give you names of as many graduates as you may wish to write to in order to assure yourself of the value of this course

ELMER HELMS
Formerly Ad-writer for John Wanamaker
Room 88, 11 E. 16th St., New York

ELMER HELMS
formerly ad-writer for John Wanamaker, who gives personal attention to every lesson of every pupil



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Price per dozen, - 20 cents

ALL DEALERS

NEPERA DIVISION
EASTMAN KODAK CO., Rochester, N.Y.

Die Auswanderer

[illegible]nued from Page 9)

vehement was she that the superintendent and surgeon threw up their hands and allowed her to have her way. So she took little Michael into the women's apartments and gave him so fine a warm bath, with such a plenty of soapsuds, that he crowed like a young rooster

"See a boy!" said Esther's mother and held him up rosy for all to see, and later, with his glowing face, confronted the superintendent triumphant

It was against all the rules that Esther's mother should go in the train for Hamburg. But she hung on to little Michael, to whom she was so soon to say "Good by"—hung on so tightly that when the train started the superintendent said something to the guard and handed him a paper, the guard in reply said "Very good—Berlin," that and something else, and Esther's mother, happy and smiling, stayed aboard

Everybody in the car felt sorry for Esther's mother and smiled at her and the baby when they saw that she had had her way

All that night and all next morning they were confined in the rickety car, on the side of which, in large, black letters, were the words *Russische Auswanderer.* At times along the way there were stations where, the guard's vigilance relaxing, the more active of them might have had time to run out and procure needful things, but if their own guard was careless, others were not so, and they were soon rushed back. Everybody seemed to think that, whoever else were accorded privileges, these lowly strangers, at least, should be given no liberty

The young fellow Ivan, who had been to America before, explained how it was. "Some years ago some people—not our people, but others of Russia—carried the cholera into Hamburg and so on to America, and since then none of our day are allowed to leave the cars until we are in Hamburg, and there we leave them only for the Auswandererhallen, and there it is lock and key also until we are on the steamer. I know, for it was so when I went before also, although, by St. Nicholas, it seems harder now. Next time, should I ever come back again, I return third-class—no less."

At Bromberg, which is well on toward Berlin, a boy having grapes for sale halted under the window of the car. "Ah," sighed Esther, "if the babies had but a handful!" Old Joseph, leaning out, motioned for the full of his hat, and handed down a ruble. The boy shook his head

"He will have none of your Russian money," said Ivan. "He wants German money. I remember now that it was so before"

"But I have no German money," said poor Joseph, and was drawing in his head disconsolate when they were perceived by a young fellow whom they had themselves already noticed as one who seemed to have no other business than to walk the platform and observe the people about him. He was neither German nor Russian they saw at once. To him, when he came over, Ivan handed Joseph's ruble and spoke some words in the strange tongue with which he used to converse with the superintendent at the control-station, when he wished to show that he had been to America

The young stranger nodded, and for Joseph's ruble handed back German money. "Two marks and fifteen pfennigs"—they knew that much of German money—and then stopping the fruit boy, he purchased the platter of grapes and handed it up to Esther's mother. Further, he ran off and came back with a precious orange for each of the children. Little Michael's hand was not large enough to hold his. "There," said Ivan proudly, "that is the American kind. Money—they have it like dirt to spend—these rich Americans. You will find them everywhere."

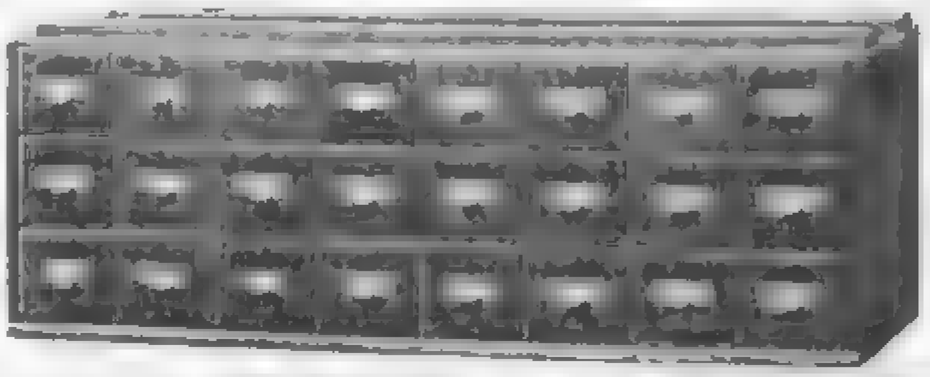
"Not many of them come to Poland," said old Joseph; "or, if so, I never saw them in our village"

Esther's mother fed the orange to little Michael. Between mouthfuls she hugged him tight, and in his ear whispered: "Ah, my little Michael, some day—who can say—you also will be rich, with money to spend like that, and with the money there will also be horses and carriages and grand houses and servants. And maybe I shall live to see it, and if so it may be that I shall be allowed there—in the grand house—in

Master the Details of Your Business

by using the Ready-Made, Time-Saving, Grow-as-You-Grow

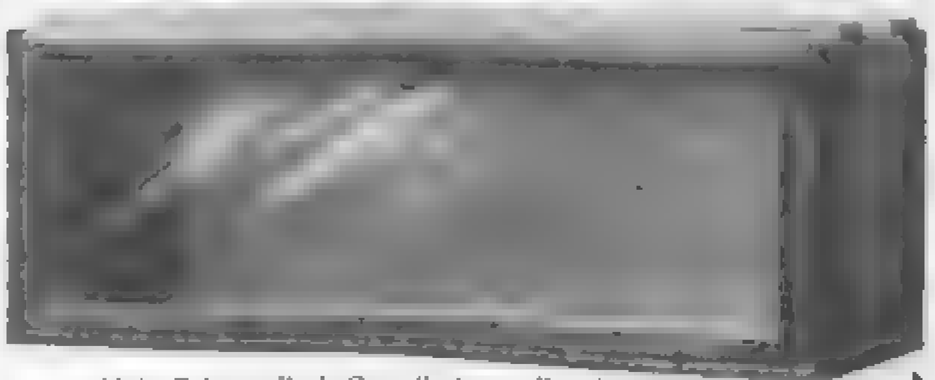
Multi=Cabinets



Multi-Cabinet Pigeon-Hole Section [illegible] 24 apartments into which fit strongly made wooden boxes with quartered oak fronts, [illegible] and polished solid partitions between [illegible] each box absolutely dust proof. Inside [illegible] 4½ in. wide, 11¼ in. [illegible]

[illegible] Check File System [illegible] filing canceled checks, notes, [illegible] drafts and similar papers [illegible] smaller are filed [illegible] and kept in place [illegible]

Multi-[illegible] with illustrated



Multi-Cabinet Book Case Section. Fitted with dust proof glass doors, which, when not in use, are pushed into the sections out of the way. Inside measurements, 13½ in. high, 39 in. wide and 15 in. deep

Send for a Catalog of
Multi=Cabinets

[illegible] solve your off[illegible] money and time. You'll be [illegible] at the many unique ideas for transacting business that are contained in the catalog. It matters not what your business may be [illegible] should get this

Multi-Cabinets are ready made and the result of combined ideas. They are for Card Systems, Card Ledgers, Letter, Document, Sample and Miscellaneous Filing. You need them. Write the nearest [illegible]

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Horace H. Jackson.
BURLINGTON, IOWA
Acres, Blackmar & Company
CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]man Bassett Hatch Company
COLUMBIA, MISSOURI
[illegible] Typewriter Exchange
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J. Wilson Gibbs

DAVENPORT, IOWA
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George A. Miller Printing Company
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Barker Brothers
MILWAUKEE, WIS.
William C. Krew
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[illegible], NEBRASKA
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[illegible], PENNSYLVANIA
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TOPEKA, KANSAS
M. L. Zercher Book Stationery Co.
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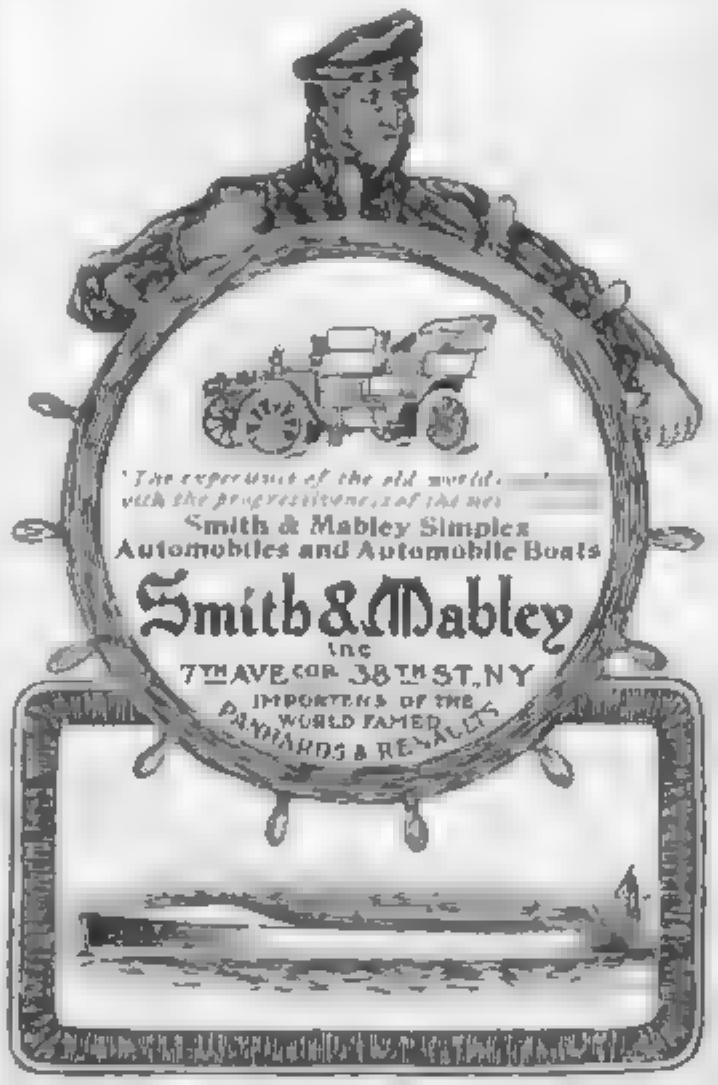
Mercantile Printing Company.



"The experience of the old world [illegible] with the progressiveness of the new [illegible]"
Smith & Mabley Simplex
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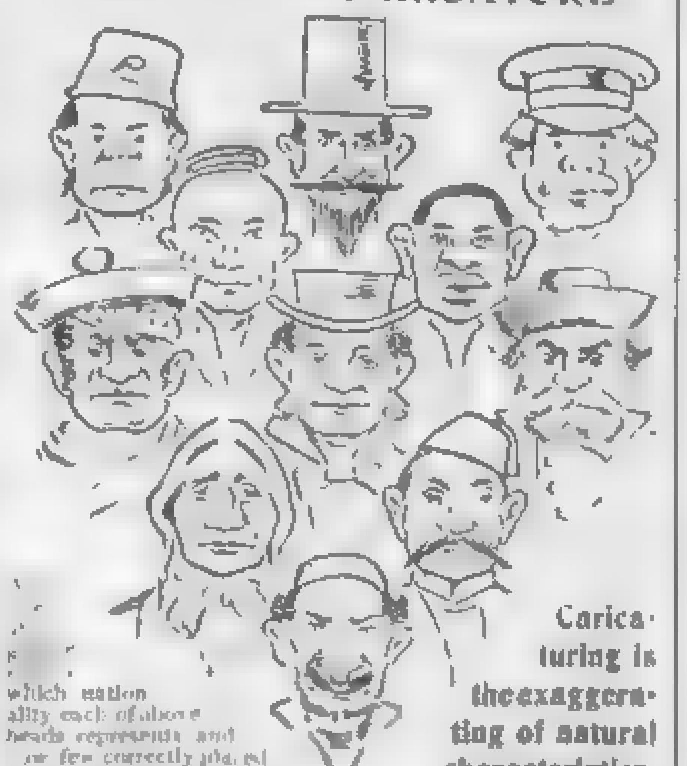
THE ART OF CARICATURE



Caricaturing is the exaggerating of natural characteristics.

[illegible] which nationality each of above heads represents and how few correctly placed lines tell the whole story

Study this interesting work for pleasure or profit. The book is complete, clever and an education. If you [illegible] interested in the subject you will make [illegible] sending for it immediately

Price 50 Cents—Postpaid

[illegible] with an order for "How to Illustrate," [illegible] Page 24 of THE SATURDAY EVENING [illegible] February 13th, may be had for 25 cents. *Remit by [illegible], P. O. Money Order, or Registered Letter*

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to call on business and professional men by introduction and request *only;* must engage with view to permanency; have good address and executive ability and be capable of presenting in forceful and convincing manner, a strictly high-grade proposition; preference given to man from 25 to 45 years. Compensation $4000 annually.

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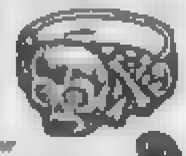

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Sterling Silver—Heavy—Set with Ruby or Emerald Eyes—Unique and Attractive—You will be delighted—Mailed promptly on receipt of price and measurement of your finger. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. The J. Arthur Co., Manufacturing Jewelers
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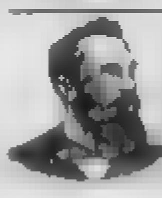
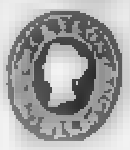


I, [illegible] want everyone to know all about the Natural Hen Incubator. A 200 Egg Hatcher Costs But $3 [illegible] Agents Wanted [illegible]
Catalogue and 25c Lice Formula FREE. Address Natural Hen Incubator Co. B103, Columbus, Neb.



STAMPS! 50 diff. China, Old Mex., P. Rico, etc., and Album, only 5c. 100 diff. China, Peru, Hawaii, etc., only 10c. Agents wanted 50 [illegible] per cent. dis. New 66 pp. Cat. and $1 worth of coupons free! We buy stamps and collections.

STANDARD STAMP CO., St. Louis, Mo.

SEND NO MONEY

We want you to examine and try on our **$10.00 All Wool Tailor Made Suits** before paying out one cent, and know for yourself that our suits are strictly **All Wool**, properly tailored and perfect fitting. You will find them as good in every respect as suits you have paid $13.00 to $15.00 for.

10,000 Pair of $5.00 Tailor Made Trousers

FREE

with the **first 10,000** orders.

OUR OFFER: **Providing** you will agree to hand 10 envelopes containing our **All Wool Suit and Pant** samples, catalogue, tape measure and **Special Offer** to ten men in your [illegible] [illegible] money to buy clothes [illegible] **liberal offer, we will give you a pair of our regular $5 Tailor Made Trousers** (any color you may select from our samples) **FREE** with one of our **$10 All Wool Tailor Made Suits.**

We make your suit and trousers exactly as ordered and send them to your express office for you to examine and try on. If you find them both as offered, pay the express agent $10.00 and the express charges, and both the All Wool Suit and the extra pair of $5 Trousers are yours.

The ten envelopes you are to distribute will be sent in the box with your suit. Read this offer over again carefully, then write today for free samples of our $10 Suiting (including Clay Worsteds, Thibets, Serges, Cassimeres in Black, Blue, Brown, Grey and Handsome Mixtures), also separate trouser samples, tape line and instructions for taking measurements and Special Offer.

Remember we take all the risk.

Reference—Milwaukee Avenue State Bank, Chicago.
Capital Stock $ [illegible]

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Welch's Grape Juice

embodying all that is of value in the grape; the skin, seeds and fibrous pulp eliminated, is a nutrient tonic for the sick, a delicious, health-giving beverage for the well.

Sold by druggists and grocers. Be sure you get Welch's. Booklet free. 3-oz bottle by mail, 10c.

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$1000.00 FOR SHORT STORIES

Ainslee's Magazine

offers the above sum for four dramatic, original, well-written short stories, American in setting and color.

For particulars see the current number of Ainslee's.

GINSENG and GOLDEN SEAL. The most profitable crops raised. Room in your garden to grow thousands of dollars worth. Our illustrated book tells all about it and about marketing, with 1904 price list of northern roots and seed, mailed free.

J. L. HOBSON, West Union, Iowa

a little back room up under the roof with nobody to see me, but from where I can look and see all, knitting your socks for the bad weather and putting the letters on the fine linen you will have then. Is it not so, my little Michael!" and little Michael held his mouth up for more orange.

Not long after that it came to an end—at Berlin, where the train made a long halt. Esther's mother had almost forgotten that she was not to go, and was beginning to believe that she would yet be allowed to stay. But here was a new guard, one with less kindness than the other. He pulled out a paper and came through the car calling loudly her name

"Sarah—I cannot read it—but Sarah something, an old woman." She had no cause to answer—the pitiful look that came to her worn old face would have made her known out of a multitude

She pleaded with this one, even as she had with the doctor and superintendent, and up to the last moment hoped that she might win him over. But this was one who dared not or could not go beyond orders—out of the car he lifted her as the train moved—out and on to the platform

And after her came old Joseph. He had stopped not for bundles or boxes, but jumped off like a youth of twenty

"You must tell her all," called Esther after him

"I will tell her"

It was a most unheard-of thing, this leaving the car by one against whom no objection was made, and the astounded guard, with no precedent to help him out, was at a loss what to do. He gesticulated in bewilderment, but the train moved out

Esther's mother did not see Joseph. She had eyes only for little Michael with his arms reaching out of the window toward her, out over his mother's shoulder, as though for something he missed

Long after the train was out of sight she stood there, despairing. Only when fatigue compelled her did she move to a bench, and then only to cast her weary body down and hold a tight hand to her aching eyes and head. Joseph, saying nothing, sat on another bench

By and by, the train that was to take her back to Russia came, and, arising, she saw him sitting there

"You, Joseph? And why? Why, oh, Joseph, did you turn back, too?"

"Why? Why! As if you did not know You in Poland, and I stay in America? I am old, Sarah."

"And I am old, too, Joseph—so old, and never knew till now"

It was in the control-station on the frontier that she was told the worst. It had to be told her. She had to be made to understand why it was that she was not to be allowed to stay there until the ticket should come from America—if all the tickets in the world were to come, why, she could not go.

It was old Joseph who told her

"So," she said, "so. Oh, Henry, you were a good boy. And Peter, Paul, Joseph—good children, all. And Esther, my daughter, you were good, too—Esther—yes. But Michael—oh, my heart! Oh, my little Michael "

And then the tears came.

"That is better," said the surgeon. "But she will need care, old uncle, when she is back in Poland again—for all her days, it may be."

"She shall have care," said Joseph, "and for all her days, if need be"

Between the control-station and their old home in Poland she spoke only once Without lifting her head she reached out her hand.

"Joseph!"

"I am here"

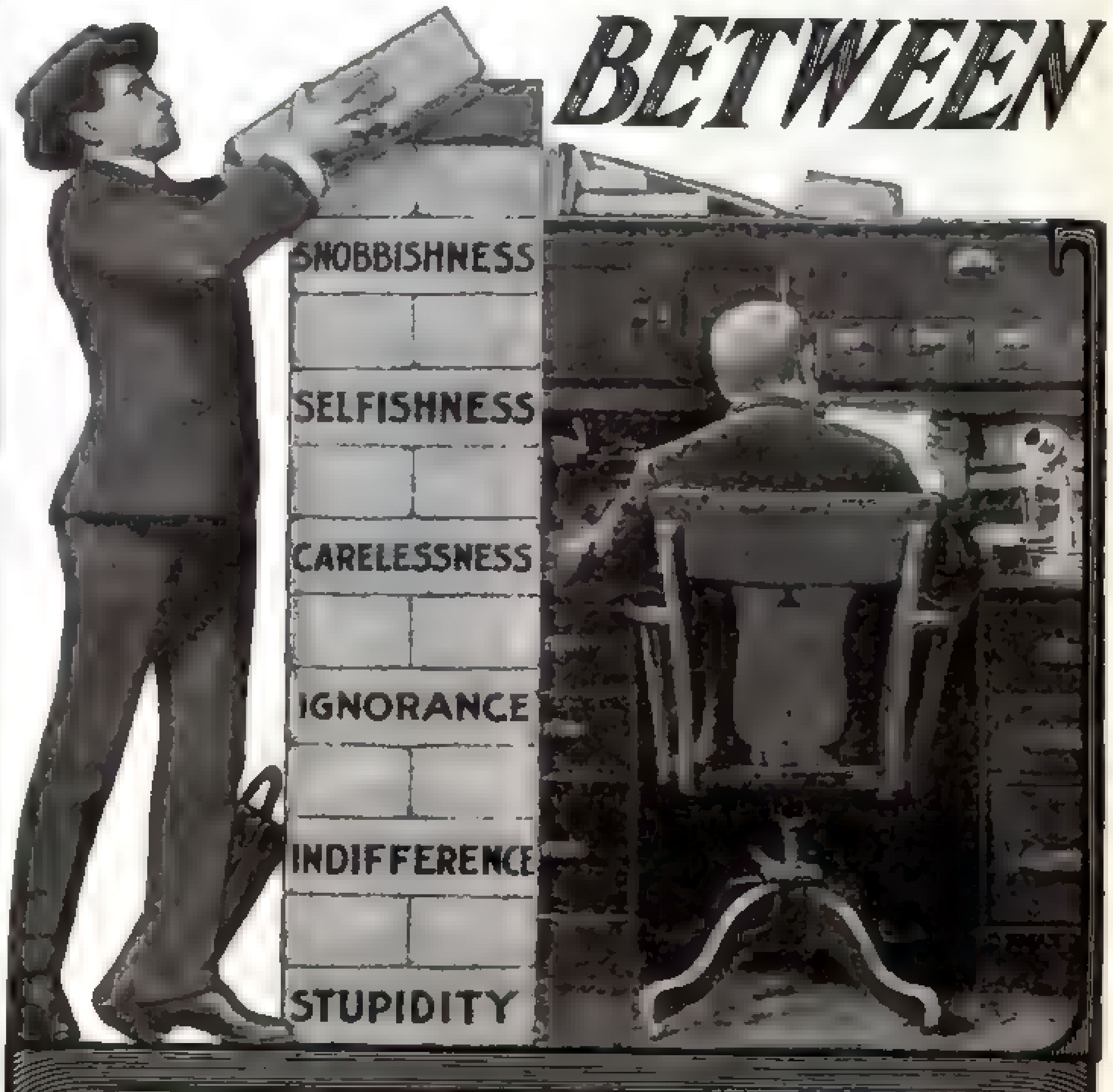
"When the letters come from America it may be that my eyes—you heard what the doctor said—my eyes—and in the letter may be things that are not for others to see—but I do not mind you, Joseph—and, also, there will be such things as little Michael will write when he grows up—you know, Joseph"

"I know, Sarah."

"And I may need eyes, Joseph. It is hard to say only that, to be only a burden to thee at the last, but I may need eyes, Joseph."

"Thou shalt have eyes, Sarah."

The *WALL BETWEEN*



If you are a salesman no matter what you are selling you have encountered some of the obstacles indicated in the above sketch. Sometimes they exist as hindrances to an interview. More frequently they exist as an obstacle between you and "getting the order" after you have been granted an interview. Some salesmen try to blow them down with "hot air," some try the dynamite of unreasoning force, some try to scratch under, some to climb over, some "lean to" and whine—all fail, or at least have but indifferent success.

These and all other hindrances may be scientifically and effectively removed by

The Science of Salesmanship

as we teach it by correspondence. Why not get this *knowledge* now? You need it. This is true whether you are a proprietor, or sales-manager, a commercial traveler, a retail clerk, a specialty salesman, or a promoter. It will enable you to develop to a marked degree those positive qualities of body, mind and soul, the natural product of which is to influence others in legitimate directions—it will enable you to become a quick and accurate reader of human nature, thus to handle each customer as he should be handled—it will enable you to logically analyze that which you are selling, and so present the salient, selling features of it that they will naturally appeal to the human mind—it will enable you to understand the mental conditions through which the mind of the customer passes before the sale is made, and how best and most certainly to create those processes or conditions—your studies with us will bring you into mental contact with many of the greatest and most progressive minds of the Twentieth Century, for many of the ablest and most successful men are helping us.

Watch your daily victories grow. No obstacles can overcome you.

This is a progressive age. You do not think you know it all. You know very well that we are never too old to learn. There is no such thing as standing still—we are either going forward or backward. You will go forward by leaps and bounds during 1904 if you begin *now* to master and apply the principles we teach in this Correspondence Course—The Science of Successful Salesmanship. You can master the course in leisure hours at home or on the road. Utilize moments of time now wasted by always carrying one lesson with you, and you will soon be in possession of the vital truths which this Course contains. Hundreds of people in all lines of intellectual effort are students with us.

Send for our booklet today entitled "The Science of Successful Salesmanship." It is free to all progressive people. Give us your permanent address that the book may be certain to reach you.

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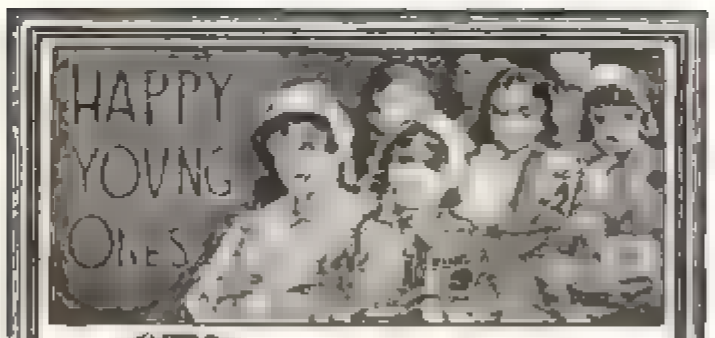
976 McCLURG BUILDING, CHICAGO

32-Page Book mailed free on request



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Agrees with children because it embodies all the natural nourishment contained in the World's Choicest Wheat; ground scientifically at these mills exclusively—no one else pays the price. A trial will make it unnecessary to tell you you are eating in WHEATLET the perfection of over twenty years' study. At all good grocers in 2-lb. packages, enough for 30 people.

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¶ This Company is empowered by law to receive trust moneys. Executors depositing such moneys with the Company are absolved by law from responsibility as to loss. Being entirely removed from every speculative venture, it is better fitted to act as executor and to administer trusts than is the private individual. The fees in either case are the same.

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Capital, $3,000,000.00
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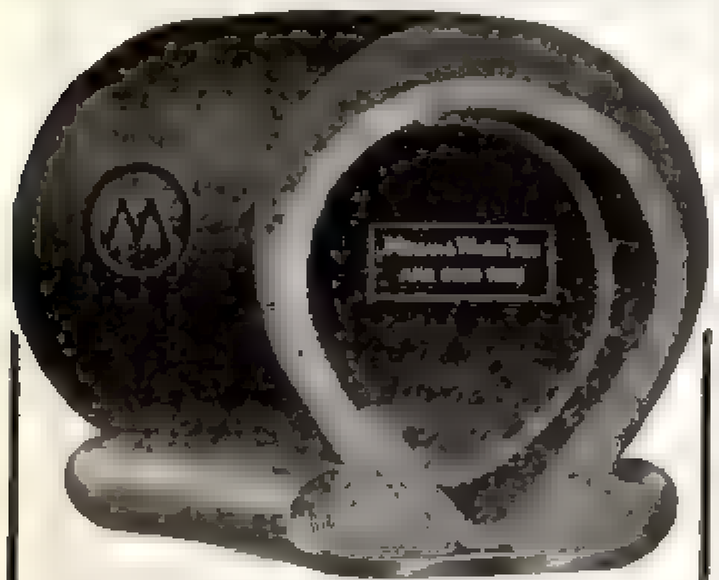

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The Intrepid Explorer and His Lieutenant

(Continued from Page 15)

The heap really did look very like bones, partly covered with earth. Oswald was glad to learn that they were only parsnips.

"We waited as long as we could," said Alice, "but we thought perhaps you'd been collared for some little thing you'd forgotten all about doing, and wouldn't be able to come back, but we found Noël had fortunately got your matches. I'm so glad you weren't collared, Oswald, dear."

Some boys would have let Noël know about the matches, but Oswald didn't. The heaps of carrots and turnips and parsnip things were not very interesting when you knew that they were not bleeding warriors' or pilgrims' bones, and it was too cold to pretend for long with any comfort to the young Pretenders. So Oswald said:

"Let's go out on the Heath and play something warm. You can't warm yourself with matches, even if they're not your own."

That was all he said. A great hero would not stoop to argue about matches.

And Alice said, "All right," and she and Oswald went out and played pretending golf with some walking-sticks of Father's. But Noël and H. O. preferred to sit stuffily over the common-room fire. So that Oswald and Alice, as well as Dora and Dicky, who were being measured for boots, were entirely out of the rest of what happened, and the Author can only imagine the events that now occurred.

When Noël and H. O. had roasted their legs by the fire till they were so hot that their stockings quite hurt them, one of them said to the other—I never knew which:

"Let's go and have another look at that cellar."

The other—whoever it was—foolishly consented. So they went, and they took Oswald's dark-lantern in his absence, and without his leave.

They found a hitherto unnoticed door behind the other one, and Noël says he said: "We'd better not go in." H. O. says he said so, too. But, anyway, they *did* go in.

They found themselves in a small vaulted place that we found out afterward had been used for mushrooms. But it was long since any fair bud of a mushroom had blossomed in that dark retreat. The place had been cleaned and new shelves put up, and when Noel and H. O. saw what was on these shelves the Author is sure they turned pale, though they say not.

For what they saw was coils and pots and wires; and one of them said

"It is dynamite, I am certain of it; what shall we do?"

The other said: "This is to blow up Father, because he took part in the Lewisham election, and his side won."

The other said: "We must cut the fuse, all the fuses, there are dozens."

Oswald thinks it was not half bad business, those two kids—for Noel is little more than one, owing to his bronchitis and his poetry—standing in the abode of dynamite and not screeching or running off to tell Miss Blake or the servants or any one—but just doing *the right thing* without any fuss.

I need hardly say it did not prove to be the right thing—but they thought it was. And Oswald cannot think that you are really doing wrong if you really think you are doing right I hope you will understand this

I believe the kids tried cutting the fuses with Dicky's pocket-knife that was in the pocket of his other clothes. But the fuses would not—no matter how little you trembled when you touched them

But at last with scissors and the gas-pliers they cut every fuse. The fuses were long, twisty, wire things covered with green wool, like blindcords

Then Noël and H. O. (and Oswald for one thinks it showed a goodish bit of pluck) got cans and cans of water from the tap by the greenhouse, and poured sluicing showers of the icy fluid in among the internal machinery of the dynamite arrangement—for so they believed it to be.

Then, very wet, but feeling that they had saved their Father and the house, they went and changed their clothes. I think they were a little stuck-up about it, believing it to be an act unrivaled in devotedness, and they were most tiresome all the afternoon, talking about their secret, and not letting us know what it was.

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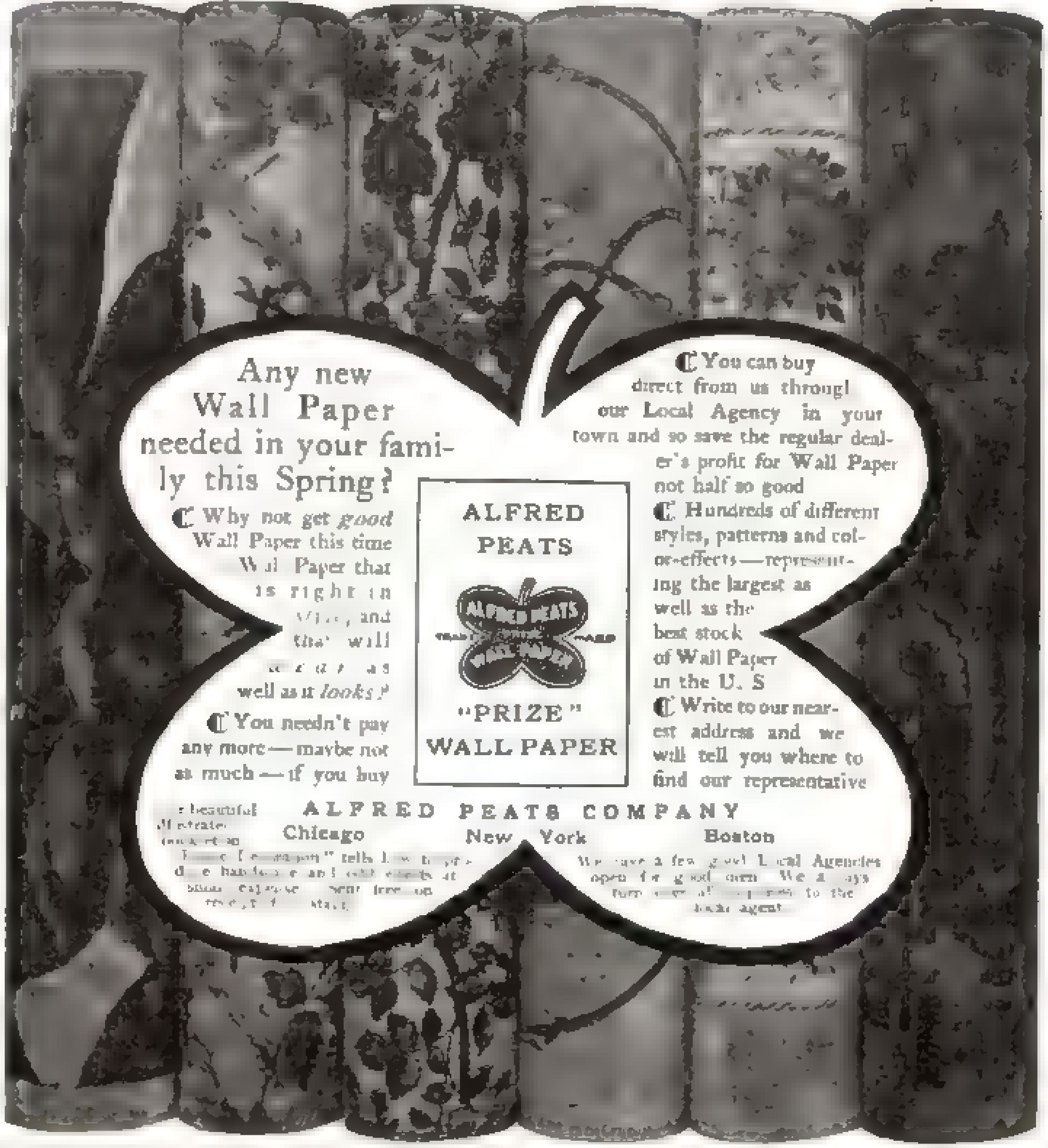

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But when Father came home early, as it happened, those swollen-headed, but, in Oswald's opinion, quite to be excused Kiddies, learned the terrible truth.

Of course, Oswald and Dicky would have known at once; if Noël and H. O. hadn't been so cocky about not telling us we could have exposed the truth to them in all its uninteresting but terrifying nature.

I hope the reader will now prepare himself for a shock. In a wild whirl of darkness, and the gas being cut off, and not being able to get any light, and Father saying all sorts of things, it all came out.

Those coils and jars and wires in that cellar were not an infernal machine at all. They were—I know you will be very much surprised—they were the electric lights and bells that Father had had put in while we were at the Red House that day.

H. O. and Noël caught it very fully; and Oswald thinks this was one of the few occasions when my Father was not as just as he meant to be. My Uncle was not just, either; but then it is much longer since he was a boy, so we must make excuses for him.

. . . .

We sent Mrs. Red House a Christmas card each. In spite of the trouble that her cellars had lured him into, Noël sent her a home-made one with an endless piece of his everlasting poetry on it, and next May she wrote and asked us to come and see her. *We* try to be just, and we saw that it was not really her fault that Noël and H. O. had cut those electric wires, so we all went, but we did not take Albert Morrison, because he was fortunately away with an aged godparent of his mother's, who writes tracts, at Tunbridge Wells.

The garden was all flowery and green, and Mr. and Mrs. Red House were very nice and jolly, and we had a distinguished and first-class time.

But would you believe it! That boxish thing in the cellar that H. O. wanted them to make a rabbit hutch out of—well, Mr. Red House had cleaned it and mended it, and Mrs. Red House took us up to the room where it was, to let us look at it again. And, unbelievable to relate, it turned out to have rockers, and some one seems, for reasons unknown to the present writer, to have wasted no end of carpentry and carving on it, just to make it into a *cradle*. And what is more, since we were there last Mr. and Mrs. R. H. had succeeded in obtaining a small but quite alive baby to put in it.

I suppose they thought it was willful waste to have a cradle and no baby to use it. But it could so easily have been used for something else. It would have made a ripping rabbit-hutch, and babies are far more trouble than rabbits to keep, and not nearly so profitable, I believe.

A Wordy Revenge

DURING a recent visit to Washington, Booker T. Washington was invited to address a society of young people. The organization has a rather long and grandiloquent title, and Washington, who advocates simplicity, is reported to have quietly admonished his young friends in regard to the name selected.

"Let me tell you a story," he is quoted as saying. "A professional man who liked to use big words said to his colored man one morning:

"'While I am in the city to-day, George, I want you to impound the pig.'

"To the colored man this was a puzzling assignment, and in his perplexity, after his master's departure, he went to a white neighbor and asked for light.

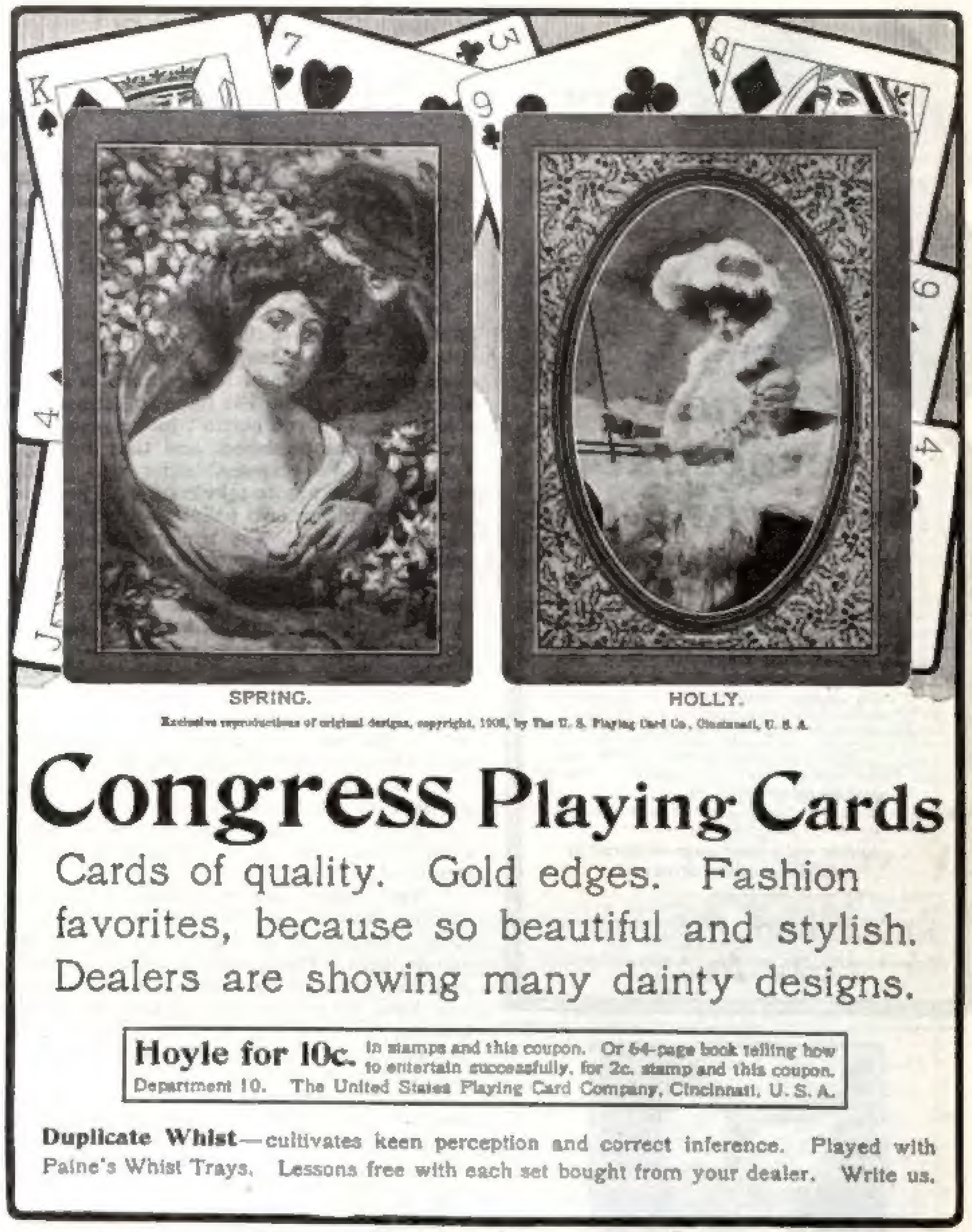
"'Why,' was the explanation, 'your master merely wants you to put the pig in the pen.'

"'So dat's what "impound de pig" means,' observed the hired man, starting back to do his duty, but a number of hours had been consumed, and there was not sufficient time left for him to make some necessary repairs to the pen. As a result the pig broke out and got away to the woods. The colored man was greatly distressed, and for consolation consulted an old dictionary which his master had once given him. After diligent study of its pages a happy smile illumined his face.

"'I get's eben wid de boss fo' confusiling me 'bout dat pig,' he said to himself.

"'Well,' asked the master on his return, 'did you succeed in impounding the pig?'

"'Oh, yes, sah,' was the reply; 'I impound him all right, but he done extricate hisself, sah, and transcended to de forest.'"



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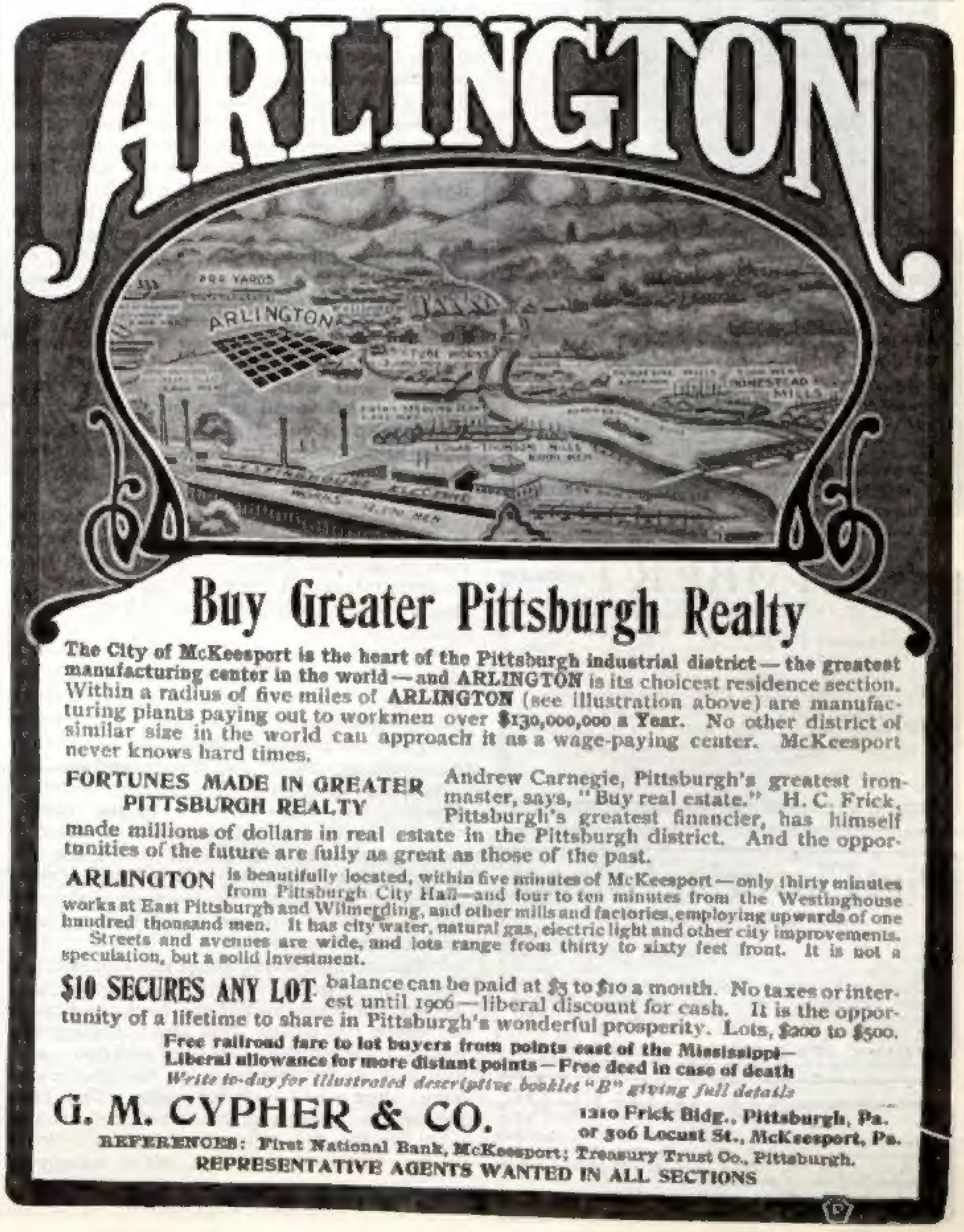

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A Little Union Scout

(Continued from Page 13)

with some severity, but there was a humorous twinkle in his blue-gray eyes. "More than that, you took occasion to prejudice the jury. What did you say to Mrs. Forrest?"

"I simply asked her to be kind to the lady in here."

"Well, she was all of that," said the General, "and she threatened me with her displeasure if I wasn't kind to you, and as she's the only human being that I'm really afeard of, I reckon I'll have to let you off this time. Oh, you needn't look so smiling; you are to be punished, and that heavily. You are to be responsible for this young woman. You are to take charge of her and restore her to her own people — mind you, to her own people. You are responsible to me, and I reckon you know what that means."

I knew what it meant well enough, and I knew what his words meant. "The lady is as safe with me, General, as if she were in her mother's arms."

"Now, that's the way to talk, and I believe you," said General Forrest.

All this time Jane Ryder had said not a word. She sat very quietly, but there was not a sign of gloom or dejection in her face. "If you please," she said, "I should like to go back to my friends to-night, if they are not all killed. They can do you no harm even if they are alive. They are only a couple of women."

"Well, they are not killed," replied General Forrest. "Wimmen make war on me and do a lot of damage, but I don't make war on them. I'm letting you off on a technicality, Miss Ryder. You are not a spy; you have never been inside my lines until to-night; and yet you were in a fair way to find out a good many things that the other side would like to know."

"I never found out as much as I'd like to know," she replied; "and since he came bothering me I haven't found out anything."

Apparently General Forrest ignored the remark. He turned to me with a slip of paper in his hand. "You'll have to change your name, Shannon. This passport is made out to some one else. Read it."

He handed it to me, and I read aloud: "The bearer of this, Captain Francis Leroy, is authorized to pass in and out the Federal lines, night or day, without let or hindrance." It was signed by a great man at Washington and countersigned by one almost as great.

"Why, that belongs to me," said Jane Ryder; "where did you find it?"

"I reckon it's just a duplicate," said the General, smiling. "I've had it some time."

A little frown of perplexity appeared above Jane Ryder's eyes, and if it had never gone away until she solved the mystery of this passport it would have been there yet, for neither one of us ever knew where General Forrest obtained the precious document.

"You will want to go out of my lines, Shannon, and you'll want to come back, so I'll fix it up for you." He went into the next room and dictated to an orderly, and presently brought me a paper signed with his own name, and I have it yet.

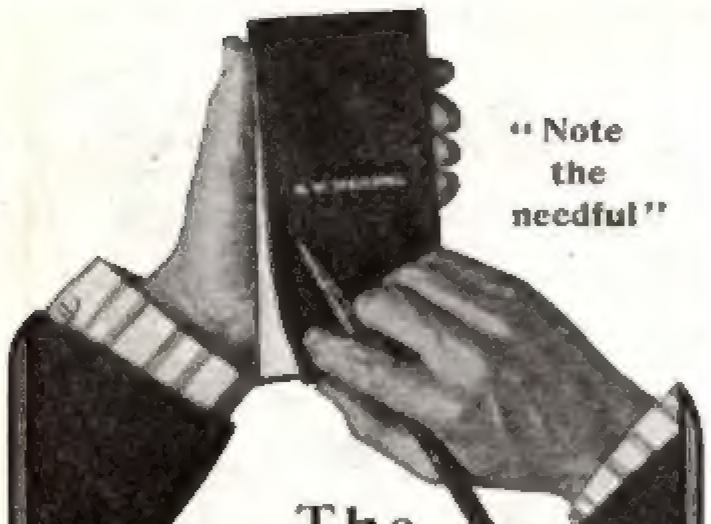
Everything was ready for us to take our leave, and we did so. "You are a different man from what I thought you," said Jane Ryder to General Forrest, "and I have to thank you for your kindness and consideration."

"It ain't what people think of you — it's what you are that counts," replied General Forrest. I have thought of this homely saying hundreds of times, and it rings truer every time I repeat it to myself. It covers the whole ground of conscience and morals.

As I was going out, Jane Ryder being in advance, the General said to me again, "Don't make no mistake about what I mean. You are responsible to me for the safety of that young lady. I believe in you, but I may be wrong. If I am wrong you'd just as well go out and hang yourself and save me the trouble."

"You needn't worry about me, General. I can take care of myself," declared Jane Ryder. We went out of the house and came to where Whistling Jim was holding the horses. I dismissed him then and there, and told him to put his horse in the stable and have plenty of feed for mine. But Jane Ryder, for reasons of her own, preferred to walk, so that Whistling Jim went away with the two horses and we were left to ourselves.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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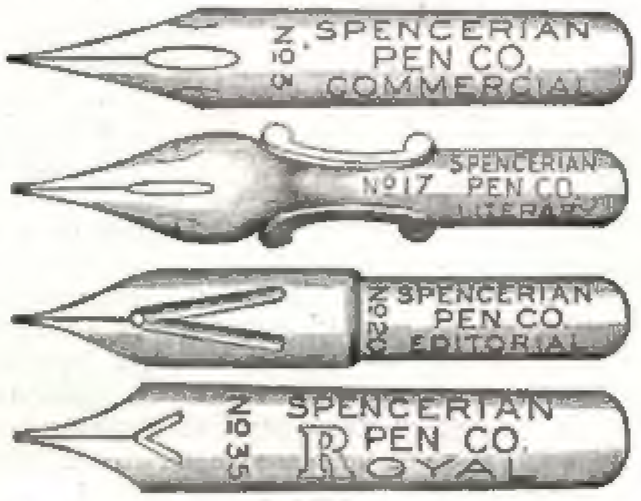

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In soft, rough finish. *Colors:* Gray Mix, Brown Mix, and Black Mix.

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MEN'S HAT No. 2

In smooth finish. *Colors:* Black, Brown, Maple, Steel, and Pearl.

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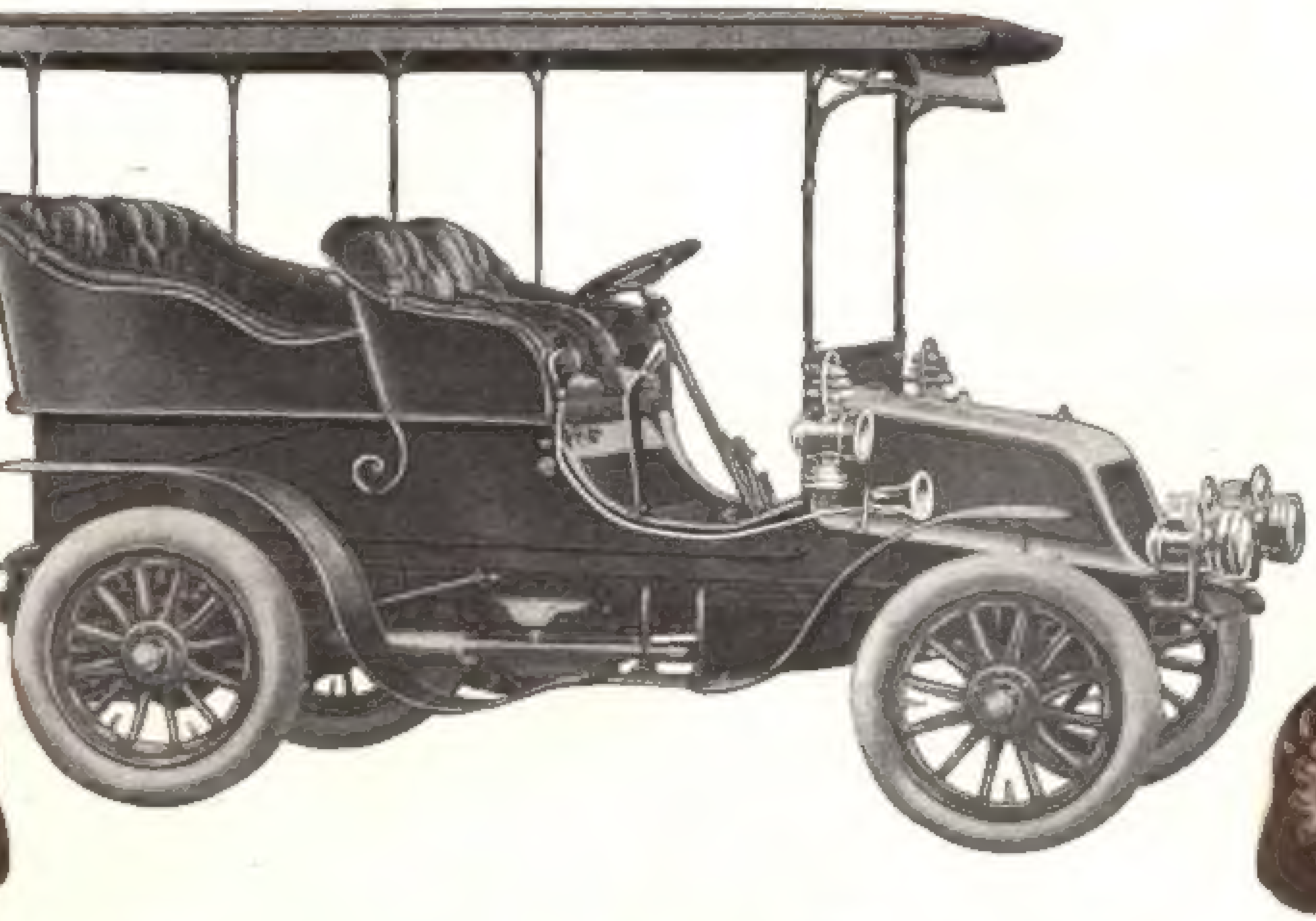

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